

PICTURESQUE CANADA

RE 201 201



Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
from
the estate of
J. Stuart Fleming

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/picturesquecanad01gran_1



Quebec

Picturesque Canada.



VOL. I.

PICTURESQUE CANADA;

THE COUNTRY AS IT WAS AND IS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE MONRO GRANT, D.D.,

OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONT.

ILLUSTRATED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF L. R. O'BRIEN, PRES. R.C.A.

WITH OVER FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

VOLUME I.

TORONTO:
BELDEN BROS.

Copyright, 1882,
By BELDEN BROTHERS.

PREFACE.

Though the Preface comes first, it is usually written last; and to this custom, for special reasons, PICTURESQUE CANADA is no exception. Now, that the last page of of the work has been written, the time has come to explain and give thanks. I was reluctant to undertake the editorship, but consented because, being in sympathy with Canadian aspirations and knowing Canada from ocean to ocean, I believed that a work that would represent its characteristic scenery and the history and life of its people would not only make us better known to ourselves and to strangers, but would also stimulate national sentiment and contribute to the rightful development of the nation. The favour with which the work has been received is due not merely to its artistic merit, but to the growing patriotic spirit of the people, and their desire, therefore, to see faithfully reproduced some of the scenes of the land they love.

Beginning at the rock of Quebec, where our life began, we traced the early history of Canada, and followed the track of the fur-traders and *coureurs de bois* up the St. Lawrence to Three Rivers and Montreal; up the Ottawa, across to the Nipissings, and far on to the Lake of the Woods and the thousand miles of alluvial beyond, where the Verendryes first built forts and made alliances with prairie chiefs, and where the foundations of mighty provinces are now being laid. We stopped at the Rocky Mountains, and returned to hear the thunder of Niagara, and to trace the beginnings of the strong political life of Ontario in its centres at Niagara, Toronto and the fertile western peninsula. The newer counties on Lake Huron, and the romantic scenery of Muskoka next received attention; and then the old settlements of the United Empire Loyalists on the Bay of Quinté. From Kingston we followed the course of the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands and past the Eastern Townships and Tadousac, down to where the great river meets the sea-like Gulf. Lastly, the Atlantic prov-

inces, with the historic ruins of Annapolis and Louisburg, were sketched, and our closing pages were given to the Mountain Province, on the Pacific.

Concerning the difficulties met in securing worthy descriptions by pen and pencil of half a continent, I need not speak. Wherever our writers and artists went, they received every kindness. George McDougal and J. Baptist Esqrs., of Three Rivers, J. McIntyre, Esq., of Fort William, and the Abbé Casgrain, we must thank for special courtesies; and the late Alpheus Todd, LL.D., gave valuable information on many points. The Director of the Geological Survey and Dr. Robert Bell put at our disposal photographs for illustrating the Hudson Bay route—a part of the country inaccessible to ordinary artists,—and Dr. G. M. Dawson gave his striking view of buffalos among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. The editor of the Art Department joins me in thanking all who assisted in gaining for PICTURESQUE CANADA the large measure of success which, according to the generous testimony of our own press and of foreign critics and publishers, it has deservedly obtained. We feel that a tribute is due from us to the Messrs. Belden. Whatever the deficiencies may be, the publishers cannot be blamed for them. They accepted from us every good suggestion, and never hesitated at any expense.

To me the work has been a labour of love, and the numerous letters connected with it, of kind recognition, of advice and correction, received from time to time, have been constant reminders that Canada has warm friends in all parts of the world, and that men are more disposed to praise than to criticize. Apologies are out of date. We did what we could; and we trust that our work will be accepted as from men who would fain give their best to the country.

G. M. GRANT.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

PAGE.

QUEBEC—HISTORICAL REVIEW 1
By Principal Grant, D.D.

QUEBEC, PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE 33
By Miss A. M. Machar.

FRENCH CANADIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER 62
By J. G. A. Creighton, M. A.

MONTREAL 104
By Rev. A. J. Bray and John Lesperance, M.R.S.C.

THE LOWER OTTAWA 142
By R. Vashon Rogers, B.A., and C. P. Mulvany, M.A., M.D.

OTTAWA 163
By F. A. Dixon.

THE UPPER OTTAWA 194
By C. P. Mulvany, M.A., M.D.

LUMBERING 211
By Principal Grant, D.D , and A. Fleming.

THE UPPER LAKES 239
By Geo. A. Mackenzie, B.A.

THE NORTH-WEST: MANITOBA 277
By Principal Grant, D.D.

THE NORTH-WEST: RED RIVER TO HUDSON'S BAY 302
By Robt. Bell, C.E., M.D., F.R.S.E.

THE NORTH-WEST: THE MENNONITES 318
By J. B. McLaren, M.A.

THE NORTH-WEST: WINNIPEG TO ROCKY MOUNTAINS 325
By Principal Grant, D.D.

THE NIAGARA DISTRICT 343
By Miss Louise Murray.

TORONTO AND VICINITY 399
By G Mercer Adam.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
Quebec	*Frontispiece*
Parliament Buildings, Ottawa	*Title Page*
Chapter Illustration	1
Arrival of Jacques Cartier at Stadacona	3
Triumph of the Snow Plough	6
Champlain	8
Notre Dame Des Victoires	9
Little Champlain Street	11
Mountain Hill	11
Prescott Gate	12
In the Gardens of the Ursuline Convent	14
St. Roch's Suburbs and Old Arsenal	17
Remains of Intendant's Palace	17
At the Gate of Laval University	19
Buade Street	22
Heights of Abraham	23
Overlooking St. Charles Valley	25
Overlooking North Channel, From Grand Battery and Laval University	26
Wolfe's Monument	27
Martello Tower, on the Plains of Abraham	27
House to which Montgomery's Body was Carried	28
The Citadel, from H. M. S. "Northampton"	32
Quebec—A Glimpse from the Old City Wall.	*Facing* 33
View from the Old Manor House at Beauport	33
Quebec, from Point Lévis	35
Sous le Cap	38
Looking up from the Wharves	39
Dufferin Terrace	40
Custom House	41
Gates of the Citadel	44
View from the Citadel	45
Monument to Wolfe and Montcalm	46
Time Ball, from the Prince's Bastion	46
Wolfe's Cove	47
Kent Gate	49
St. John's Gate	49
St. Louis Gate	50
The Basilica, from Fabrique Street	51
Looking Across the Esplanade to Beauport	52
Wayside Cross, and Beauport Church	55
Falls of Montmorency	*Facing* 57
Looking Towards Quebec, from Montmorency	57
Montmorency River above Falls	58
On the Road to Sillery	60
Aux Braves	61
Chapter Lllustration	62
Gathering Marsh Hay	63
Loading a Batteau at Low Tide	63
Cap Tourmente and Petit Cap	64
An Old Habitant	65
Habitant and Snow-Shoes	67
L'Ange Gardien	67
French Farms	69
Chateau Richer	71
Wayside Watering Trough	74
St. Joachim	76
On the Road to St. Joachim	78
A Street in Chateau Richer	79
Falls of Ste. Anne	*Facing* 81
An Old Orchard	81
Falls of St. Féréol	83
Chapel and Grotto at Ste. Anne De Beaupre	86
Old Houses at Point Lévis	87
Falls of Lorrette	90
Cap Rouge	91
Cape Diamond, from St. Romuald	91
Light-Ship on the St. Lawrence	93
Half-Breed Fisherman	93
Interior of Parish Church	95
Old Chimney and Chatteau	96
St. Maurice Forges	97
Original Granite Cupola, Erected about 1735	97
Falls of the Chaudière, near Quebec	99
Shawenagan Falls	100
Head of Shawenagan Falls	101
Little Shawenagan Falls	102
A Glimpse from the Mountain	104

	Page
In Cote De Neiges Cemetery	104
L'Escalier	105
Commissioner's Wharf, and Bonsecours Market	107
Bonsecours Church	107
Market Scenes in Jacques Cartier Square	108
McGill Street	109
Mountain Drive	113
Montreal, from the Mountain	*Facing* 115
The Longueuil Ferry	115
Montreal, from St. Helen's Island	116
The Island Park	116
Old Battery, St. Helen's Island	117
The Champ De Mars	119
Old Presbyterian Church	119
From the Towers of Notre Dame	120
Entrance to Notre Dame	122
Pulpit of Notre Dame	123
In the Chapel of Grey Nunnery	125
Gateway of the Seminary of St. Sulpice	125
City Hall, and Nelson's Monument	126
Ancient Towers at Montreal College	127
Christ Church Cathedral, from Phillips' Square	129
Steamer Passing Locks, and Unloading Ships by Electric Light	131
Transferring Freight by Electric Light	134
Montreal Harbour	*Facing* 135
Montreal Winter Scenes	135
Notre Dame, from St. Urbain Street	136
In St. Gabriel Street	137
Wood Barges	138
Mail Steamers Passing Under Victoria Bridge	140
Unloading Hay Barges	141
Canal Locks at Lachine	142
Old Windmill on Lachine Road, and Distant View of Lachine Rapids	147
Apple Woman at Locks	148
Grand Trunk Bridge	148
Watch Tower	149
Remains of Ancient Castle	149
Back River Bridge, and Shad Fishing	151
Lower Ottawa Scenes	153
On the Lower Ottawa	154
McGillivray's Chute, River Rouge	155
Glimpses of the Lower Ottawa—The Lumber Trade	157
Running the Rapids	158
Mountain Farm	159
On the Portage—Lake Comandeau	160
Montebello—Home of Papineau	161
A Tow of Lumber Barges	161
Trout Fishing on Lake Comandeau	162
North Shore of the Ottawa	162
Ottawa—Parliament Buildings, from Major's Hill	*Facing* 163
A First Glimpse of the Capital	163
Under Dufferin Bridge	166
Post Office, and Dufferin and Sappers' Bridge	167
The Rideau Rifle Range	168
Head of the Locks—Rideau Canal	169
Rideau Canal Locks	170
Mouth of Rideau Canal, from Parliament Hill	172
Chaudière Falls, and Suspension Bridge	175
Chaudière Falls	176
Crib of Timber Running the Slide	177
Western Block, Departmental Buildings	180
From Main Entrance under Central Tower	181
Looking up the Ottawa, from Parliament Grounds	182
Main Buildings, Houses of Parliament	183
Government House, from Skating Pond	*Facing* 185
Tower of Eastern Block, Departmental Buildings	185
Wellington Street in Winter	188
Entrance to Rideau Hall	188
The Princess' Vista	189
Tobogganning at Government House	191
View Across the Ottawa	192
Vice-Regal Chair, Senate Chamber	193
Chapter Illustration	194
Timber Boom, Fitzroy Harbour	197
The Chats, from Pontiac	198
The Chats Falls	199
Quio, from the Chats	200
Falls of the Calumet	204
Scenes on the Upper Ottawa	207
Oiseau Rock	208
Des Joachims Landing	209
Lumberman's Camp	*Facing* 211
Chapter Illustration	211

	Page
Lumbering on the Upper Ottawa	213
Exploring for New Limits	214
Men of the Bush	217
Shanty at Eagle's Nest	218
A Jobber's Shanty	219
Marking Logs at Skidway	219
Chopping and Sawing	221
Snubbing	222
Mass in a Lumber Shanty	223
Rat River Landing	224
Bear Trap	224
Arrival of Supply Train at Lumber Depot	226
A Settler's Shanty	227
The Rollway	229
Timber Slide at the Calumet Falls	230
The Drive	*Facing* 233
Dam on Tuque Creek	233
A Sawmill in the Backwoods	235
Timber Coves, Quebec	236
On the Upper St. Maurice	237
Tail Piece	238
Sunrise on Lake Superior	*Facing* 239
Chapter Illustration	239
Lake Nipissing	241
On French River	244
Killarney	245
A Laurentian Bluff	246
The Sault Ste. Maria Rapids	247
Village of Sault Ste. Maria	248
At Michipicoten Island	249
Red Rock	252
A Trout Pool on the Nepigon	254
Split Rock	255
Lake Helen	257
Above Split Rock Rapid	258
Camping Ground at the Portage	259
Shooting the Rapids	261
Thunder Cape	262
The Sleeping Giant	263
Thunder Bay	265
The Deserted Mine	266
Camp on Victoria Island	267
Kakabeka Falls	270
On the Kaministiquia	271
Embarking after the Portage	271
Point De Meuron	273
Indian Vapour Bath	274
Canadian Pacific Railway — Kaministiquia River	275
Lake of the Woods	*Facing* 277
The Virgin Prairie	277
Falls of the Winnipeg	279
Lake Deception	283
Cross Lake	283
A Prairie Stream	285
Winnipeg, from St. Boniface Ferry Landing	286
Selkirk	287
Lower Fort Garry	287
Steamboat Landing	289
A Blizzard in Winnipeg	290
Main Street, Winnipeg	291
Old Fort Garry	292
St. John's College	294
St. John's Church	294
A Half-Breed Farm	295
Kildonan Church	295
A Prairie Farmstead	296
Interior of Settlers Cabin	296
The Harvesters	297
Modern Prairie Farming	299
Rapids at Mouth of Saskatchewan	302
Storm on Lake Winnipeg	304
Norway House Landing	304
Nelson River	304
Indian Trappers of the North-West	306
Sea River Falls, Nelson River	308
At the Portage. Hudson's Bay Company's Employés on their Annual Expedition	*Facing* 309
Wa-Sitch-e-wan Falls	309
Fort Prince of Wales	310
Portaging a Boat	311
Scenes along the Nelson River	313
On the Great and Little Churchill Rivers	315
York Factory—Arrival of Hudson's Bay Company's Ship	317
A Mennonite Village	319
A Mennonite Girl Herding Cattle	320
Interior and Exterior of Mennonite Church	322
Interior and Exterior of Mennonite Dwelling	323
Near Fort Calgarry—Looking toward the Rocky Mountains	*Facing* 325
Near Portage La Prairie	325

	Page
Old Church near Landing	325
Banks of the Red River	327
A Pioneer Store	329
Emigrant Train, Assineboine Valley	331
Factor's Residence, Fort Ellice	331
Half-Breed Camp	333
At the Foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains	334
North-West Mounted Police	337
Kootaney	338
The Feast of the White Dog	340
Tail Piece	342
Niagara	*Facing* 343
Rapids Above the Falls	343
Niagara by Electric Light	346
Old Fort Erie, and Windmill	349
Mouth of the Chippewa River	350
A Glimpse of the Falls, from Clifton	351
The three Sister Islands	354
The Horse Shoe Falls, from Under Cliff at Goat Island	357
Niagara Winter Scenes	359
Ice Grove	360
The Whirlpool	361
The Whirlpool Rapid	364
Ravine near Whirlpool	366
The Whirlpool, from American Side	367
On the Path to Whirlpool	369
The River Above Whirlpool	370
Exit of the River from Whirlpool	371
Niagara River, from Queenston Heights	372
Mouth of the River, from Ramparts of Old Fort George	374
Approach to Cave of the Winds	*Facing* 377
St. Catharines	378
Port Dalhousie	380
Thorold, on Old Welland Canal	381
St. Mark's Church, Niagara	381
Entrance to Welland Canal — Port Colborne	382
Near Lock No. 2, Old Canal	384
Off Port Dalhousie	384
Lock No. 1, New Canal	385
The Deep Cut	385
Lock No. 23, Thorold	388
Port Robinson, Enlarged Canal	389
A Waste Weir	390
Old Aqueduct at Welland	391
The Fruit Harvest	393
Looking Towards Lake Ontario, from Heights near Queenston	394
Toronto, from Kingston Road	*Facing* 399
Chapter Illustration	399
The Exhibition Grounds	403
Toronto, from the Island	406
Tower and Spire of St James's Cathedral	409
A Sculling Match, Toronto Harbour	*Facing* 411
Metropolitan (Methodist) Church	412
Toronto Street, and Post Office	413
Horticultural Gardens	415
College Avenue (Queen Street)	417
Lacrosse Grounds	418
Osgoode Hall	420
King Street, West	421
Lieutenant-Governor's Residence	423
St. Andrew's Church	423
Review of the "Queen's Own"	426
Queen's Park	427
University of Toronto	431
Afternoon in the Park.	434
The North Iron Bridge, and Ravine, Rosedale	435
Near the Howard Street Bridge, Rosedale	437
Educational Institutions	439

Dedicated by Special Permission,

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY,

THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL, K.T., G.C.M.G.,

MARQUIS OF LORNE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA,

AND TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE,

Co-workers with all who seek to foster Canadian Art and Literature, or in any way to develop Canadian Character.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.



QUEBEC.

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

OUR work begins with Quebec. Rightly so. Canada has not much of a past, but all that it has from Jacques Cartier's day clusters round that cannon-girt promontory; not much of a present, but in taking stock of national outfit, Quebec should count for something;—indeed, would count with any people. We have a future, and with it that great red rock and the red-cross flag that floats over it are inseparably bound up.

The glowing pages of Parkman reveal how much can be made of our past. A son of the soil like Le Moine, who has an hereditary right to be animated by the *genius loci*, whose Boswell-like conscientiousness in chronicling everything connected with the sacred spot deserves all honourable mention, may exaggerate the importance of the city and the country, its past and its present. But truer far his extreme—if extreme it be—than Voltaire's or La Pompadour's, and their successors' in our own day. The former thought France well rid of "fifteen thousand acres of snow," with an appreciation of the subject like unto his estimate of those "*Juifs miserables*," about whose literature the world was not likely to trouble itself much longer when it could get the writings of the French *Philosophes* instead. The latter heartily agreed with him, for—with Montcalm dead—"at last the King will have a chance of sleeping in peace." To us it seems that the port which for a century and a half was the head-quarters of France in the New World, the door by which she entered and which could be closed against all others, the centre from which she aimed at the conquest of a virgin continent of altogether unknown extent,

and from which her adventurous children set forth—long-robed missionaries leading the way, trappers and soldiers following—until they had established themselves at every strategic point on the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, the Ohio, and the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to New Orleans, must always have historical and poetic significance. The city and the Province which for the next hundred and twenty years have remained French in appearance and French to the core, yet have fought repeatedly and are ready to fight again side by side with the red-coats of Great Britain—the best proof surely that men can give of loyal allegiance;—which preserve old Norman and Breton customs and traits, and modes of thought and faith that the Revolution has submerged in the France of their fore-fathers, fondly nursing the seventeenth century in the lap of the nineteenth, must, perhaps beyond any other spot in North America, have an interest for the artist and the statesman.

In the sixteenth century the gallant Francis I. made seven attempts to give France a share in that wonderful New World which Columbus had disclosed to an unbelieving generation, but like his attempts in other directions they came to nothing. In 1535 he put three little vessels under the orders of Jacques Cartier, a skilful navigator, a pious and brave man, well worthy of the patent of nobility which he afterwards received, instructing him to proceed up the broad water-way he had discovered the year before, until he reached the Indies. His duties were to win new realms for Mother Church, as a compensation for those she was losing through Lutheran and Calvinistic heresies, and to bring back his schooners full of yellow gold and rosy pearls. Thus would his labours redound to the glory of God and the good of France. Jacques Cartier crossed the ocean and sailed up the magnificent water-way, piously giving to it the name of the saint on whose fête-day he had first entered its wide-extended portals. For hundreds of miles the river kept its great breadth, more like a sea than a river, till the huge bluff of Quebec, seen from afar, appeared to close it abruptly against farther advance. By means of this bluff thrust into the stream and the opposite point of Levis stretching out to meet it, the view is actually narrowed to three quarters of a mile. Coasting up between the north shore and a large beautiful island, he came, on the 14th of September, to the mouth of a little tributary, which he called the Ste. Croix, from the fête celebrated on that day. Here he cast anchor, for now the time had come to land and make inquiries. It needed no prophet to tell that the power which held that dark red bluff would hold the key to the country beyond. The natives, with their chief Donnacona, paddled out in their birch-bark canoes to gaze upon the strange visitants who had—in great white-winged castles—surely swooped down upon them from another world. Cartier treated them kindly. They willingly guided him through the primeval forest to their town on the banks of the little river, and to the summit of the rock under the shadow of which they had built their wigwams. What a landscape for an explorer to gaze upon! Shore and forest bathed in the mellow light of the September sun for forty miles up and down both sides of

the glorious stream! Wealth enough there to satisfy even a king's pilot and captain-general. Between the summit and the river far below he may have seen amid the slate the glitter of the quartz crystals from which the rock afterwards received its name of Cape Diamond. Certainly, on his next voyage he gathered specimens from Cap Rouge. But the great attraction must have been the river itself, flowing past with the tribute of an unknown continent. Its green waters swept round the feet of the mighty Cape. He could cast a stone into the current, for at high tide it rolled right up to the base of the rock. The narrow strip of land that now extends between rock and river, crowded with the houses of Champlain Street, was not there then. The street has been won from the waters and the rock by man, whose greed for land even the boundless spaces of the New



ARRIVAL OF JACQUES CARTIER AT STADACONA.

World cannot satisfy. The ground that sloped down to the Ste. Croix, at the mouth of which his vessels lay at anchor, was covered with the finest hard-wood trees—walnuts, oaks, elms, ashes, and maples—and among these the bark-cabins of Donnacona's tribe could be seen. They called their town Stadacona. To this day no name is more popular with the people of Quebec. Any new enterprise that may be projected, from a skating-rink to a bank or steamship company, prefers Stadacona to any other name.

All the way down to Cap Tourmente and round the horizon formed by the fir-clothed summits of the Laurentides that enclosed the wide-extended-landscape, an unbroken forest ranged. The picture, seen from the Citadel on Cape Diamond to-day, is as fair as the eye can desire to see. The sun shines on the glittering roofs of Quebec, and the continuous village of clean white houses extending miles down to the white riband of

Montmorency, and on cultivated fields running up into still unbroken wilderness, and on the broad river basin enclosing the island, in the forest glades of which wild grapes grew so luxuriantly that Cartier enthusiastically called it Isle of Bacchus. But then it was in all its virgin glory, and Cartier's soul swelled with the emotions of a discoverer, with exultation and boundless hope. Did it not belong to him, did it not almost owe its existence to him? And he was giving it all to God and to France.

Donnacona told the strangers of a far greater town than his, many days' journey up the river. So Cartier placed his two largest vessels within the mouth of the Ste. Croix, or the St. Charles, as the Récollets called it in the next century, and pursued his way, overcoming the obstacles of St. Peter's Lake, to Hochelaga. The natives there received him as if he were a god, bringing fish and corn-cakes, and throwing them into the boats in such profusion that they seemed to fall through the air like rain or snow. Cartier could not help falling in love with the country. The palisaded town nestling under the shadow of Mount Royal was surrounded by fertile fields. Autumn showered its crimson and gold on the forests, turning the mountain into an immense picture suspended high in air, glowing with a wealth of colour that no European painter would dare to put on canvas. The river swept on, two miles wide, with a conquering force that indicated vast distances beyond, new realms waiting to be discovered. All the way back to Quebec the marvellous tints of the forest, and the sweet air and rich sunsets of a Canadian autumn accompanied the happy Frenchmen. Had they now turned their prows homeward, what pictures of the new country would they have held up to wondering listeners! Nothing could have prevented France from precipitating itself at once upon Canada. But the natives, accustomed to the winters, uttered no note of warning to the strangers, and therefore, although Cartier rejoined his comrades at Quebec on the 11th of October, he delayed till the ice-king issued his "*ne exeat.*" Then he and they soon learned that the golden shield had another side.

To Canadians, winter is simply one of the four seasons. The summer and autumn suns ripen all the crops that grow in England or the north of France, and in no temperate climate is more than one crop a year expected. The frost and snow of winter are hailed in their turn, not only as useful friends but as ministers to almost all the amusements of the year—the sleighing, skating, snow-shoeing, ice-boating, tobogganning—that both sexes and all classes delight in. The frost does much of our subsoil ploughing. Snow is not only the best possible mulch, shading and protecting the soil at no cost, but its manurial value gives it the name of "the poor man's manure." The ice bridges our lakes and rivers. A good snow-fall means roads without the trouble of road-making, not only to kirk and market, but through thick woods, over cradle-hills, and away into the lumber regions. An insufficient supply of snow and ice is a national calamity; and excess can never be so bad as the pall that covers England and Scotland half the year and makes the people "take their pleasures sadly."

But, we are prepared for winter. Jacques Cartier was not, and very heavily its hand fell upon him, as it did subsequently on Champlain when he first wintered at Quebec. How heavily, we are in a position to estimate from reading the harrowing descriptions of the sufferings endured by the people of London in January 1881, in consequence of a snow-fall of some twelve inches. One periodical describes the scene under the title of "Moscow in London," and soberly asserts that "to have lived in London on Tuesday, the 18th January, 1881, and to have survived the experience, is something which any man is justified in remembering, and which ought to justify occasional boasting of the fact." Another declares that a few more such snow-storms would "render our life and civilization impossible;" that in such a case there could be only "an Esquimaux life, not an English life;" that "a transformation of the rain into these soft white crystals which at first sight seem so much less aggressive than rain is all that is needed to destroy the whole structure of our communications, whether in the way of railway, telegraph, or literature;" and sadly moralises over the fact that this is sure to come about in time from the precession of the equinoxes. Bathos such as this indicates fairly enough the wonderful ignorance of the facts and conditions of Canadian life that reigns supreme in educated English circles. Canadians fancy that their civilization is English. Those of us who are practically acquainted with the conditions of life in England are pretty well agreed that where there are points of difference the advantage is on our side. Not one man in a thousand in Canada wears a fur coat, or an overcoat of any kind heavier than he would have to wear in the mother country. We have ice-houses, but do not live in them. Society shows no signs of approximating to the Esquimaux type. We skim over the snow more rapidly than a four-in-hand can travel in England when the best highway is at its best. A simple contrivance called a snow-plough clears the railway track for the trains, tossing the snow to the right and left as triumphantly as a ship tosses the spray from its bows. We telegraph and telephone, use cabs and busses, and get our mails—from Halifax to Sarnia—with "proofs" and parcels about as regularly in winter as in summer. Incredible as all this must sound to those who have shivered under the power of one snow-storm and a few degrees of frost, there is a certain humiliation to a Canadian in describing what is so entirely a matter of course. He is kept from overmuch wonder by remembering that the people of Western Canada, in spite of practical acquaintance with snow-ploughs, opposed for years the construction of the Intercolonial Railway because they strenuously maintained that it would be blocked up all the winter with ice and snow.

We are accustomed to our environment. Cartier's men were not; and reference has been made to recent experiences in England to help us to understand what horrors those poor fellows from sunny France endured throughout an apparently endless winter, cooped up in the coldest spot in all Canada. "From the middle of November to the 18th of April the ice and snow shut us in," says their captain. Ice increased upon ice. Snow fell upon snow. The great river that no power known to man could fetter, was bound fast.

Everything froze. The breath that came from their mouths, the very blood in their veins, seemed to freeze. Night and day their limbs were benumbed. Thick ice formed on the sides of their ships, on decks, masts, cordage, on everything to which moisture attached itself. Snow wreathed and curled in at every crevice. Every tree had its load. A walk in the woods was an impossibility, and there was nowhere else to walk. Confined within their narrow domain, and living on salted food, scurvy seized upon the helpless



TRIUMPH OF THE SNOW-PLOUGH.

prisoners. What was to be done? Cartier had recourse to heaven, receiving, however, the same minimum of practical answer that was given by Hercules to Æsop's waggoner. A modern writer of scrupulous accuracy describes naïvely the appeal and its bootlessness: "When eight were dead and more than fifty in a helpless state, Cartier ordered a solemn religious act which was, as it were, the first public exercise of the Catholic religion in Canada, and the origin of those processions and pilgrimages which have since been made in honour of Mary, to claim her intercession with God in great calamities. Seeing that the disease had made such frightful ravages he set his crew to prayer, and made them carry an image or statue of the Virgin Mary over the snow and ice, and caused it to be placed against a tree about an arrow's flight away from the fort. He also commanded that on the following Sunday mass should be sung in that place and before that image, and that all those who were able to walk, whether well or ill, should go in the procession—'singing the seven penitential Psalms of David, with the Litany, praying the Virgin to entreat her dear Son to have pity upon us.'" On that day mass was celebrated

before the image of Mary, even chanted, Cartier tells us; apparently the first occasion of a high mass in Canada. At the same time Cartier gave another special proof of his vivid and tender trust in Mary—promising to make a pilgrimage in her honour to Roquemadour, should he be spared to return to France. "Nevertheless, that very day, Philip Rougemont, a native of Amboise, twenty years old, died; and the disease became so general that of all who were in the three ships there were not three untouched, and in one of the ships there was not one man who could go into the hold to draw water for himself or the others." Despair fell upon the poor wretches. They gave up hope of ever seeing France again. Cartier alone did not despair, and the dawn followed the darkest hour. One of the Indians told him of "the most exquisite remedy that ever was," a decoction composed of the leaves and bark of the white spruce. He administered the medicine without stint, and in eight days the sick were restored to health. And now the long cruel winter wore away. The icy fetters relaxed their grip of land and river. Under warm April suns the sap rose, thrilling the dead trees into life. Amid the melting snow, green grasses and dainty star-like flowers sprang up as freely as in a hot-house. Cartier prepared to depart, first taking possession of Canada, however, by planting in the fort "a beautiful cross" thirty-five feet high, with the arms of France embossed on the cross-piece, and this inscription, "*Franciscus Primus, Dei gratia, Francorum rex, regnat.*" Then, treacherously luring Donnacona on board ship, that he might present the King of Stadacona to the King of France, he set sail for St. Malo. Nothing came of this, the second voyage of Cartier, and little wonder. What advantages did Canada offer to induce men to leave home! What tales could the travellers tell save of black forests, deep snow, thick ice, starving Indians, and all-devouring scurvy! But Cartier was not discouraged, and six years afterwards Francis resolved to try again. Roberval was commissioned to found a permanent settlement. He sent Cartier ahead and Cartier tried at Cap Rouge, above Quebec, the Indians of Stadacona naturally enough not making him welcome. But the experiment did not succeed. The time had not come. Nearly a century was to pass away before the true father of New France—the founder of Quebec—would appear.

On the 3d of July, 1608, Samuel de Champlain planted the white flag of France on the site of Quebec. The old village of Stadacona had disappeared, and there was no one to dispute possession with the new comers. With characteristic promptitude Champlain set his men to work to cut down trees and saw them into lumber for building, to dig drains and ditches, to pull up the wild grape-vines which abounded, to prepare the ground for garden seeds, or to attend to the commissariat. Every one had his work to do. The winter tried him as it had tried Cartier. The dreaded scurvy attacked his followers. Out of twenty-eight only eight survived, and these were disfigured with its fell marks. The next year he decided to ally himself with the Algonquins and Hurons against the Five Nations. It may have been impossible for him to have remained neu-

tral, though the example of the Dutch at Albany indicates that it was possible. Certainly the step plunged the infant colony into a sea of troubles for a century. It took the sword and was again and again on the point of perishing by the tomahawk.

This man Champlain, soldier, sailor, engineer, geographer, naturalist, statesman, with the heart and soul of a hero, was the founder of New France. He had gained distinction in the wars of the League; in the West Indies he first proposed that ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama which another Frenchman—as unconquerable as he—is probably destined to construct; and subsequently he had spent years exploring and attempting settlements around the rugged Atlantic shores of Acadie and New England. From the day that he planted the lilies of France at the foot of Cape Diamond to the day of his death, on Christmas, 1635, he devoted himself to the infant colony, lived for it and kept it alive, in spite of enemies at home and abroad, and discouragements enough to have shaken any resolve but that of courage founded upon faith. Right under the beetling cliff, between the present Champlain Market and the quaint old church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Champlain determined to build his city. His first work was to prepare the ground for garden seeds, and wheat and rye. He saw from the first, what he never could get any one else in authority to see, that the existence of the colony, as anything more than a temporary fur-trading post, depended on its being able to raise its own food. The Company with which he was associated could not see this, because they had gone into the enterprise with very different motives from those that animated Champlain. When we have no desire to see, we put the telescope to our blind eye and declare that there is nothing to be seen. Every creature acts according to its instincts, and to the rule fur-trading companies are no exception. Give them a monopoly and instinct becomes consecrated by laws human and Divine. The welfare of the Company becomes the supreme law. At the beginning of this century the North-West Company thought it right to stamp out in



CHAMPLAIN.



NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.
Site of Original City.

blood and fire the patriotic efforts to colonize Assiniboia made by a Scottish nobleman, who lived half a century before his time. Subsequently the two hundred and sixty-eight shareholders of the Hudson's Bay Company felt justified in keeping half a continent as a preserve for buffalo and beaver. How could better things be expected in the seventeenth century from the monopolies of De Chastes or De Monts, the merchants of St. Malo, Rouen, Dieppe, La Rochelle; or even from the Company of the One Hundred Associates organized by Richelieu? Trading interests were supreme with one and all. Those who clamoured for free trade clamoured only for a share of the monopoly. The empire is perpetually at war, and the soldier gets the blame, perhaps the aristocracy, should Mr. Bright be the speaker; but the real culprit is the trader. Our jealousy of Russia and our little wars all the world over have trade interests as their source

and inspiration. In the seventeenth century, Canadian trade meant supplies to the Indians in exchange for peltries, and money spent on anything else seemed to the One Hundred Associates and their servants money thrown away.

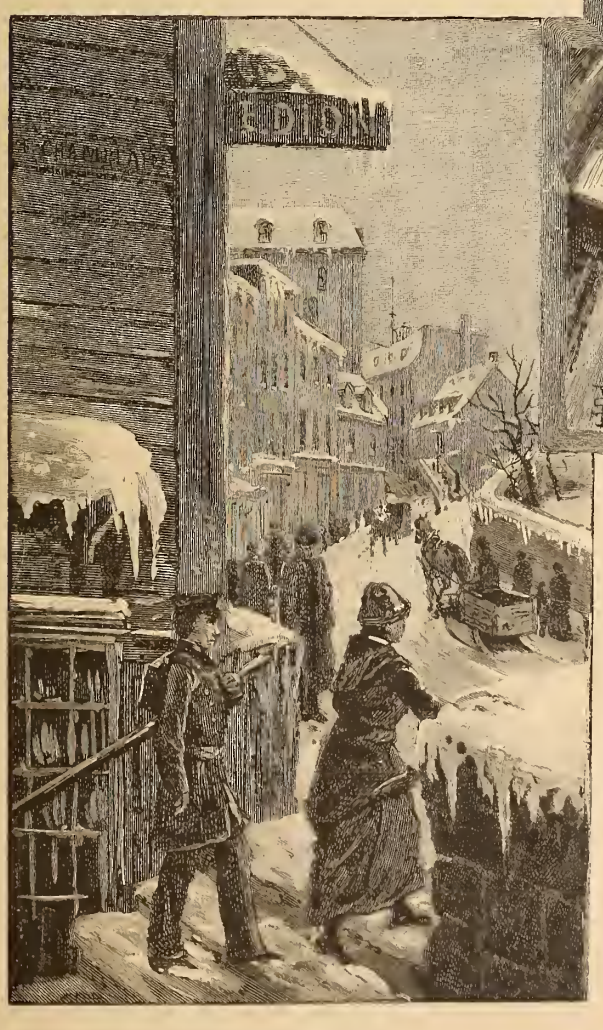
Not so thought Champlain. Fortunately, he was too indispensable a man to be recalled, though it was legitimate to oppose, to check, to thwart his projects whenever they did not promise direct returns to the Company. Champlain aimed at founding an empire, and every great empire must be based on farming. Therefore when, in 1617, he brought the erstwhile apothecary, Louis Hébert, to Quebec, he did more for the colony than when he brought the Récollets and Jesuits to it. And let this be said with no depreciation of the labours of the gray robes and black robes. Hébert was the first who gave himself up to the task of cultivating the soil in New France, and the first head of a family resident in the country who lived on what he cultivated. His son-in-law Couillard walked in the same good path, the path first trodden by "the grand old gardener and his wife." No matter how soldiers, sailors, fur-traders and priests might come and go, the farmer's children held on to the land, and their descendants hold it still. They increased and multiplied so mightily that there are few French families of any antiquity in Canada who cannot trace their genealogy by some link back to that of Louis Hébert. Hébert and Couillard Streets, streets quainter and more expressive of the seventeenth century than any to be seen now in St. Malo, commemorate their names. One of their descendants informed the writer that those streets run where the first furrows were ploughed in Canada, probably in the same way that some of the streets in Boston are said to meander along the paths made by the cows of the first inhabitants. Had others followed Hébert's example the colony would not have been so long suspended between life and death, and Champlain could have held out against the Huguenot Kerkts in 1629. But the Company, far from doing anything to encourage the few tillers of the ground, did everything to discourage them. All grain raised had to be sold at a price fixed by the Company, and the Company alone had the power of buying. Of course the Héberts and Couillards ought to have been grateful that there was a Company to buy, for what could farmers do without a market?

Of Champlain's labours it is unnecessary to speak at length. Twenty times he crossed the Atlantic to fight for his colony, though it was a greater undertaking to cross the Atlantic then than to go round the world now. He may be called the founder of Montreal as well as of Quebec. First of Europeans he sailed up the Richelieu, giving to the beautiful river the name of the Company's great patron. He discovered Lake Champlain. He first ascended the Ottawa, crossed to Lake Nipissing, and came down by the valley of the Trent to what he called "the fresh water sea" of Ontario. He secured the alliance of all the Indian tribes—the confederacy of the Five Nations excepted—by treaties which lasted as long as the white flag floated over the castle of St. Louis, and

which laid the foundation of the friendship that has existed between every Canadian government and the old sons and lords of the soil. D'Arcy McGee, in one of those addresses that made learned and unlearned feel what is the potency and omnipotency of man's word on the souls of men, thus sketched his moral qualities and amazing versatility:—"He was brave almost to rashness. He would cast himself with a single European follower in the midst of savage enemies, and more than once his life was endangered by the excess of his confidence and his courage. He was eminently social in his habits—witness his order of *le bon temps*, in which every man of his associates was for one day host to all his comrades. He was sanguine, as became an adventurer; and self-denying, as became a hero. . . He touched the extremes of human experience among diverse characters and nations. At one time he sketched plans of civilized aggrandizement for Henry IV. and Richelieu; at another, he planned schemes of wild warfare with Huron chiefs and Algonquin braves. He united in a most rare degree the faculties of action and reflection, and like all highly-reflective minds, his thoughts, long cherished in secret, ran often into the mould of maxims, some of which would form the fittest possible inscriptions to be engraven upon his monument. When the merchants of



LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET,
From head of Break-neck Stairs.



MOUNTAIN HILL,
From top of Break-neck Stairs.

Quebec grumbled at the cost of fortifying that place, he said, 'It is best not to obey the passions of men; they are but for a season; it is our duty to regard the future.' With all his love of good-fellowship, he was, what seems to some inconsistent with it, sincerely and enthusiastically religious. Among his maxims are these two—that 'the salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire;' and that 'kings ought not to think of extending their authority over idolatrous nations, except for the purpose of subjecting them to Jesus Christ.'" The one mistake made by Champlain has already been referred to. He attacked the Iroquois, whereas he should have conciliated them at any cost or remained neutral in all Indian wars. His mistake was not so much intellectual as moral. It was a crime and—*pace* Talleyrand—worse than a blunder. But it is not pleasant to refer to the errors of such a man. Well may Quebec commemorate his name and virtues. Let us not forget, when we walk along the quaint, narrow, crowded street that still bears his name, or clamber "Break-neck Stairs" from Little Champlain Street to reach Durham Terrace, where he built the Chateau of St. Louis and doubtless often gazed, with hope and pride in his eyes, on a scene like to which there are few on this earth, how much Canada owes to him! Well for those who follow him where all may follow—in unselfishness of purpose, in unflinching valour, and in continence of life. No monument points out his last resting-place, for, strange to say, "of all French governors interred within the *enceinte*, he is the only one of whose place of sepulture we are ignorant."* The registers of Quebec were destroyed in the great conflagration of 1640. Thus it happens that we have not the account of his burial. M. Dionne shows that in all probability the remains were first deposited in the chapel of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance; then in a vault of masonry in the chapel built by his successor in the Governorship, whence they were removed by the authorities to the Basilica. Champlain needs no monument, least of all in Quebec. The city is his monument.



PRESCOTT GATE.
Now removed, guarded the approach to the Upper Town by Mountain Hill.

Most religious Quebec was from the first under the influence of Champlain; most religious is it in appearance to this day. There are churches enough for a city with five times the present population. Ecclesiastical establishments of one kind or another occupy the lion's share of the space within the walls. At every corner the soutaned ecclesiastic meets you, moving along quietly, with the confidence of one who knows that his foot is

* "Études Historiques," par M. Dionne.

on his native heath. It was the same with the cities of France in the seventeenth century: but it is not so now. Things have changed there. The Revolution made the Old World New. In Quebec the New World clings to the garments of the Old. Champlain first induced the Récollet friars to come to his aid. The Jesuits, then at the height of their power in France, followed. The Company disliked missionaries almost as much as it disliked farmers. "They tolerated the poor Récollets," says Ferland, "but they dreaded the coming of the Jesuits, who had powerful protectors at Court and who could through them carry their complaints to the foot of the throne." Consequently, when the first detachment of Jesuits arrived they found every door shut against them, and if the Récollets had not offered them hospitality they would have been obliged to return to France.

Magnificent missionaries those first Jesuits were; more devoted men never lived. The names especially of Charles Lallemant and Jean de Brebeuf are still sacred to thousands of French-Canadian Roman Catholics. Two things the Jesuits felt the colony must have —a school for the instruction of girls, and a hospital for the sick. These institutions they desired for the sake of the colonists, most of whom were poor, but still more for the sake of the Indians. The Fathers had left France to convert the Indians; on that work their hearts were set, and they gave themselves to it with a wisdom as great as their self-sacrifice. Protestant missionaries, as a class, are only now learning to imitate their methods of procedure, especially with regard to the establishment of hospitals and the acquisition of a perfect knowledge of the language and modes of thought of the people whose conversion they seek. What Livingstone did in South Africa when he cut himself loose from all the other missionaries who kept within reach of the comforts of the colony, and plunged into the thick of the native tribes beyond; what the Canadian missionary Mackay did eight years ago in Formosa with such brilliant success, the Jesuits always did. Their first task was to master the language. Grammatical knowledge, they knew, was not enough. They lived in the wigwams of the wretched, filthy nomads, travelled with them, carrying the heaviest loads, and submitted to cold and heat, to privations, and the thousand abominations of savage life, without a murmur. They cared for the sick, and, expecting little aid from the old, sought to educate the young. Charlevoix tells us how they succeeded in establishing in Quebec both the Hotel Dieu and the Ursuline Convent. Madame la Duchesse D'Aiguillon, the niece of Richelieu, undertook to found the first. To carry out her pious project she applied to the hospital nuns of Dieppe. "These holy women accepted with joy the opportunity of sacrificing all that they counted dear in the world for the service of the sick poor of Canada; all offered themselves, all asked with tears to be admitted to share in the work." About the same time Madame de la Peltrie, a widow of a good family, resolved to found the Convent of the Ursulines. She devoted all her fortune to give a Christian education to the girls of the colonists and of the Indians, and followed up these sacrifices by devoting herself to the



IN THE GARDENS OF THE URSULINE CONVENT.

work. Young, rich, beautiful, she renounced all advantages and prospects for what then must have been a worse than Siberian exile. At Tours, among the Ursuline nuns, she found Marie de l'Incarnation, who became the first Mother Superior of the new convent, and "Marie de St. Joseph, whom New France regards as one of its tutelary angels." On the fourth of May, 1639, she embarked with three hospital nuns, three Ursulines, and Père Vimond, and on the first of July they arrived at Quebec. The length of the voyage, not to refer to its discomforts, reminds us of the difference between crossing the Atlantic then and now. All Quebec rejoiced on their arrival. Work ceased, the shops were shut, and the town was *en fête*. "The Governor received the heroines on the river's bank at the head of his troops with a discharge of cannon, and after the first compliments he led them, amid the acclamations of the people, to church, where Te Deums were chanted as a thanksgiving." From that day till her death,

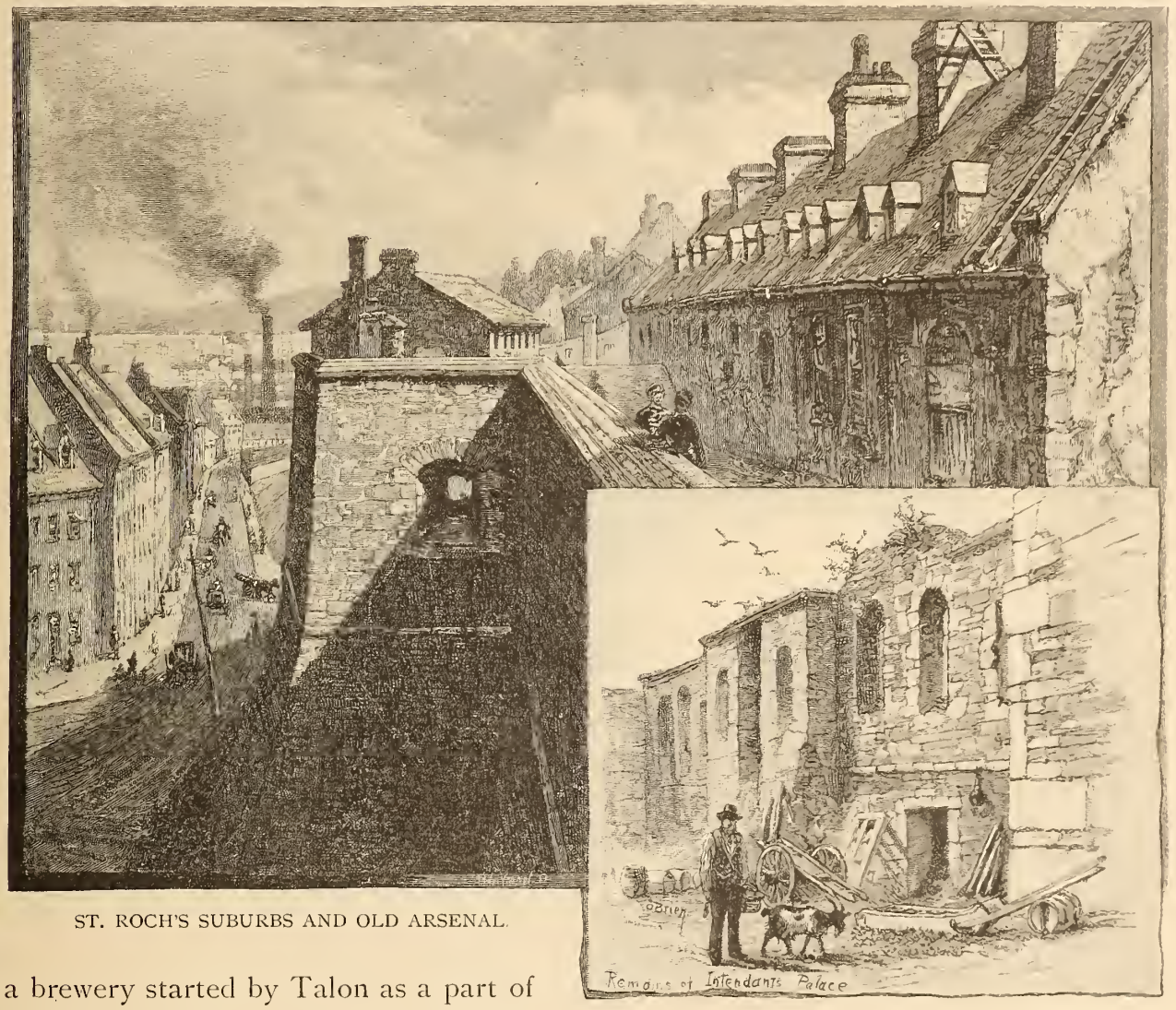
thirty-two years after, Madame de la Peltrie gave herself up to the work she had undertaken. Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, whose fervent piety and spirituality of character gained her the name of the Ste. Theresa of New France, died a year after her. These two women lived in an atmosphere so different from ours, that it is extremely difficult for us to judge them. Both have been condemned, the one as an unnatural mother, the other as a disobedient daughter. They believed they were sacrificing the claims of nature to the superior claim of their Saviour. Certainly, their works have followed them. The great Ursuline Convent of Quebec, to which hundreds of girls are sent to be educated from all parts of the continent, is their monument. The buildings have been repeatedly destroyed by fire, but have always been replaced by others more expensive and substantial, the community apparently delighting to testify its sense of the value of the work done by the devoted Sisters. Within their spacious grounds, in the heart of the city, are various buildings, one for boarders, among whom to this day are daughters of Indian chiefs; another for day scholars; a normal school; a school for the poor; a chapel and choir, and nuns' quarters; with gardens, play and pleasure grounds for the youthful inmates, and summer and winter promenades—all eloquent with the memories of the pious founder, who had not disdained to toil in the garden with her own hand. To each generation of susceptible minds the lives of Mme de la Peltrie and Mère Marie are held up for imitation, and no honour is grudged to their memories.

Not only religious, but charitable and moral, was Quebec under the administration of Champlain and his successors. Ferland cites the registers of Notre Dame of Quebec to show that out of 664 children baptised between 1621 and 1661, only one was illegitimate. Still, the colony did not prosper; again and again it was on the point of extinction at the hands of the Iroquois. The Company sat upon its agricultural and industrial development like the old man of the sea. In 1663 the population of New France consisted of only two thousand souls, scattered along a thin broken line from Tadoussac to Montreal. Of this small total Quebec claimed 800. At any moment a rude breath would have killed the colony, but now favouring gales came from Old France. Louis XIV. determined to suppress the Company, and bring Canada under his own direct authority. He constituted by direct appointment a Sovereign Council to sit in Quebec, immediately responsible to himself, the principal functionaries to be the Governor-General, the Royal Intendant, and the Bishop, each to be a spy on the other two. The Governor-General believed himself to be the head of the colony; he formed the apex of the governmental pyramid. But the Intendant, who was Chief of Justice, Police, Finance, and Marine, understood that the King looked to him, and that the colony was in his hands, to be made or marred. The Bishop, again, knew that both Governor-General and Intendant would have to dance according as he pulled the wires at Court. Talon, the first Intendant who arrived in Quebec, was the ablest who ever held the position. Talon was a statesman, a pupil of Colbert, and in some respects in advance

of his great master. He urged immigration as a means of ensuring to France the possession of the New World. Colbert, with the wisdom of the seventeenth century, replied that it would not be prudent to depopulate the kingdom. "Secure New York," Talon urged, "and the great game will be gained for France." When that step was not taken he projected a road to Acadie,—which it was left to our day, by the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, to carry out, and thus to give to Canada indispensable winter ports. He pushed discovery in every direction, selecting his men with marvellous sagacity. Under his direction, St. Simon and La Couture reached Hudson's Bay by the valley of the Saguenay; Père Druilletes, the Atlantic seaboard by the Chaudiere and the Kennebec; Perrot, the end of Lake Michigan and the entrance of Superior; Joliet and Père Marquette, the father of waters down to the Arkansas. In Talon's day Quebec rose from being a fur-trading post into commercial importance. He believed in the country he had been sent to govern, and was of opinion that a wise national policy demanded the encouragement in it of every possible variety of industrial development. His mantle fell on none of his successors. Instead of fostering the industries Talon had inaugurated and defending the commercial liberty which he had obtained, they stifled industry and trade under restrictions and monopolies. Not that the Intendants were wholly to blame; they were sent out on purpose to govern the colony, not with a view to its own benefit, but with a view to the benefit of Old France. Neither the King nor his minister could conceive that Canada would benefit the mother country, only as its material and industrial development increased. Talon had twelve successors. Of all these, the last, Bigot, was the worst. To Bigot more than to any other man France owes the loss of the New World. He impoverished the people, nominally for the King's service, really to enrich himself. That the poor, plundered, cheated *habitans* were willing to fight as they did for the King, and that Montcalm was able to accomplish anything with the commissariat Bigot provided, are the wonderful facts of the Conquest of 1759. The Intendant's house was by far the most expensive and most splendidly furnished in Quebec. It was emphatically "The Palace," and the gate nearest it was called the Palace Gate. It stood outside the walls,—its principal entrance opposite the cliff on the present line of St. Valier Street, "under the Arsenal;" while its spacious grounds, beautifully laid out in walks and gardens, extending over several acres, sloped down to the river St. Charles.* It is described in 1698 as having a frontage of 480 feet, consisting of the Royal storehouse and other buildings, in addition to the Palace itself, so that it appeared a little town. In 1713 it was destroyed by fire, but immediately rebuilt in accordance with the French domestic style of the period, two storeys and a basement, as shown by sketches made by one of the officers of the fleet that accompanied Wolfe's expedition. Here, no matter what might be the poverty of the people, the Intendant surrounded himself with splendour. In Bigot's time every form of dissipation reigned in the Palace; while the

* Summary of the "History of the Intendant's Palace," by CHARLES WALKEM, Militia Department.

habitant, who had left his farm to fight for the King, could hardly get a ration of black bread for himself, or a sou to send to his starving wife and little ones at home. Our illustration shows all that is left of the magnificent Palace. It arose out



ST. ROCH'S SUBURBS AND OLD ARSENAL.

of a brewery started by Talon as a part of his national policy, and it has returned to be part of a brewery, and for all the luxury and bravery there is nothing now to show, and the cheating and the gambling are, let us hope, receiving their just recompense of reward.

The Governor's Chateau is not. The Intendant's Palace was destroyed more than a century ago, but the Bishop's house, seminary and cathedral still remain, and the bishop, or archbishop as he is now styled, is yet the most potent personage in Quebec. The early bishop, Laval, is one of the historic figures of New France. Seen by Ultramontane eyes, this first Canadian bishop stands on the highest pinnacle of human excellence and greatness; the only mystery being that the Church has not yet canonized him. He did everything "for the glory of God," the expression meaning to him, as to ecclesiastical fanatics of every creed, the glory of the Church, and in some measure the glory of himself. He cared nothing for money or any form of vulgar

greatness. His ambition was loftier. He would rule the souls of men, and woe to the man in his widely-extended diocese, be he Governor-General, statesman, merchant, priest or savage, who ventured to call his soul his own. True, none seemed more ready than Laval to give support to the State. The Church was supreme only in things spiritual. Kings, too, ruled by Divine right. But then the Church was to instruct the King, or the King's representative, as to what matters were civil and what spiritual. For instance, when the bishop decided that the introduction of brandy into the colony was injurious to religion, the importing or sale of brandy became a spiritual matter. In that case the Governor, on pain of excommunication, must punish the vendor of brandy with the pillory, and, if need be, with death. Evidently, General Neal Dow follows, *longo intervallo*, our first Canadian bishop. Always fighting, Laval could say as honestly as the King himself, "It seems to me I am the only person who is always right." The constitution of the Church of New France took its permanent form from him. His clergy were his soldiers. When he said "March," they marched. He established a lesser seminary where they were educated as boys, and the great seminary where they were trained as priests. He assigned their fields of labour, changed them as he saw meet, and provided a home whither, when infirm or exhausted with labour or old age, they might resort, either to recruit or die in peace. Their directory in life and death was every word that proceeded out of the mouth of the bishop. Other directory they desired not. To the seminary a University under Royal Charter was attached in 1852, and to that University Laval's name has been deservedly given. The Charter, which sets forth that the seminary has existed for two hundred years, constitutes the archbishop visitor, and the superior and directors of the seminary a body corporate, with all the privileges of a University, and full power to make all statutes and appoint all professors. "Laval University has nothing more to ask from the civil and religious authorities to complete its constitution," is the announcement of its board of government. Its Royal Charter assimilates it to the most favoured University of the United Kingdom, while the sovereign pontiff, Pius the Ninth, magnificently crowned the edifice by according to it in 1876 solemn canonical honours by the Bull "*inter varias solicitudines*."

From the opposite shore of Levis, Laval University, standing in the most commanding position in the upper town, towering to a height of five storeys, is the most conspicuous building in Quebec. The American tourist takes it for the chief hotel of the place, and congratulates himself that a child of the monster hotels he loves has found its way north of the line. When he finds that it is only a University, he visits it as a matter of course, looks at the library and museum, remarking casually on their inferiority to those in any one of the four hundred and odd Universities in the United States, and comes out in a few minutes, likely enough without having gone to the roof to see one of the most glorious panoramas in the New World. Here



AT THE GATE OF LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

he is, at the gate. Blessings on his serene, kindly sense of superiority to all men or things in heaven or on earth! He has seen nothing that can compare for a moment with Slickville. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Sisters, students, Canadian soldiers, civilians, are round about, but he alone is monarch of all he surveys. A strange sight arrests his attention. Young Canada, cap in hand, cap actually off his head, and

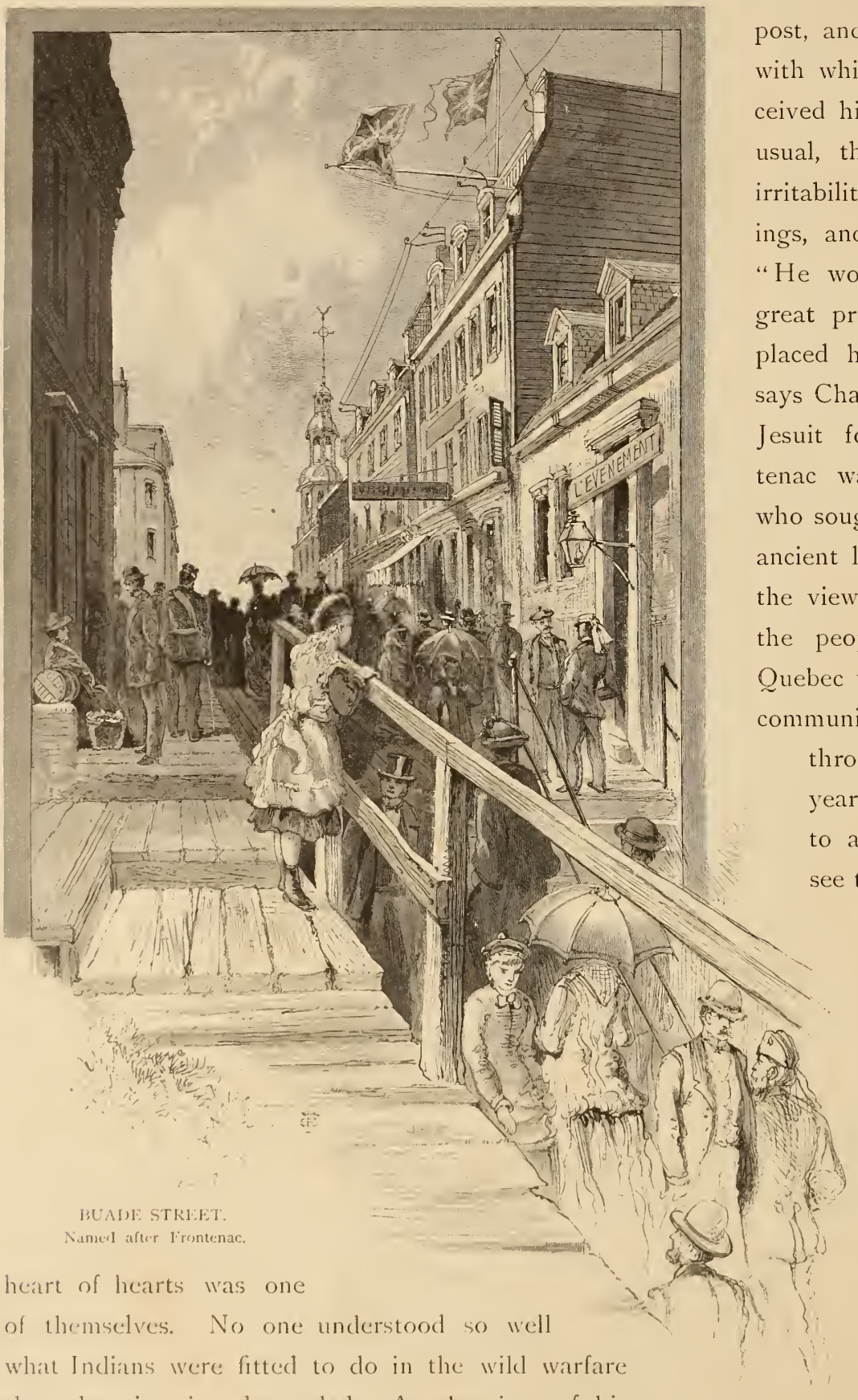
head reverently bowed while a priest speaks a kind word or perhaps gives his blessing! This is something new, and he is too good an observer not to make a note of it, congratulating himself at the same time that *he* is willing to make allowances. Is it not his "specialty," as John Ruskin hath it, "his one gift to the race—to show men how *not* to worship?"

A Canadian may be pardoned for calling attention to the significance of the grant, by the British Government, of a Royal Charter to Laval University. The trust in an hierarchy that the people trust, illustrates the fundamental principle of its policy in Canada. No matter what the question, so long as it is not inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, Canada is governed in accordance with the constitutionally expressed wishes of the people of each Province. The success which has attended the frank acceptance of this principle suggests the only possible solution of that Irish Question which still baffles statesmen. What has worked like a charm here ought to work in another part of the Empire. Here, we have a million of people opposed in race, religion, character and historical associations to the majority of Canadians, a people whose forefathers fought England for a century and a half on the soil on which the children are now living;—a Celtic people, massed together in one Province, a people proud, sensitive, submissive to their priests, and not very well educated;—this people half a century ago badgered every Governor that Britain sent out, stopped the supplies, embarrassed authority, and at last broke out into open rebellion. Now, they are peaceable, contented, prosperous. They co-operate for all purposes of good government with the other Provinces, do no intentional injustice to the Protestant minority of their own Province, and are so heartily loyal to the central authority that it has become almost an unwritten law to select the Minister of War from their representatives in Parliament. Let him who runs read, and read, too, the answer of D'Arcy McGee to those who wondered that the young rebel in Ireland should be the mature ardent admirer of British government in Canada: "If in my day Ireland had been governed as Canada is now governed, I would have been as sound a constitutionalist as is to be found in Ireland."

The best thing Louis XIV. did for Quebec was the sending to it of the regiment of Carignan-Salières. A few companies of veterans, led by Canadian blue-coats, penetrated by the Richelieu to the lairs of the Iroquois, and struck such terror into them that the colony was thenceforth allowed to breathe and to grow. Still better, when the regiment was disbanded, most of the soldiers remained, and many of the picturesque towns and villages that have grown up along the Richelieu and St. Lawrence owe their names to the officers, to whom large seignorial rights were given by the King on condition of their settling in the colony. From these veterans sprang a race as adventurous and intrepid as ever lived. Their exploits as salt-water and fresh-water sailors, as *coureurs de bois*, discoverers, soldiers regular and

irregular, fill many a page of old Canadian history. Whether with the gallant brothers Le Moyne, defending Quebec against Sir William Phipps, or striking terror into New York and New England by swift forays such as Hertel de Rouville led; or with Du Lhut and Durantaye, breaking loose from the strait-jacket in which Royal Intendants imprisoned the colony, and abandoning themselves to the savage freedom of western fort and forest life; or under D'Iberville, most celebrated of the seven sons of Charles Le Moyne, sweeping the English flag from Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay or colonizing Louisiana; or with Jumonville and his brother on the Ohio, defeating Washington and Braddock; or vainly conquering at Fort William Henry and Carillon and Montmorency and Ste. Foye,—the picture is always full of life and colour. Whatever else may fail, valour and devotion to the King never fail. We find the dare-devil courage joined with the gaiety of heart and ready accommodation to circumstances that make the Frenchman popular, alike with friendly savages and civilized foemen, in all parts of the world. Canadian experiences developed in the old French stock new qualities, good and bad, the good predominating. Versed in all kinds of woodcraft, handling an axe as a modern tourist handles a tooth-pick, managing a canoe like Indians, inured to the climate, supplying themselves on the march with food from forest or river and cooking it in the most approved style, fearing neither frost nor ice, depth of snow nor depth of muskeg, independent of roads,—such men needed only a leader who understood them to go anywhere into the untrodden depths of the New World, and to do anything that man could do. Such a leader they found in Louis de Buade, Compte de Palleau et de Frontenac. Buade Street recalls his name, and there is little else in the old city that does, though Quebec loved him well in his day. Talon had done all that man could do to develop the infant colony by means of a national policy that stimulated industry, and an immigration policy, wise and vigorous enough, as far as his appeals to the King and Colbert went, for the nineteenth century. Another man was needed to enable the thin line of colonists to make head against the formidable Iroquois, backed as they were by the Dutch and English of New York, and against the citizen sailors and soldiers of New England; to direct their energies to the Great West; to make them feel that the power of France was with them, no matter how far they wandered from Quebec; and to inspire them with the thought that the whole unbounded continent was theirs by right. Such a man was Frontenac. Of his quarrels with intendants and clergy it would be a waste of time to speak. To defend him from the accusations made against his honour is unnecessary. How could quarrels be avoided where three officials lived, each having some reason to believe, in accordance with the profound state-craft of the Old Régime, that he was the supreme ruler! Frontenac was titular head, and he would be the real head. Neither bishops nor intendants should rule in his day, and they did not, and could not. They could worry him and even secure

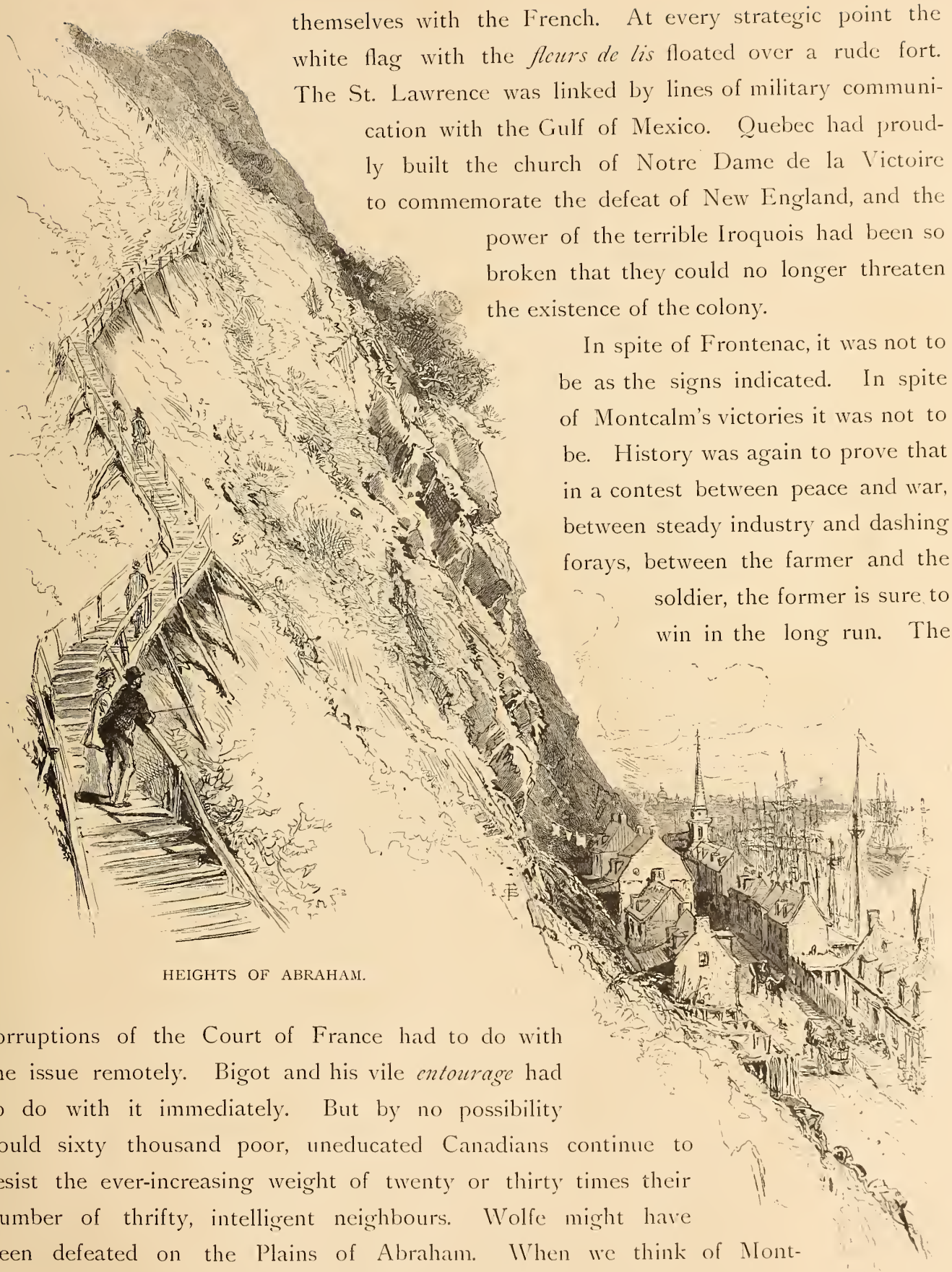
his recall, but they could not govern the colony when they got the chance. Frontenac had to be sent back to his post, and the universal joy with which the people received him showed that, as usual, the people overlook irritabilities and shortcomings, and discern the man. "He would have been a great prince if heaven had placed him on a throne," says Charlevoix. The good Jesuit forgets that Frontenac was the only man who sought to ascertain by ancient legitimate methods the views of all classes of the people, and that as Quebec was shut out from communication with the throne for half the year, the Governor had to act as a king or to see the country without a head. Frontenac understood the great game that was being played for the sovereignty of this continent. He had almost boundless influence over the Indians, because he appreciated them, and in his heart of hearts was one of themselves. No one understood so well what Indians were fitted to do in the wild warfare that the situation demanded. At the time of his death all signs betokened that France was to dominate the New World. The treaties Champlain had made with the Indians held good. The tribes farther west had allied



BUADE STREET.
Named after Frontenac.

themselves with the French. At every strategic point the white flag with the *fleurs de lis* floated over a rude fort. The St. Lawrence was linked by lines of military communication with the Gulf of Mexico. Quebec had proudly built the church of Notre Dame de la Victoire to commemorate the defeat of New England, and the power of the terrible Iroquois had been so broken that they could no longer threaten the existence of the colony.

In spite of Frontenac, it was not to be as the signs indicated. In spite of Montcalm's victories it was not to be. History was again to prove that in a contest between peace and war, between steady industry and dashing forays, between the farmer and the soldier, the former is sure to win in the long run. The



HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

corruptions of the Court of France had to do with the issue remotely. Bigot and his vile *entourage* had to do with it immediately. But by no possibility could sixty thousand poor, uneducated Canadians continue to resist the ever-increasing weight of twenty or thirty times their number of thrifty, intelligent neighbours. Wolfe might have been defeated on the Plains of Abraham. When we think of Montcalm's military genius, the victories gained by him against heavy odds in previous campaigns, and his defeat of Wolfe's grenadiers a few weeks before the final struggle, our wonder indeed is that the British were not hurled over those steep cliffs they had so painfully clambered up on that memorable

early September morning. Scotchmen attributed the result to those men "in the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome," whom the British Government had been wise enough to organize into regiments out of the clans who a few years before had marched victoriously from their own northern glens into the heart of England. And Wolfe, had he lived, would probably have agreed with them. For, when he told the grenadiers, after their defeat, that, if they had supposed that they alone could beat the French army, he hoped they had found out their mistake, his tone indicated a boundless confidence in his Highlanders more flattering than any eulogy. But the most crowning victory for Montcalm would only have delayed the inevitable. Other armies were converging towards Quebec. And behind the armies was a population, already counting itself by millions, determined on the destruction of that nest on the northern rock whence hornets were ever issuing to sting and madden. No one understood the actual state of affairs better than Montcalm. He knew that France had practically abandoned Canada, and left him to make the best fight he could for his own honour against hopeless odds. Hence that precipitate attack on Wolfe, for which he has been censured. He knew that every hour's delay would increase Wolfe's relative strength. Hence, too, that abandonment of the whole cause, after the battle, for which he has been censured still more severely. "I will neither give orders nor interfere any further," he exclaimed with emotion, when urged to issue instructions about the defence of the city. He had done all that man could do. He had sealed his loyalty with his blood. And now, seeing that the stars in their courses were fighting against the cause he had so gallantly upheld, and that the issue was pre-determined, he would take no more responsibility. He knew, too, that his best avengers would be found in the ranks of his enemies; that Britain in crushing French power in its seat of strength in America, was overreaching herself, and preparing a loss out of all proportion to the present gain. He appreciated the "Bostonnais;" predicting that they would never submit to an island thousands of miles away when they controlled the continent, whereas they would have remained loyal if a hostile power held the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. Was he not right? And had not Pitt and Wolfe, then, as much to do with bringing about the separation of the Thirteen States from the mother country, as Franklin and Washington?

The story of the campaigns of 1759–60 need not be told here. Every incident is familiar to the traditional school-boy. Every tourist is sure to visit Wolfe's Cove for himself, and to ascend the heights called after the old Scottish pilot "Abraham" Martin. No sign of war now. Rafts of timber in the Cove, and ships from all waters to carry it away, instead of boats crowded with rugged Highlanders silent as the grave. No trouble apprehended by any one, except from stevedores whose right it is to dictate terms to commerce and occasionally to throw the city into a state of siege. No precipice now, the face of which must be scaled on hands and knees. A pleasant

road leads to the Plains, and you and your party can drive leisurely up. There, before you, across the common, is the modest column that tells where Wolfe "died victorious." Between it and the Citadel are Martello towers, digging near one of which some years ago, skeletons were found, and military buttons and buckles, the dreary pledges, held by battle-fields, of human valour and devotion and all the pomp and circumstance of war. You must drive into the city to see the monument that commemorates the joint glory of Montcalm and Wolfe; and out again, to see the third monument, sacred to the memory of the braves who, under the skilful De Levis, uselessly avenged at Ste. Foye the defeat of Montcalm.

The red-cross flag floated over the Chateau of St. Louis, and New England gave



OVERLOOKING ST. CHARLES VALLEY.

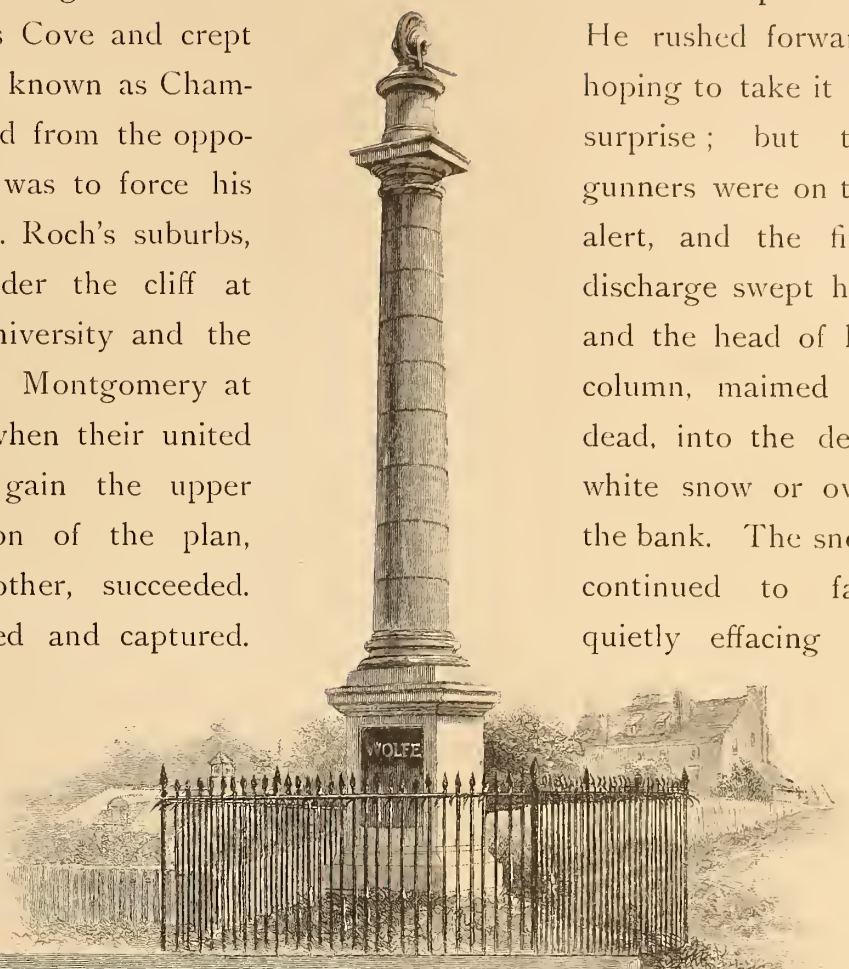
thanks. Fifteen years passed away, and Montcalm's prediction was fulfilled. The "Bostonnais" were in revolt. Wise with the teaching of more than a century, they at the outset determined to secure the St. Lawrence; and they would have succeeded, had it not been for the same strong rock of Quebec which had foiled them so often in the old colonial days. Arnold advanced through the roadless wilderness of Maine, defying swamps, forests, and innumerable privations as hardily as ever did the old Canadian *noblesse* when they raided the villages and forts of Maine. Montgomery swept the British garrisons from the Richelieu and Montreal, and joined Arnold at the appointed rendezvous. Their success must have astonished themselves. The explanation is that the colony had no garrisons to speak of, and that the French Canadians felt that the quarrel was none of their making. In a month all Canada —Quebec excepted—had been gained for Congress; and there was no garrison in Quebec capable of resisting the combined forces that Arnold and Montgomery led. But Guy Carleton reached Quebec, and another proof was given to the world that one man may be equal to a garrison. In a few days he had breathed his own spirit into the militia,



OVERLOOKING NORTH CHANNEL.
From Grand Battery and Laval University.

native Canadians as well as British born. The invaders established themselves in the Intendant's Palace and other houses near the walls, and after a month's siege made a resolute attempt to take the city by storm. Whatever may have been the result of a more precipitate attack, the delay unquestionably afforded greater advantages

to the besieged than to the besiegers. Montgomery set out from Wolfe's Cove and crept along the narrow pathway now known as Champlain Street. Arnold advanced from the opposite direction. His intention was to force his way round by what is now St. Roch's suburbs, below the ramparts, and under the cliff at present crowned by Laval University and the Grand Battery, and to meet Montgomery at the foot of Mountain Hill, when their united forces would endeavour to gain the upper town. Not the first fraction of the plan, on the one side or the other, succeeded. Arnold's men were surrounded and captured. Montgomery, marching in the gray dawn through a heavy snow-storm, came upon a battery that blocked up the narrow pathway. He rushed forward, hoping to take it by surprise; but the gunners were on the alert, and the first discharge swept him and the head of his column, maimed or dead, into the deep white snow or over the bank. The snow continued to fall, quietly effacing all



WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

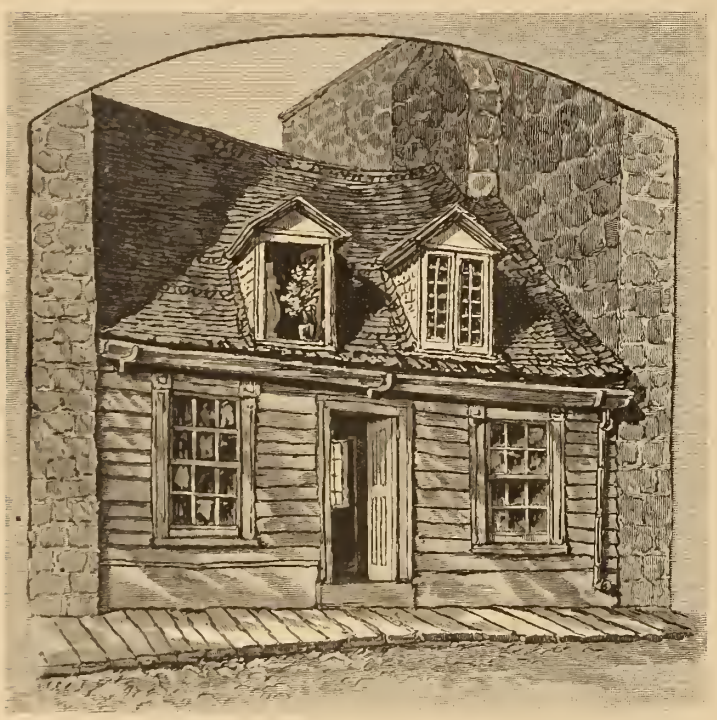


MARTELLO TOWER.
On the Plains of Abraham.

signs of the conflict. A few hours after, Montgomery's body was found lying in the snow, stark and stiff, and was carried to a small log-house in St. Louis Street. No more gallant soldier fell in the Revolutionary War. Nothing now could be done even by the daring Arnold, though he lingered till spring. One whiff of grape-shot had decided that Congress must needs leave its ancient foe to itself,

to work out its destinies in connection with that British Empire which it had so long defied.

That decision has ruled events ever since. From that day to this, constitutional questions have occupied the attention of the Canadian people, instead of military ambition and the game of war. No such questions could emerge under the Old Régime. Constitutional development was then impossible. The fundamental principle of the Old Régime was that the spiritual and the civil powers ruled all subjects by Divine right, and therefore that the first and last duty of government was to train the people under a long line of absolute functionaries, religious and civil, to obey the powers that be. A demand for representative institutions could hardly be expected to come in those circumstances from the French Canadians. Their ambition extended no further than the hope that they might be governed economically, on a hard-money basis, and according to their own traditions. Their relation to the land, their disposition, habits and training, their unquenchable Celtic love for their language, laws and religion, made them eminently conservative. From the day the British flag floated over their heads, they came into the possession of rights and privileges of which their fathers had never dreamed. The contrast between their condition under Great Britain with what it had been under France, could not be described more forcibly than it was by Papineau in the year 1820 on the hustings of Montreal:—"Then—under France—trade was monopolised by privileged Companies, public and private property often pillaged, and the inhabitants dragged year after year from their homes and families to shed their blood, from the shores of the Great Lakes, from the banks of the Mississippi and the Ohio, to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Hudson's Bay. Now, religious toleration, trial by jury, the act of *Habeas Corpus*, afford legal and equal security to all, and we need submit to no other laws but those of our own making. All these advantages have become our birthright, and shall, I hope, be the lasting inheritance of our posterity." But a disturbing element had gradually worked its way among the *habitans*, in the form of merchants, officials, and other British residents in the cities, and United Empire Loyalists from the States, and disbanded soldiers, to whom grants of land had been made in various parts of the Province, and especially in the eastern townships. From this minority



HOUSE TO WHICH MONTGOMERY'S BODY WAS CARRIED.

came the first demand for larger liberty. These men of British antecedents felt that they could not and would not tolerate military sway or civil absolutism. They demanded, and they taught the Gallo-Canadians to demand, the rights of free men. At the same time, immigration began to flow into that western part of Canada, now called the Province of Ontario. It could easily be foreseen that this western part would continue to receive a population essentially different from that of Eastern or Lower Canada. A wise statesmanship resolved to allow the Eastern and Western sections to develop according to their own sentiments, and to give to all Canada a constitution modelled, as far as the circumstances of the age and country permitted, on the British Constitution. To secure these objects, Mr. Pitt passed the Act of 1791—an Act that well deserves the name, subsequently given to it, of the first "Magna Charta of Canadian freedom." The bill divided the ancient "Province of Quebec" into two distinct colonies, under the names of Upper and Lower Canada, each section to have a separate elective Assembly. Fox strenuously opposed the division of Canada. "It would be wiser," he said, "to unite still more closely the two races than separate them." Burke lent the weight of political philosophy to the practical statesmanship of Pitt. "For us to attempt to amalgamate two populations composed of races of men diverse in language, laws and habitudes, is a complete absurdity," he warmly argued. Pitt's policy combined all that was valuable in the arguments of both Fox and Burke. It was designed to accomplish all that is now accomplished, according to the spirit as well as the forms of the British Constitution, by that federal system under which we are happily living. In order to make the Act of 1791 successful, only fair play was required, or a disposition on the part of the leaders of the people to accept it loyally. All constitutions require that as the condition of success. Under Pitt's Act the bounds of freedom could have been widened gradually and peacefully. But it did not get fair play in Lower Canada, from either the representatives of the minority or of the majority of the people. The minority had clamoured for representative institutions. They got them, and then made the discovery that the gift implied the government of the country, not according to their wishes, but according to the wishes of the great body of the people. Naturally enough, they then fell back on the Legislative Council, holding that it should be composed of men of British race only or their sympathisers, and that the Executive should be guided not by the representative Chamber, but by the Divinely-appointed Council. On the other hand, the representatives of the majority soon awoke to understand the power of the weapon that had been put into their hands. When they did understand, there was no end to their delight in the use of the weapon. A boy is ready to use his first jack-knife or hatchet on anything and everything. So they acted, as if their new weapon could not be used too much. As with their countrymen in Old France, their logical powers interfered with their success in the practical work of government. They were slow to learn that life is broader than logic, and that free institutions are possible only by the

practice of mutual forbearance towards each other of the different bodies among whom the supreme power is distributed. Still, the measure of constitutional freedom that had been generously bestowed had its legitimate effect on the French-Canadians. They learned to appeal to British precedents, and a love of British institutions began to take possession of their minds. Nothing demonstrates this more satisfactorily than the contrast between their inaction during 1775–6, and their united and hearty action during the war of 1812–15. That war, which may be regarded as an episode in the constitutional history we are sketching, teaches to all who are willing to be taught several important lessons. It showed that French-Canadians had not forgotten how to fight, and that according as they were trusted so would they fight. No better illustration can be given than Châteauguay, where Colonel de Salaberry with 300 Canadian militiamen and a few Highlanders victoriously drove back an army 7000 strong. The Canadians everywhere flew to arms, in a quarrel, too, with the bringing on of which they had nothing to do. The Governor sent the regular troops to the frontiers, and confided the guardianship of Quebec to the city militia, while men like Bedard who had been accused of "treason," because they understood the spirit of the Constitution better than their accusers, were appointed officers. Successive campaigns proved, not only that Canada was unconquerable—even against a people then forty times as numerous—because of the spirit of its people, its glorious winters, and northern fastnesses, but also because an unprovoked war upon Canada will never command the united support of the people of the States. When the war was declared in 1812, several of the New England States refused their quotas of militia. The Legislature of Maryland declared that they had acted constitutionally in refusing. And all over New England secession was seriously threatened. What happened then would occur again, under other forms, if an effort were made to conquer four or five millions of Canadians, in order to make them citizens of free States. Should either political party propose it, that party would seal its own ruin. A great Christian people will struggle unitedly and religiously to free millions, never to subdue millions. Should momentary madness drive them to attempt the commission of the crime, the consequence would more likely be the disruption of the Republic than the conquest of Canada.

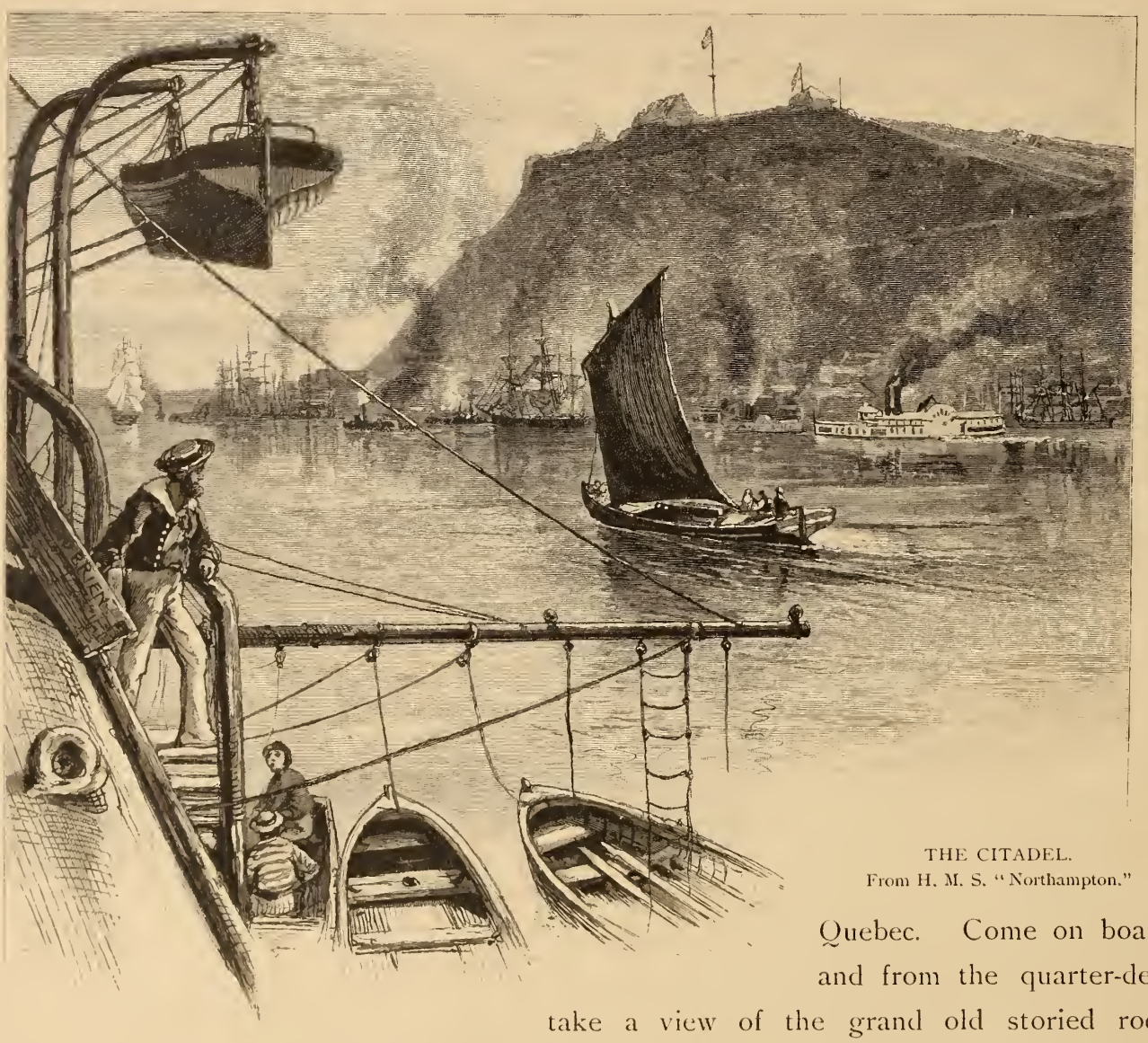
So much the episode of 1812–15 teaches, read in the light of the present day. When the war was over, the struggles for constitutional development were resumed. Complicated in Lower Canada by misunderstandings of race, they broke out in "the troubles" or sputterings of rebellion of 1837–38. The forcible reunion of the two Canadas in 1840 was a temporary measure, necessitated probably by those troubles. It led to friction, irritations, a necessity for double majorities, and perpetual deadlocks. Did not Pitt in 1791 foresee these as the sure results in the long run of any such union, beautiful in its simplicity though it appears to doctrinaires? The confederation of British-America in 1867 put an end to the paralysis, by the adoption of the federal principle,

and the ordained extension of Canada to its natural boundaries of three oceans on three sides and the watershed of the American continent on the fourth. Full self-government having now been attained, our position is no longer colonial.

What, then, is our destiny to be? Whatever God wills. The only points clear as sunlight to us as a people are, that Canada is free, and that we dare not break up the unity of the grandest Empire the world has ever known. Annexation has been advocated, but no one has proved that such a change would be, even commercially, to our advantage. We would get closer to fifty and be removed farther from two hundred millions. Politically, Canada would cease to exist. She would serve merely as a make-weight to the Republican or Democratic party. The French-Canadian element, so great a factor actually and potentially in our national life, would become a nullity. We would surrender all hopes of a distinctive future. Strangers would rule over us; for we are too weak to resist the alien forces, and too strong to be readily assimilated. Our neighbours are a great people. So are the French and the Germans. But Belgium does not pray to be absorbed into France, and Holland would not consent to be annexed to Germany. Looking at the question in the light of the past and with foresight of the future, and from the point of view of all the higher considerations that sway men, we say, in the emphatic language of Scripture, "It is a shame even to speak" of such a thing. We would repent it only once, and that would be forever. Their ways are not our ways; their thoughts, traditions, history, are not our thoughts, traditions, history. The occasional cry for Independence is more honourable; but, to break our national continuity in cold blood, to cut ourselves loose from the capital and centre of our strength! to gain—what? A thousand possibilities of danger, and not an atom of added strength. What, then, are we to do? "Things cannot remain as they are," we are told. Who says that they can? They have been changing every decade. The future will bring changes with it, and wisdom too, let us hope, such as our fathers had, to enable us to do our duty in the premises. In the meantime, we have enough to do. We have to simplify the machinery of our government, to make it less absurdly expensive, and to disembarrass it of patronage. We have to put an emphatic stop to the increase of the public debt. We have to reclaim half a continent, and throw doors wide open that millions may enter in. We have to grow wiser and better. We have to guard our own heads while we seek to do our duty to our day and generation. Is not that work enough for the next half century? No one is likely to interfere with us, but we are not thereby absolved from the responsibility of keeping up the defences of Halifax and Quebec, and fortifying Montreal by a cincture of detached forts. These cities safe, Canada might be invaded, but could not be held. But what need of defence, when we are assured that "our best defence is no defence." Go to the mayors of our cities and bid them dismiss the police. Tell bankers not to keep revolvers, and householders to poison their watch-dogs. At one stroke we save what we are expending on all the old-

fashioned arrangements of the Dark Ages. It has been discovered that the "best defence is no defence!"

It does not become grown men to dream dreams in broad daylight. Wise men regard facts. Here is the Admiral's ship, the shapely "Northampton," in the harbour of



THE CITADEL.
From H. M. S. "Northampton."

Quebec. Come on board, and from the quarter-deck take a view of the grand old storied rock. Whose money built that vast Citadel that crowns its strength? Who gave us those mighty batteries on the Levis heights opposite? What enemy on this planet could take Quebec as long as the "Northampton" pledges to us the command of the sea? And for answer, a charmer says, you would be far stronger, without the forts and without the "Northampton!"



QUEBEC—A GLIMPSE FROM THE OLD CITY WALL.

QUEBEC:

PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE.



VIEW FROM THE OLD MANOR HOUSE AT BEAUPORT.

QUEBEC—the spot where the most refined civilization of the Old World first touched the barbaric wildness of the New—is also the spot where the largest share of the picturesque and romantic element has gathered round the outlines of a grand though rugged nature. It would seem as if those early heroes, the flower of France's chivalry,

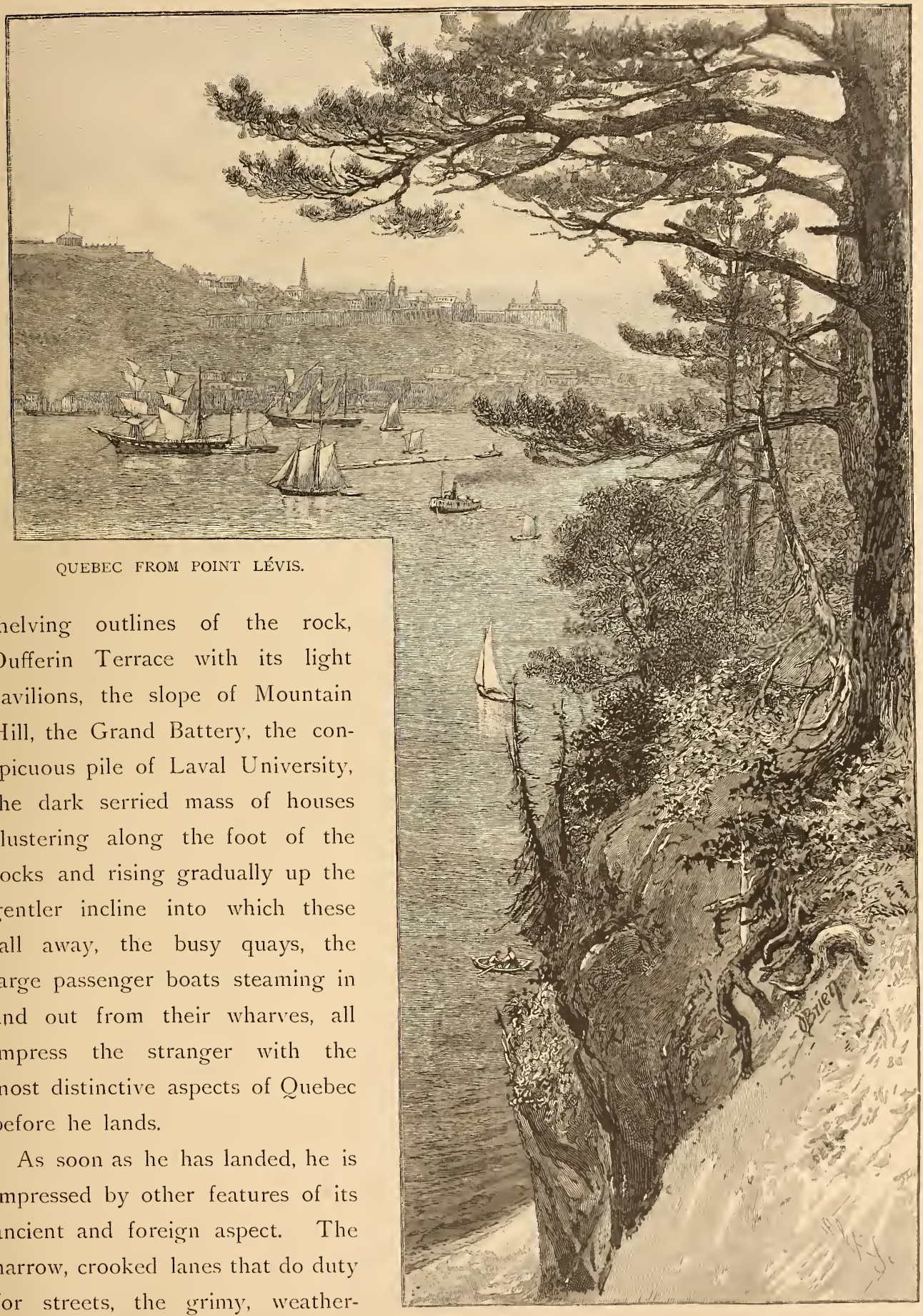
who conquered a new country from a savage climate and a savage race, had impressed the features of their nationality on this rock fortress forever. May Quebec always retain its French idiosyncrasy! The shades of its brave founders claim this as their right. From Champlain and Laval down to De Lévis and Montcalm, they deserve this monument to their efforts to build up and preserve a "New France" in this western world; and Wolfe for one would not have grudged that the memory of his gallant foe should here be closely entwined with his own. All who know the value of the mingling of diverse elements in enriching national life, will rejoice in the preservation among us of a distinctly French element, blending harmoniously in our Canadian nationality.

"Saxon and Celt and Norman are we;"

and we may well be proud of having within our borders a "New France" as well as a "Greater Britain."

Imagination could hardly have devised a nobler portal to the Dominion than the mile-wide strait, on one side of which rise the green heights of Lévis, and on the other the bold, abrupt outlines of Cape Diamond. To the traveller from the Old World who first drops anchor under those dark rocks and frowning ramparts, the *coup d'œil* must present an impressive frontispiece to the unread volume. The outlines of the rocky rampart and its crowning fortress, as seen from a distance, recall both Stirling and Ehrenbreitstein, while its aspect as viewed from the foot of the time-worn, steep-roofed old houses that skirt the height, carries at least a suggestion of Edinburgh Castle from the Grassmarket. To the home-bred Canadian, coming from the flat regions of Central Canada by the train that skirts the southern shore and suddenly finds its way along the abrupt, wooded heights that end in Point Lévis, with quaint steep-gabled and balconied French houses climbing the rocky ledges to the right, and affording to curious passengers, through open doors and windows, many a naïve glimpse of the simple domestic life of the *habitans*, the first sight of Quebec from the terminus or the ferry station is a revelation. It is the realization of dim, hovering visions conjured up by the literature of other lands more rich in the picturesque element born of antiquity and historical association. On our Republican neighbours, the effect produced is the same. Quebec has no more enthusiastic admirers than its hosts of American visitors; and no writers have more vividly and appreciatively described its peculiar charm than Parkman and Howells.

Looking at Quebec first from the opposite heights of Lévis, and then passing slowly across from shore to shore, the striking features of the city and its surroundings come gradually into view, in a manner doubly enchanting if it happens to be a soft, misty summer morning. At first, the dim, huge mass of the rock and Citadel, — seemingly one grand fortification, — absorbs the attention. Then the details come out, one after another. The firm lines of rampart and bastion, the



QUEBEC FROM POINT LÉVIS.

shelving outlines of the rock, Dufferin Terrace with its light pavilions, the slope of Mountain Hill, the Grand Battery, the conspicuous pile of Laval University, the dark serried mass of houses clustering along the foot of the rocks and rising gradually up the gentler incline into which these fall away, the busy quays, the large passenger boats steaming in and out from their wharves, all impress the stranger with the most distinctive aspects of Quebec before he lands.

As soon as he has landed, he is impressed by other features of its ancient and foreign aspect. The narrow, crooked lanes that do duty for streets, the grimy, weather-beaten walls and narrow windows on either side, the steep-roofed antique French houses, the cork-screw ascent towards

the upper town, the rugged pavement over which the wheels of the *caléche* noisily rattle, recall the peculiarities of an old French town. And before Prescott Gate was sacrificed to modern utilitarian demands, the effect was intensified by the novel sensation—in America—of entering a walled town through a real gate, frowning down as from a mediæval story.

The short, crooked streets of Quebec, diverging at all kinds of angles, make it as difficult to find one's way as in Venice or old Boston. It has grown, like old towns, instead of being laid out like new ones, and its peculiarities of growth have been differentiated to a remarkable degree by the exigencies of its site and fortifications. The "lie" of the place can be best explained by saying that the walls embrace a rudely-drawn section of an ellipse, the straight side of which divides the city from the comparatively level ground of the country in rear (towards the north-west), while the Citadel occupies the western corner of the curve which follows the edge of the precipice abutting on the St. Lawrence, turning an abrupt corner round the Seminary Gardens, and following the line of the high ground till it descends to the valley of the St. Charles. It was on *this* side of the natural fortress, to which Quebec owes its antiquity and its pre-eminence as a capital, that the life of the Old World left its first trace on the history of the Canadian wilderness. For here, a little way up the river, Jacques Cartier anchored his ships, which had so astounded the unsophisticated savages as they came, like things of life, sailing up the river. Here, too, he and his men spent the long, bitter winter, waiting wearily for the slowly-coming spring which so many of them never saw.

But there are pleasanter associations with the side of Quebec which the visitor usually sees first. As we walk or drive up Mountain Hill by the winding ascent which originally existed as a rough gully, the associations are all of Champlain, the Chevalier Bayard of the French *régime* and the founder of Quebec. One cannot but wonder whether there rose before his inner vision a picture of the city which he may have hoped would grow from the oak and walnut-shaded plateau by the river, and up the sides of the rugged hill that now bears its mass of ancient buildings, climbing to the zig-zagged walls and bastions that crown the highest point of what was then a bare beetling rock. As he watched the stately trees falling under the strokes of his sturdy axe-men—where dingy warehouses and high tenements are now densely massed together under the cliff—he may have dreamed of a second Rouen, the queenly capital of a "New France," giving laws to a territory as illimitable as the wilderness of hill and forest that stretched away on every side beyond the range of eye and imagination.

But before ascending Mountain Hill, let us turn aside into the little Notre Dame Place, where stands a small quaint church with high-peaked roof and antique belfry, one of the oldest buildings in Quebec, for its walls date back at least before 1690 when the fête of Notre Dame des Victoires was established to commemorate the defeat of Sir William

Phipps. It was close to this spot that Champlain built his first fort and warehouse for stores and peltries. A little farther to the left—where the Champlain Market, built out of the stones of the old Parliament buildings, presents on market days a busy and picturesque tableau—stood the first "Abitation de Quebecq," perpetuated for us by Champlain's inartistic pencil, with its three tall, narrow wooden houses set close together, its store-house and dove-cote, its loop-holed gallery running round the second storey, its moat and surrounding wall. Just above frowned the dark-brown rock; the blue waters of the St. Lawrence almost washed its outer wall; while the gardens which Champlain delighted to lay out and plant with roses, lay on three sides, to grace the wilderness abode. Now there are no gardens and no roses,—only a busy market-place that blooms out periodically, to be sure, with flowers and fruit; masses of buildings, narrow streets and crowded docks, where the tides of the St. Lawrence washed the shingly beach; huge piles of wharves driving the river still farther to bay; loaded wains carrying the produce of the Old World from the great ocean vessels or the produce of the New World to them; light French *caléches* dashing by the primitive carts of the market-folk, their drivers exchanging gay *badinage* as they pass; grave, long-robed priests, or jaunty French clerks or lads in the Seminary uniform hurrying to and fro and replying in French if you ask them a question in English;—all the busy life of a complex civilization, combined with an air of antiquity which makes it difficult to realize that even three centuries ago the scene was one unbroken wilderness.

Pursuing Champlain Street a little farther, the lower town presents not a few characteristic studies. A quaint old street—"Sous Le Cap"—lies so close under the precipice surmounted by the Grand Battery and Laval University that no casual passer-by would think of penetrating its obscurity. Its dilapidated old houses, with their backs to the cliff, are braced against their opposite neighbours by cross-beams of timber to keep them upright, and even the narrow French carts can with difficulty pass through what looks more like a Scottish wynd than a Canadian street; while the old red-capped *habitant* who sits calmly smoking at his door might have stepped out of a French picture. If we pass down to the docks, we may see ocean vessels preparing for departure, perhaps, out in the stream, a timber ship loading her cargo,—the piles of fragrant wood suggesting the distant forests where, in the clear, sharp winter days the men from the lumber camp were busy hewing down and squaring the giant pines, the growth of centuries of summers.

But it is time for us to retrace our steps from this region of shipping and docks and piers, of warehouses and offices, stretching along the ledge underneath the Citadel. We may follow back Champlain Street into Little Champlain Street, and pass on to the foot of Break-neck Steps, a shorter and more direct route than the circuitous one of Mountain Hill, though there is a still easier mode of ascent provided

in the new elevator, which transports you to the terrace above without any exertion. On a market day, the steps are alive with the good folks of the upper town going down to market or to business; and the busy scene below—the crowd of people

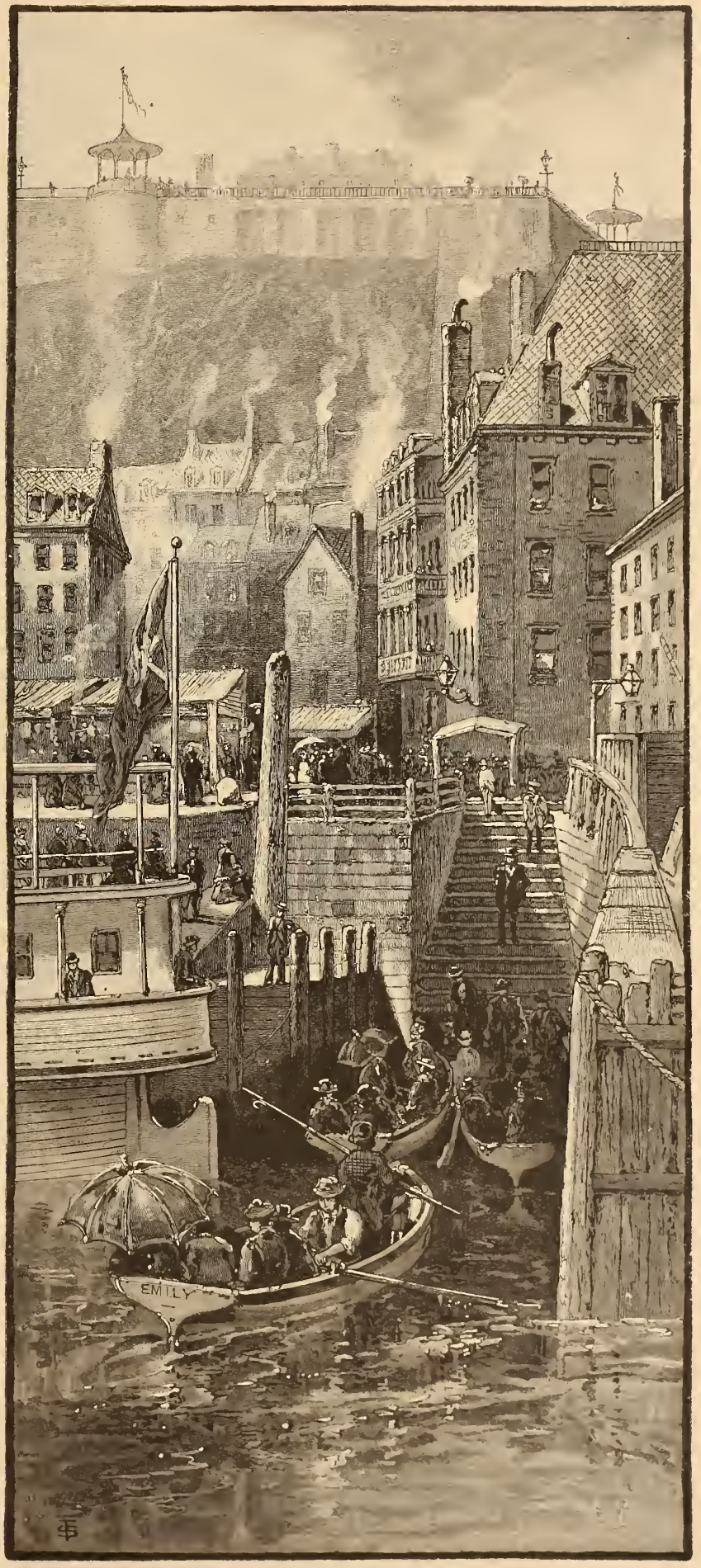


SOUS LE CAP.

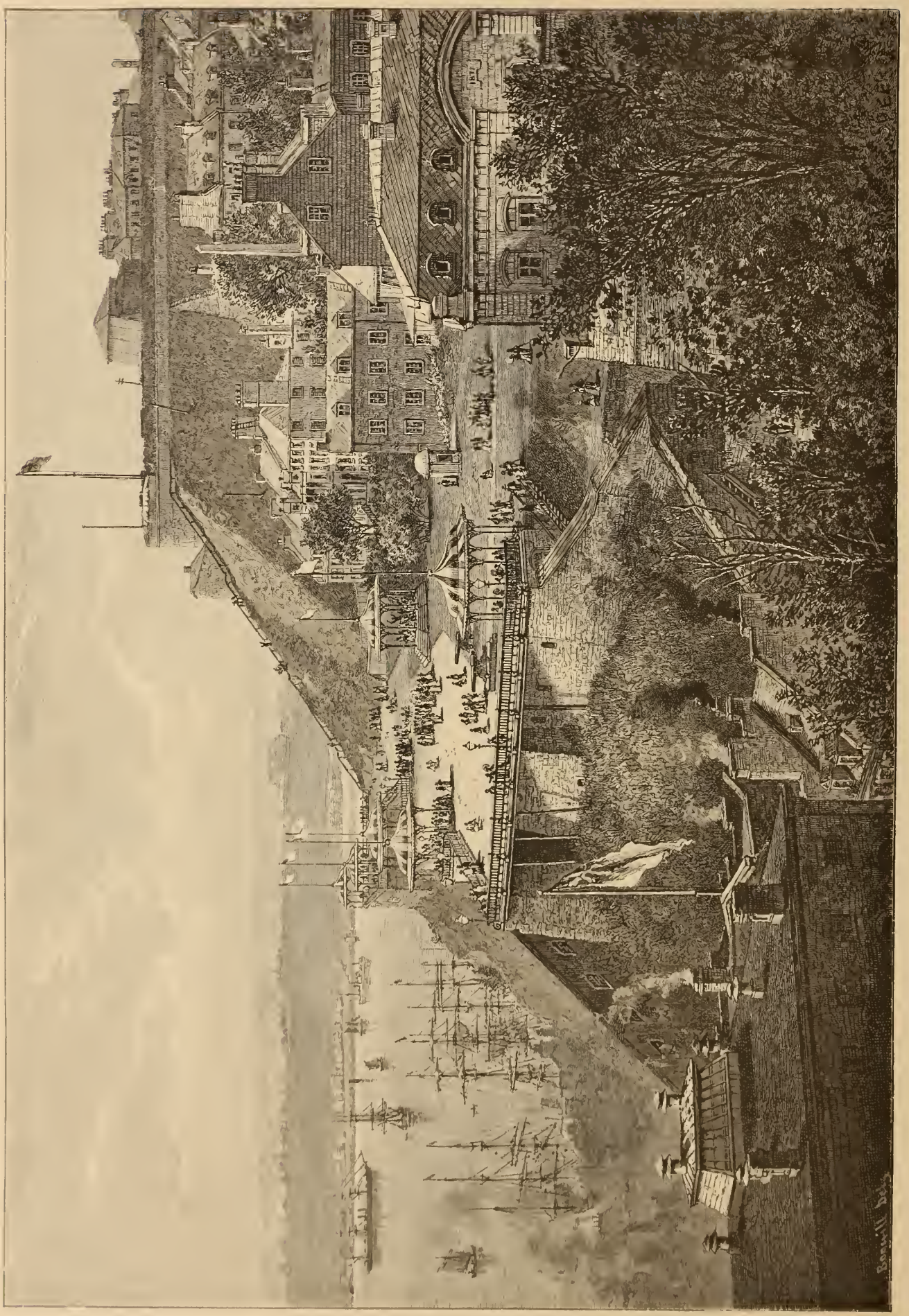
and conveyances in the market-place, with the old houses built close against the cliff, the background of steamboats and shipping, and the terrace with its light, graceful pagodas against the sky above—affords one of the many bits of contrast in which Quebec abounds.

A few minutes bring us to the top of the stairs and out on what was old Durham Terrace, which, extended at the suggestion of Lord Dufferin to the foot of the

glacis of the Citadel, has appropriately taken its present name and, supplied with light pavilions at the points commanding the most striking views, now bears the name of the popular Governor who so warmly appreciated the old city. It affords one of the noblest promenades that a city could possess, from the magnificent view it commands; while the old portion which, as Durham Terrace, perpetuated the name of one of the ablest British Governors of Canada, is also the centre of the most romantic and heroic memories that cluster round Quebec. For, close by, in the time of Champlain, was built the rude stockaded fort, within which he and his men were fain to take refuge from the incursions of the fierce Iroquois; while here, also, rose the old Chateau St. Louis which, for two centuries, under the *Fleur de Lis* or the Union Jack, was the centre of Canadian government and the heart and core of Canadian defence against Iroquois, British or American assailants. The Chateau of St. Louis — burned down at last, its stones helping to build this broad terrace—might furnish material for half a dozen

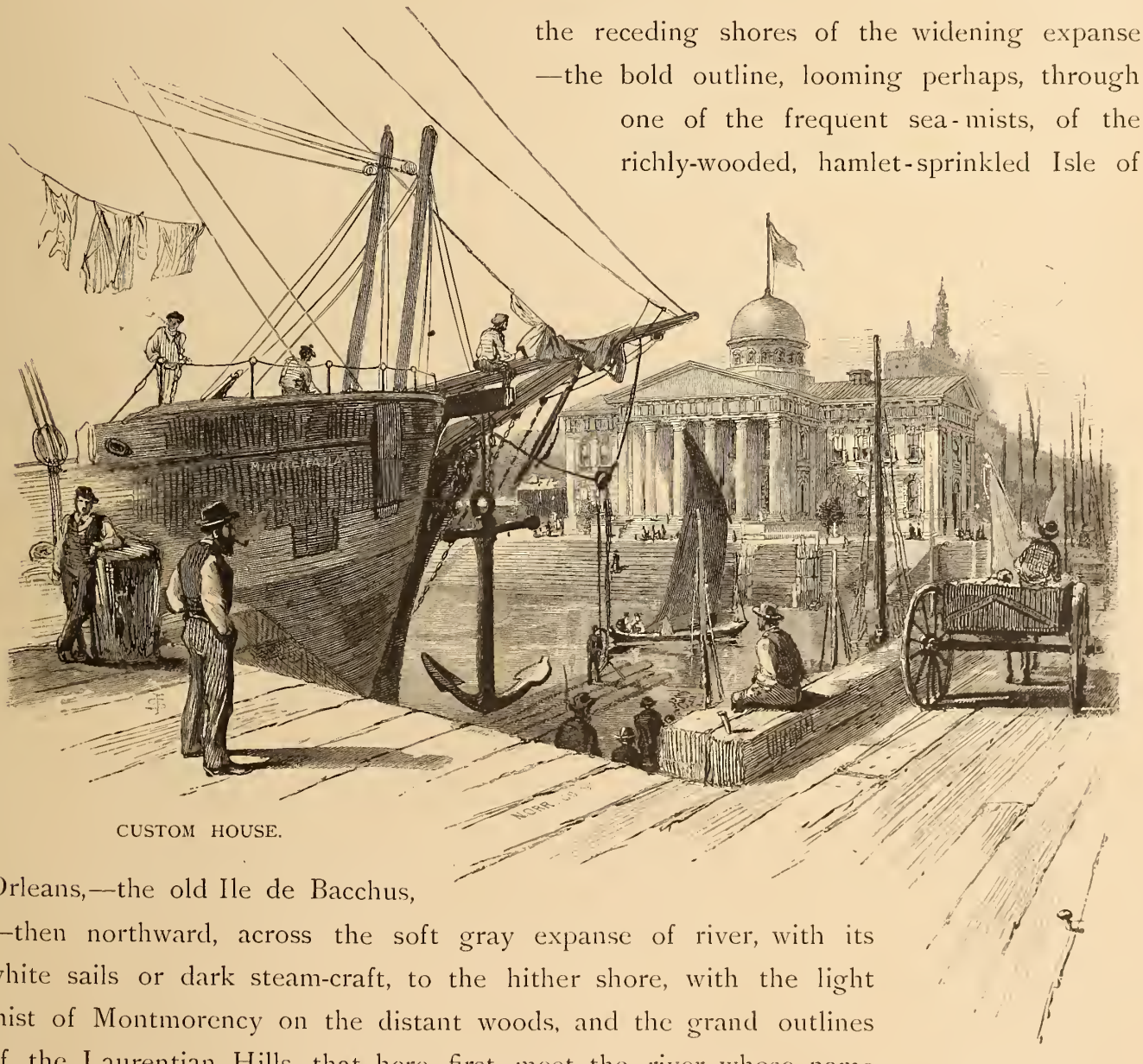


LOOKING UP FROM THE WHARVES.



DUFFERIN TERRACE.

romances. Looking across from the busy mass of swarming life below, and the flitting steamers and stately ships with which the river is studded, you see, first, the picturesque heights of Lévis, on which rise, tier after tier—from the busy town of South Quebec and the Grand Trunk buildings, a town in themselves,—village after village, glittering church spires, massive conventual buildings gleaming out of embosoming foliage, till the eye follows the curve of the height down again to the river. Thence it follows still the line of the lower hills that bound the receding shores of the widening expanse—the bold outline, looming perhaps, through one of the frequent sea-mists, of the richly-wooded, hamlet-sprinkled Isle of



CUSTOM HOUSE.

Orleans,—the old Ile de Bacchus,—then northward, across the soft gray expanse of river, with its white sails or dark steam-craft, to the hither shore, with the light mist of Montmorency on the distant woods, and the grand outlines of the Laurentian Hills that here first meet the river whose name they bear; while nearer still, the Grecian front and dome of the Custom House, the mass of Laval University and the towers and steeples of the upper town fill in a varied foreground. To the right, the terrace stretches away in a promenade, till it is cut short by the steep slope of the Citadel crowned by rampart and bastion, while behind lie the shady walks of the Governor's Garden, surrounding the pillar dedicated to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is a view to which no artist's pencil could do justice, since no picture could give it in its completeness, and it would take many to

fully illustrate its ever-varying aspect from sunrise to sunset, or when the moonlight enfolds it in a serener and more solemn beauty.

One might dream away a summer day or a summer night on Dufferin Terrace; but the present claims attention as well as the past. Passing to the rear, you can wander through the shady walks of the Governor's Garden or sit on the iron seats near the "Ring," and call up before the imagination the stirring, martial scenes so often enacted on the *Grande Place* before the chateau. There the remnant of the unfortunate Hurons pitched their tents after the butchery of thousands of their number by the Iroquois on the Isle of Orleans, and there they were allowed to build a small fort. Thither, too, came a deputation of forty Iroquois, tattooed and naked, vociferating an appeal for peace to the *Ononthio* or Governor, in the summer of 1666, when the gallant regiment of Carignan-Salières had at last succeeded in instilling fear into their savage breasts. Here, also, many a French Governor, as the representative of His Most Catholic Majesty, surrounded by a bewigged and plumed retinue, received with due circumstance the keys of the Castle of St. Louis.

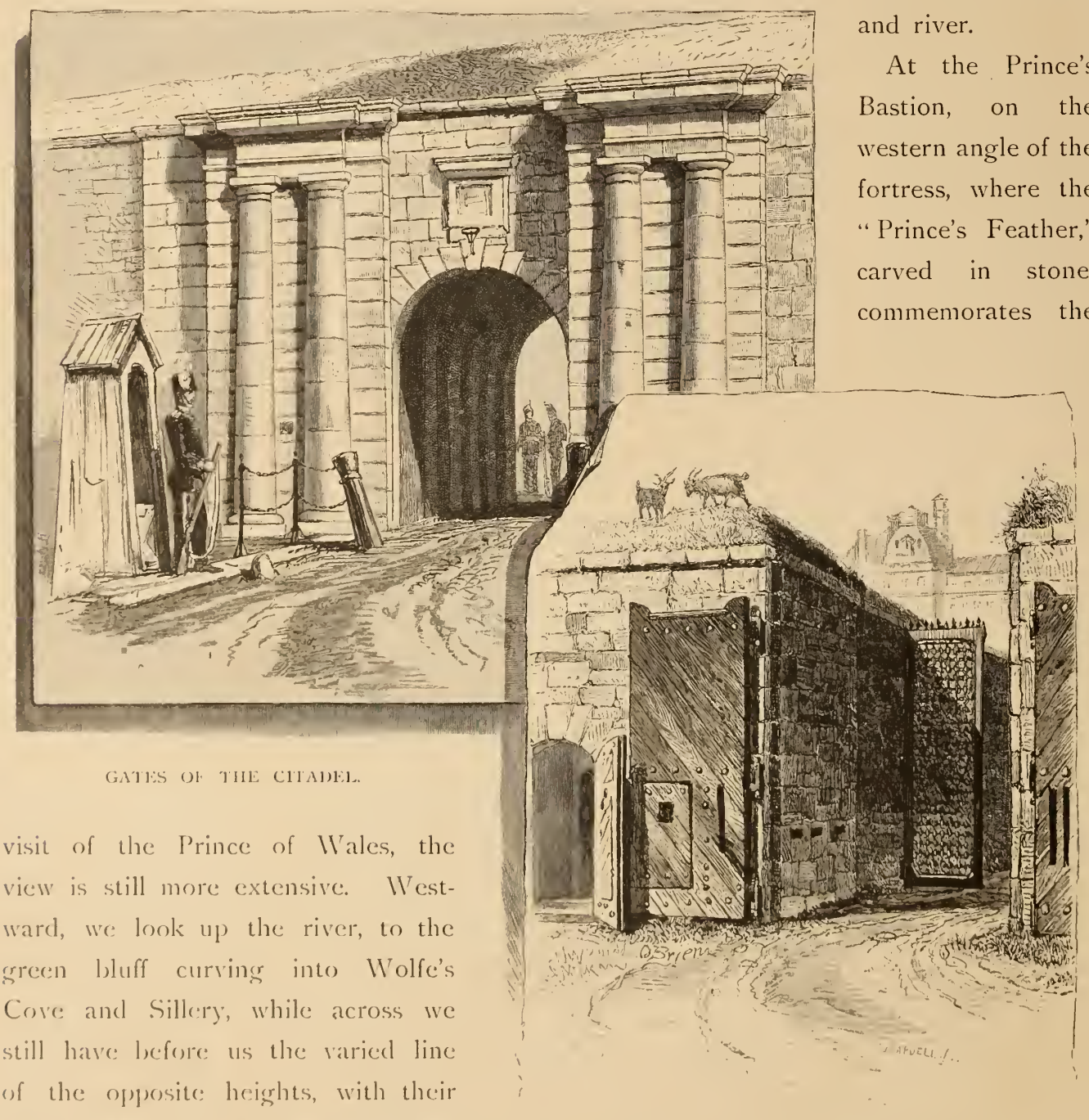
But it is time that we ascended to the Citadel, at which we have been so long looking from below. A flight of steps takes us up from the western end of Dufferin Terrace to the glacis. Here we again stop to look down. It is the view from the terrace, expanded in every direction. At our feet lies the busy panorama of river and docks; the Grand Trunk ferry-boat, like a tiny *batteau*, is stealing across the river in a wide curve, to avoid the pressure of the tide. On the other side we see trains arriving and departing, steaming along the rocky ledge of the opposite height upward towards Montreal or downward on the way to the sea. Just below the Citadel stretches the long massive dock of the Allan Steamship Company, at which, if it is Saturday morning, the Liverpool steamer is lying, getting ready for departure. Vans loaded with freight or luggage are discharging their contents into the hold. Passengers are stepping on board to take possession of their cabins, accompanied by friends reluctant to say the final adieu. One looks with a strange interest, never dulled by repetition, at the black hull about to bear its precious freight across the wide ocean to "the under world," unwitting of the peril it is going to brave.

From the terrace we climb by a flight of some two hundred and fifty steps to the top of the glacis. A path round its grassy slope leads to the entrance of the Citadel itself—ascending from St. Louis Street, built up on each side by solid stone walls. Passing through the celebrated chain gates, we find ourselves in the spacious area made by the widened ditch and retiring bastion, the level sward being used for a parade-ground. On the green sides of the earthwork above the ditch goats are peacefully grazing, giving an aspect of rural tranquillity that presents a picturesque contrast to the massive portals of Dalhousie Gate, with its guard-rooms built into the thickness of the arch on either side. Entering through it, we are at last

within the Citadel itself, which, spreading over forty acres its labyrinth of ditch and earthwork and rampart and bastion, impresses us at once with the appropriateness of its proud title of the Canadian Gibraltar. Ascending to the broad gravel walk on the top of the bastion, we retrace our steps toward the river by the parallel line of wall on the inner side of the ditch, pierced with embrasures for the cannon that command every avenue of approach. Passing on, we take in glimpses of the ever-glorious view which bursts upon us at last in all its magnificence, as we stand on the King's Bastion beside the flag-staff,—a view which, take it all in all, it is not too much to say is unsurpassed in North America. Quebec — with its quaint contrasts of old and new—lies at our feet, the fringe of buildings and wharves at the foot of Cape Diamond literally so, the remainder of the city clustering about and up the height, like Athens about her Acropolis. Across the river, studded with craft of all imaginable variety—from the huge primitive raft that hardly seems to move, to the swift, arrowy steam-tug or the stately ocean-ship that spreads her sails to catch the breeze —the eye ascends the heights of Lévis, beyond the masses of railway buildings to the undulating curves in which nestle the clusters of tiny French houses, with their great protecting churches; then it follows the widening river, studded with sails, to the dim blue woods and distant hamlets of Orleans; on, still, to the bold mountains that form so grand a background to the cultivated slopes which descend to the long village street of the Beauport road, with its church towers guiding the eye to the Montmorency cleft or *embouchure*, in which, on a very clear day, you can just discern the faint white spray ascending from the Fall; and farther on, to Cap Tourmente and the blue mountain of St. Anne. Nearer, the glance returning takes in the winding St. Charles, the outlying suburbs of St. John and St. Roch and St. Sauveur, the crooked line of the city wall, the green turf and poplars of the Esplanade, the shady grounds and Officers' Quarters of the Artillery Barracks, the Hotel Dieu, Laval University with its belfry, the towers of the Basilica, the Gothic turrets of the English Cathedral; while, just below, we have a bird's-eye view of Dufferin Terrace and its pavilions; of the Governor's Garden, with the top of Montcalm's monument rising above the trees; of the line of Champlain Street and Champlain Market, and the rows of tall French houses that rise up against the dark, slaty cliff, with its fringe and tufts of scanty vegetation; of the line of wharves and docks, steamboats and steamships, till the field of view is suddenly curtailed by the abutments of the cliff on which we stand.

But there are other points of view, so we pass on along the entrance front of the Officers' Quarters, a portion of which is set apart for the summer residence of the Governor-General. It is not a very imposing vice-regal abode, but the simplicity of the accommodation and the restricted space are more than atoned for by the noble vistas of river and height and mountain commanded by the deeply-embrasured windows.

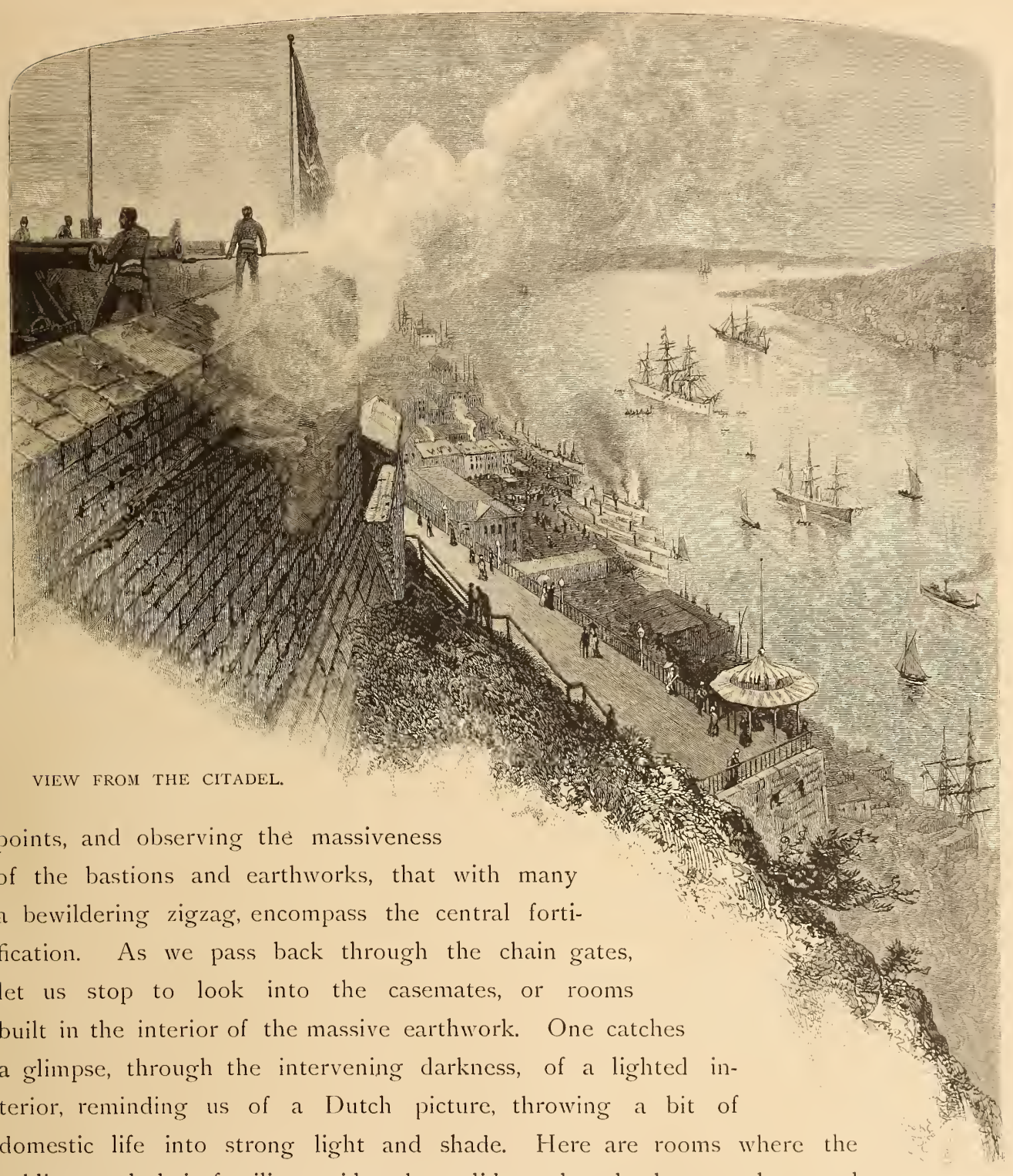
In a line with the Officers' Quarters are the hospital, the magazines and the Observatory, where the falling black ball gives the time daily, at one o'clock, to the shipping below. Outside the Governor-General's Quarters, and extending towards the King's Bastion, a platform has been erected which, on summer fête-nights, serves as a promenade unique and wonderful, from which "fair women and brave men" look down five hundred feet into the dark abyss below, sparkling with myriads of lights gleaming from city, height and river.



GATES OF THE CITADEL.

At the Prince's Bastion, on the western angle of the fortress, where the "Prince's Feather," carved in stone, commemorates the visit of the Prince of Wales, the view is still more extensive. Westward, we look up the river, to the green bluff curving into Wolfe's Cove and Sillery, while across we still have before us the varied line of the opposite heights, with their long street of old French houses creeping just under its wooded sides, and a little farther to the right you catch the gleam of the steeples of New Liverpool.

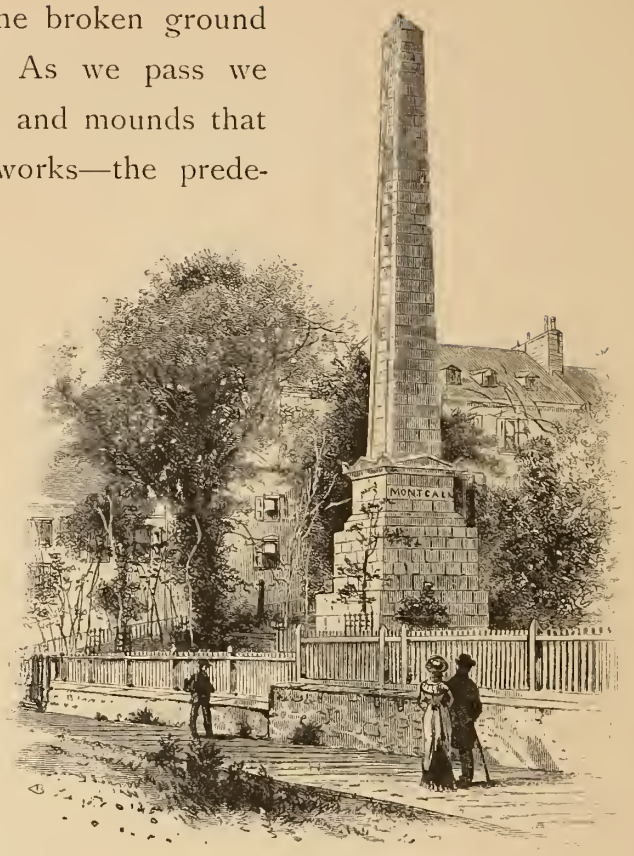
After the eye has been partially satisfied with gazing on this grand panorama, we may stroll leisurely along the wall, taking in the ever-shifting views from the various



VIEW FROM THE CITADEL.

points, and observing the massiveness of the bastions and earthworks, that with many a bewildering zigzag, encompass the central fortification. As we pass back through the chain gates, let us stop to look into the casemates, or rooms built in the interior of the massive earthwork. One catches a glimpse, through the intervening darkness, of a lighted interior, reminding us of a Dutch picture, throwing a bit of domestic life into strong light and shade. Here are rooms where the soldiers and their families reside, the solid earthwork above and around them, deep windows letting in the light and air. Before leaving the precincts of the Citadel, take a look at the rock on which it is built—an uneven, circular surface of light gray rock bearing the *soubriquet* of "Hog's Back." No French or ancient associations attach to the Citadel, except to one magazine near the Prince's Bastion, the inner portion of which seems to belong to the French *régime*, being built of rubble, the outer casing only being modern. The plans for the present Citadel were supervised by the Iron Duke, though he never saw the place. The chain gates let us out into a sort of extension of the ditch, from which we emerge by the

sally-port. From thence, a path leads over the broken ground of the "Plains" to the ball-cartridge field. As we pass we shall not fail to note the broken grassy curves and mounds that preserve the outlines of the old French earthworks—the predecessors of the present fortifications,—a prominent and interesting object. Approaching the Martello tower we are obliged to go out on the St. Louis road, or the *Chemin de la Grande Allée*, as it was called in the old French period. Following this still westward, a turn to the left, between the turnpike and the race-course, takes us down to some barren and neglected-looking ground on which stands Wolfe's monument, and a little farther on, a road leads downwards to the Cove where Wolfe landed his troops the night before the battle, when even Montcalm at first refused to attach importance to what he thought was "only Mr. Wolfe, with a small party, come to burn a few houses, and return." A road now winds down the face of the cliff among the straggling pines where, in Wolfe's time, there was only a rough gully up which he and his soldiers scrambled, dragging with them a six-pounder — their only gun — which played no mean part in gaining the victory. Now the quiet bay, with its rafts and lumber-piles and passing craft, is peaceful enough, and in the soft purple light of a summer evening, seems to harmonize less with martial memories than with the association with Gray's *Elegy* bequeathed to it by Wolfe, who, on the night before the decisive



MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM.



TIME-BALL, FROM THE PRINCE'S BASTION.



WOLFE'S COVE.

action, repeated here, with perhaps some sad presentiment of impending fate, the stanza—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Retracing our steps to the St. Louis road, we follow it straight back to the city, noting the fine new pile of buildings erected for the Houses of Parliament, just beyond which we pass through one of the old gates of Quebec, the St. Louis Gate, now massively rebuilt with embrasures and Norman towers—one of the three still to be preserved to the city. But it is not the old St. Louis Gate, with its weather-beaten superstructure and zigzag approach. When the excessive newness has somewhat worn off, it will doubtless be much more imposing than its predecessor, and more fitted, like its neighbour, Kent Gate, built at her Majesty's expense, to hold up its head in a progressive age, which does not appreciate dilapidation, however picturesque.

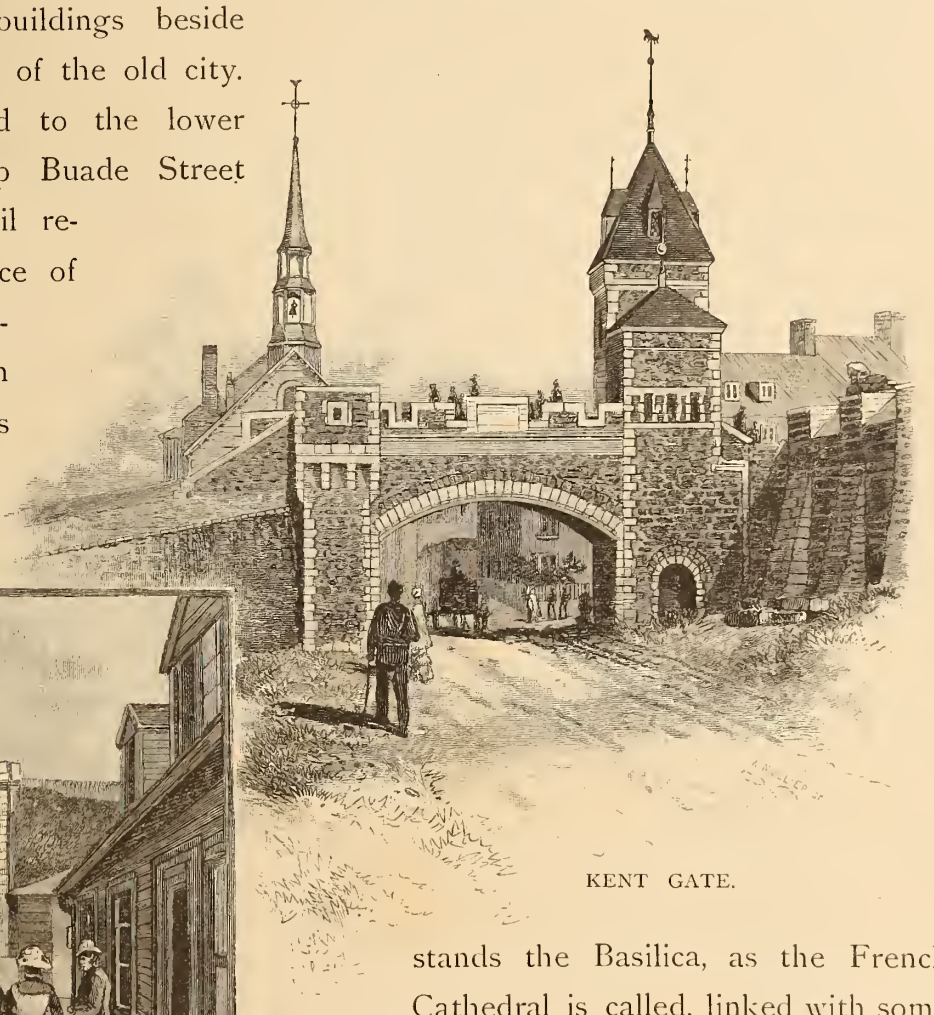
Passing through St. Louis Gate, with its new Norman turrets, we have to our right the winding ascent to the Citadel and to our left the Esplanade; while at the corner of the St. Louis Hotel we are again in the business centre of the upper town, and soon come to the open area of the Place d'Armes, whence we pass into Buade Street, on which stands the new Post-Office, a handsome building of gray cut-stone, plain but in good taste, with two short Ionic pillars at the entrance. The old Post-Office which preceded it had a history, symbolized by a French inscription under the sign of the Chien d'Or, or Golden Dog, which legendary animal still retains his post over the entrance of the present building. This inscription was the expression of the wrongs suffered by the original owner—a merchant named Philibert—at the hands of the Intendant Bigot of unsavoury memory. It ran, in old French—

"Je suis vn chien qvi ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos,
Vn tems viendra qvi n'est pas venv
Qve je mordray qvi mavra mordv."

The legend may be freely translated, "*I bide my time.*" Poor Philibert was never able to put his threat into execution, his life and his plans for revenge being suddenly brought to an end one day on Mountain Hill, by a sword-thrust from a French officer, no doubt at the Intendant's instigation. The story had a sequel, however. Philibert's brother, who came all the way from Bordeaux as his executor and blood-avenger, tracked the assassin to his refuge in the East Indies, and slew him there. Champlain's bust, and the symbolic dog over the entrance, with the sign of "The Golden Dog" on an inn close by, connect the new Post-Office with the memories of old Quebec, while

the name of one of the streets at the corner of which it stands—Buade Street—recalls the palmiest days of the French *régime*, under Louis Buade, Count de Frontenac. From here Mountain Hill begins its circuitous descent, and on the opposite side is the old-fashioned-building, originally the Archbishop's Palace, which has been used for many years as the Parliament Buildings.

Going down Mountain Hill from hence, we come to the dilapidated stairway, the antique, gambrel-roofed buildings beside it being very characteristic of the old city. But we will not descend to the lower town, but walk back up Buade Street till we come to what, until recently, was the market-place of the upper town, now transferred, however, to the open space in front of St. John's Gate. On one side of the wide, open square,



KENT GATE.

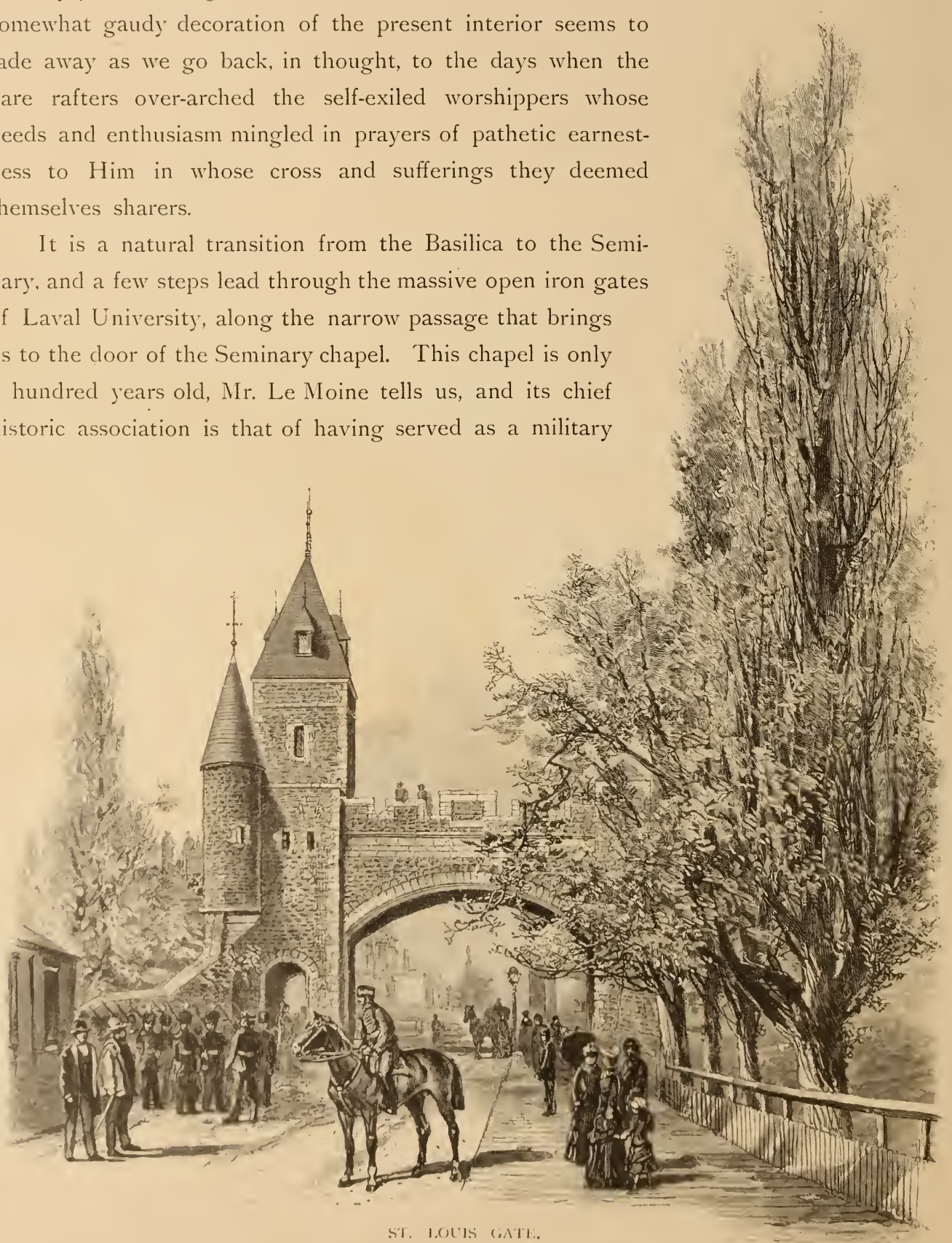


ST. JOHN'S GATE.

stands the Basilica, as the French Cathedral is called, linked with some of the oldest memories of the settlement of Quebec. It hardly looks its age, and is not by any means so imposing as Notre Dame, of Montreal. It was begun by Bishop Laval in 1647, and was consecrated in 1666, under the name of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Its massive *façade*, with its tower on one side and its tall spire on the other, gives an impression of a rare solidity within, and the lofty arches of the nave would have a fine effect, if it were not finished in a cold and dead florid Renaissance style, which looks quite out of keeping with the homely antiquity of the "gray lady of the North." But the main charm of the building lies in its long association with the religious life of French-Canada, from the days of Le Jeune and De Jogues,

Madame de la Peltrie and Marie de l'Incarnation. Within these walls many an agonized vow and prayer has gone up from the early martyrs and heroes of the Canadian Mission for the conversion of Huron and Iroquois, and for safety from the murderous attacks of their savage foes. Here, too, have echoed the Te Deums of a grateful colony, in the joy of some signal deliverance or decisive victory. The somewhat gaudy decoration of the present interior seems to fade away as we go back, in thought, to the days when the bare rafters over-arched the self-exiled worshippers whose needs and enthusiasm mingled in prayers of pathetic earnestness to Him in whose cross and sufferings they deemed themselves sharers.

It is a natural transition from the Basilica to the Seminary, and a few steps lead through the massive open iron gates of Laval University, along the narrow passage that brings us to the door of the Seminary chapel. This chapel is only a hundred years old, Mr. Le Moine tells us, and its chief historic association is that of having served as a military



ST. LOUIS GATE.



THE BASILICA,
From Fabrique Street.

prison for American officers taken prisoners of war in the attack by Arnold and Montgomery. But the Seminary was founded by Bishop Laval in 1663, about the time that the Basilica was completed. Laval University is a secular off-shoot of the Seminary proper, which was founded for theological education only,—this being still the object of the *Grand Seminaire*. The buildings of the Seminary enclose the site of the first house built by the first French settler Hébert, and its garden, with the neighbouring streets, occupies the land first cleared for agricultural purposes. The University building, with its spacious new wings, extends to the very edge of the promontory, and from its tower another view can be obtained of the city and its surroundings.

There is not much to see in the University itself, so we pass out again and retrace our steps to the Little Market Square in front of the Basilica, where stands the long

row of *calèches* whose drivers, French and Irish, have a keen eye for any passer-by who seems to wear the tourist's air of observation. Just opposite the Cathedral stood until recently the large pile of the Jesuit Barracks—originally the Jesuit College—with its yellow, stuccoed front and grated windows, and a high portal with the time-worn letters "I. H. S." still visible as the mark of its early owners.



LOOKING ACROSS THE ESPLANADE TO BEAUPORT.

Turning back we pass down St. Famille Street, which extends along the eastern side of the Seminary Gardens and leads to the opening in the wall where but recently stood Hope Gate. From this point there used to be a continuous promenade round the ramparts, which, when the present work of pulling down and rebuilding is completed, will again exist in a greatly improved state, in fulfilment of one of Lord Dufferin's plans for the adornment of Quebec. But now we will retrace our steps to the Cathedral Square, and crossing it at its upper end, pass in front of the English Cathedral, a sombre-looking building, with a substantial turret, standing within an old-fashioned, shady enclosure. A little farther on we come to a gray, ecclesiastical-looking cluster of buildings around a small green "close," consisting of the old Scottish church, dating from 1810, with its substantial manse and school-house. The group seems to belong to a Scottish landscape as naturally as the greater part of Quebec does to a French one.

Just opposite the church stands what was the old gaol, associated with some grim memories of the days of political imprisonments, now, through the generosity of Dr.

Morrin, one of Quebec's old citizens, converted into a Presbyterian College, a part of it being devoted to the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society.

Passing along St. Ursule Street, we come back to St. Louis Street, and, turning the corner of the long range of massive gray stone convent buildings, we reach the entrance to the chapel, at the end of Parloir Street. The Ursuline Convent and gardens occupy no small portion of the space within the walls, and they deserve it by a well-earned right. The chapel of the convent has various interesting reminiscences and associations, religious and artistic, and martial as well. One interesting and suggestive object is a votive lamp, lighted a hundred and fifty years ago by two French officers, on their sisters taking the veil, and kept burning ever since, except for a short time during the siege of 1759. There are paintings sent from France at the Revolution—one said to be by Vandyke and one by Champagna—and wood carvings, the work of the first Canadian School of Art, at St. Ann's, early in the eighteenth century. Montcalm, taken thither to die, was buried within the convent precincts in a grave dug for him by a bursting shell; and his skull, carefully preserved, is still shown to visitors to the chapel.

From the Ursuline Convent a short walk brings us back to the Esplanade, between the St. Louis and Kent Gates. Turning into its quiet area, faced by a row of rather sombre-looking private residences, we ascend the slope to the walk that runs along the line of wall. Looking city-ward, from one point in our promenade we take in the idyllic view of the tranquil Esplanade, with its poplars and disused guns, the ancient little Jesuit church and the old National school immediately in front; while across the ramparts and the abrupt descent beyond, we catch the blue strip of river between us and Beauport, with white sails skimming across, and the white houses scattered along the green slopes opposite, that end again in a grand mountain wall. Proceeding on from the Esplanade, we walk across the top of Kent Gate and then follow the line of the ramparts to the massive arched portal of St. John's Gate, whence we look down on the busy Montcalm Market immediately below, with its primitive French market-carts and good-humoured French market-women, who will sell you a whole handful of bouquets for a few cents. We have to leave the ramparts soon after passing St. John's Gate, the promenade, which will be continuous, not being yet finished.

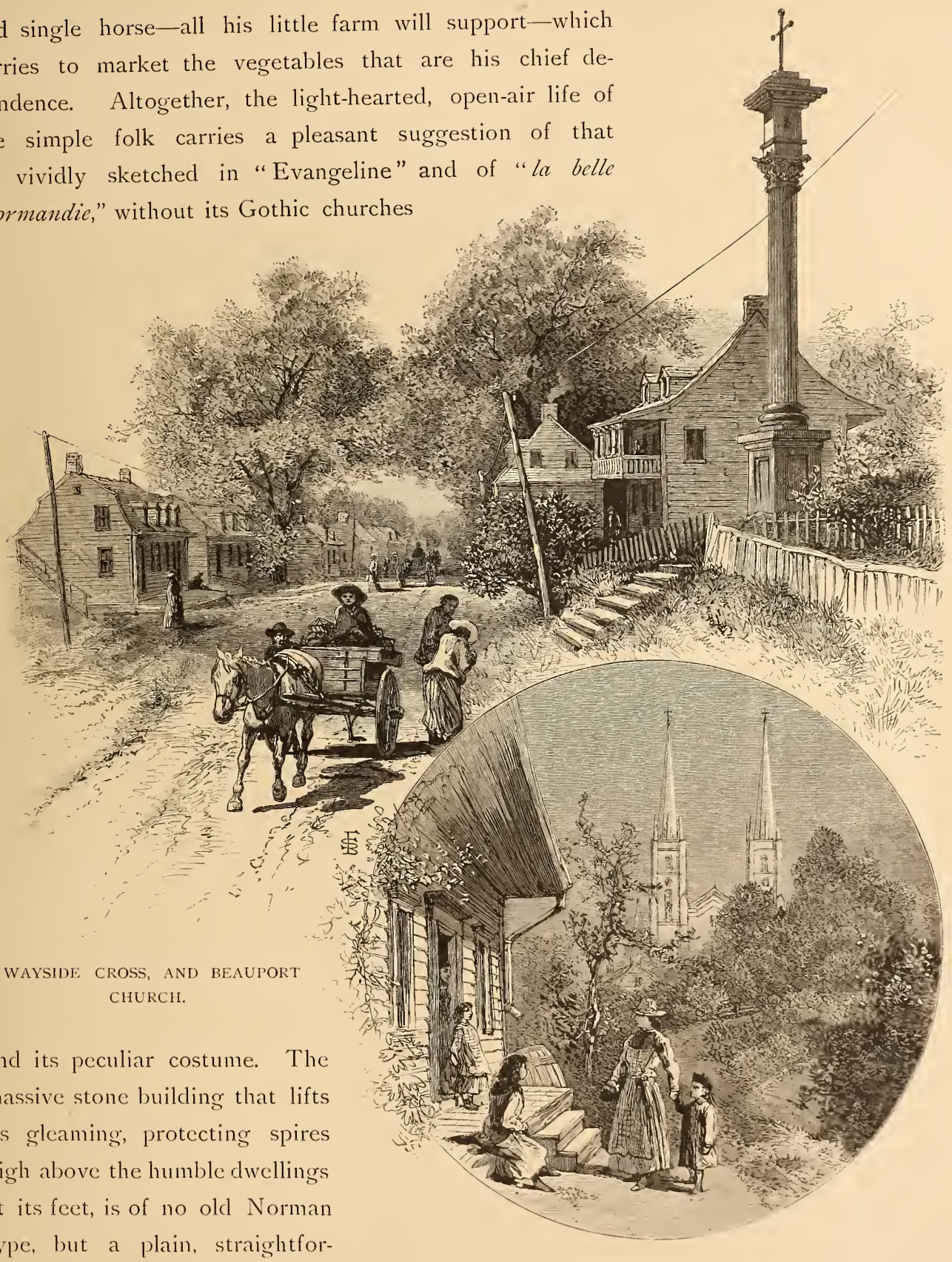
Taking our way back, we return to the square, and engage one of the eager *calèche*-drivers to take us out to Montmorency Falls, a nine-mile drive. Ascending to the high-perched seat in the little two-wheeled vehicle, we are soon rattling over the not very smooth thoroughfare of the St. John suburbs, among modern and uninteresting streets—for these suburbs have been again and again laid waste by fire. We pass near the ruins of the old Intendant's Palace, and are soon on Dorchester Bridge, the gray rock of the city rising behind us, the valley of the St. Charles winding away to the north-west. "There," our driver will say, looking up at the river where the tide is rising among some ship-yards, "is where Jacques Cartier laid up his ships." Near

that point, also, Montcalm's bridge of boats crossed the river, in 1759, and in a large entrenchment, where once stood the Jesuit Mission House, the remnants of his scattered army rallied after the battle of the "Plains." Even the *caléche*-drivers are antiquarian and historical in Quebec, and take pride in acting the part of cicerone to the venerable associations of the place.

The memory of Montcalm is associated with many points along the pleasant road that leads through long-stretching French villages, between the green meadows that slope up to the hills on the one side and down to the St. Lawrence on the other. The burning sun of our Canadian summer, softened here by the frequent mists and fogs from the sea, does not parch the verdure, as it too often does in regions farther inland. The velvety green of the low-lying meadows, dotted and fringed with graceful elms and beech and maple, would do no discredit to the Emerald Isle; and if the villas and fields were surrounded by hedges instead of fences, the landscape might easily be taken for an English one. About three miles below Quebec we pass the Beauport Asylum, a fine, substantial building, with a good deal of ornamental statuary and other decoration in front, in which a large number of lunatics are cared for under Government supervision. Here and there other residences and grounds attract the eye. The most notable in bye-gone times was the manor-house of old Beauport, recently destroyed by fire, and occupied in 1759 by Montcalm as his head-quarters. An old leaden plate was lately found in the ruins, bearing an inscription, interesting to antiquarians. The date of its first erection, as given in the plate, proves the ruined mansion to have been older than any existing in Canada to-day, since it preceded by three years that of the Jesuits' residence at Sillery. Robert Giffart, physician and founder of the Seigniory, figures in a curious old story told by the Abbé Ferland, of the enforced penitence and submission of a rebellious vassal—Jean Guion, or Dion—a lettered stonemason, who thought fit to refuse the homage he owed to Giffart, his feudal lord. The vicinity of the ruined chateau bearing such interesting associations, is called *La Canardière*, preserving, in this cognomen, a reminiscence of the time when this Giffart, a keen sportsman, was wont to bag wild duck in large numbers along the marshy bank of the stream, the "*Ruisseau de l'Ours*," on which he erected his rude stockaded mansion.

One or two other *chateaux* are still inhabited by the representatives of the French families of the Old Régime. By degrees the scattered mansions, in their settings of green turf and foliage, merge into the long lines of Beauport village, its neat, quaint houses, generally of substantial stone, steep-roofed and dormer-windowed, and often completed with the little balcony; some of them old and weather-worn, others spick and span in gay new paint, and most of them bright with a profusion of flowers in a little plot before the door or in the windows. Behind each little house is its riband-like strip of ground, seemingly narrowed down to the smallest space within which a horse could turn; and here and there may be seen a man at work with the primitive cart

and single horse—all his little farm will support—which carries to market the vegetables that are his chief dependence. Altogether, the light-hearted, open-air life of the simple folk carries a pleasant suggestion of that so vividly sketched in "Evangeline" and of "*la belle Normandie*," without its Gothic churches



WAYSIDE CROSS, AND BEAUPORT CHURCH.

and its peculiar costume. The massive stone building that lifts its gleaming, protecting spires high above the humble dwellings at its feet, is of no old Norman type, but a plain, straightforward substantial structure, of the same model on which the French-Canadian churches are generally built. It looks large enough to contain the whole population of a village seven or eight miles long, and doubtless on fête-days it does so.

Much more quaint and picturesque are the tiny wayside chapels and crosses which we occasionally pass—the former sometimes relics of the days when the long village

was a hamlet, and glad to have a chapel of the smallest, of its very own; while the wayside cross, close by, with its sacred symbol of suffering casting its pathetic shadow on the life and brightness around, would be quite in place in a landscape of France or of Southern Germany.

At last the village of Beauport is left behind, and we skirt an open stretch of field and woodland on either side. Towards the St. Lawrence, which lies broad and blue between us and the richly-wooded Isle of Orleans, is seen a white mansion on a commanding point, just above the Montmorency Falls, which was once occupied by the Duke of Kent. Beyond the river and the Isle of Orleans the low blue hills appear, while before us to the left rise the noble outlines of the Laurentians, flecked with passing gleams of soft light and violet shadow. If we choose to alight, and walk a mile or so across the fields to our left, we come to the "Natural Steps," a succession of rocky ledges, exactly like steps cut in the rock, between which the narrow river sweeps silently on, fringed by a fragrant wood of low spruce and hemlock, soon to brawl and foam over the brown-gray rocks in tiny cascades, before its final plunge. Returning again to the road, and driving on, we come to the wooden bridge across the river, where it dashes itself over its rocky bed, which the advancing summer leaves half uncovered and dry. Crossing the bridge, we drive some few hundred yards to the little country inn, where carriages put up to await the return of their passengers, who must go the rest of the way on foot. A little farther on is the gate to the pathway leading to the Fall, winding along the top of a high bank, fringed with foliage and wild flowers. Following this path we gradually catch a glimpse of slender, snowy streams of foam descending over the dark, rocky precipice. These are the outlying stragglers of the great Fall, and are as beautiful in themselves as some Swiss cascades, one of them looking like braided threads of molten silver as it falls over the jutting rocks, and another reminding the traveller of the Geissbach. By the time the top of the strong wooden stairs leading down the rapidly-descending bank is reached the upper part of the main Fall is in full view; though not till we descend two-thirds of really dizzying stair, can it be realized in its entire majesty, as it makes a sheer plunge, a mass of snowy foam in mad, headlong rush, down the precipice of 250 feet. The illustration, excellent as it is, can hardly convey a true idea of its majestic height as seen from one of the resting-places, about one-third of the distance from below, where we can best appreciate the full sweep and volume—partly cut off, in the illustration, by the intervening rocks. Higher than Niagara, yet on account of its comparatively small volume, it has nothing like the stupendous grandeur of that mighty cataract, but much more of picturesque beauty in its setting—while its greater height is emphasized by its narrower limits.

At the head of the Fall, on either bank, stand massive stone piers, memorials of a tragedy which occurred there many years ago. A suspension bridge, built across the



FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.



LOOKING TOWARDS QUEBEC,
From Montmorency.

top of the Fall, had been too slightly constructed, and had not stood very long before it broke asunder while a *habitant* and his wife were crossing it in their market-cart. They were swept at once over the cataract, never to be seen again. The bridge was not rebuilt, the two piers still standing, mute monuments of the tragedy. The house already seen above the Fall—associated with the father of our gracious Queen—is a conspicuous object from the top of the stair, and the paths laid out in the grounds must command noble views. A part of one of the small cascades is used for turning the machinery of a saw-mill near by, but the mill itself is kept well out of sight. Rafts and lumber piles, however, are prominent features along the shore of the river as it enters the St. Lawrence.

At the foot of the Fall the famous "Cone," an irregular mound of ice and snow, is

gradually formed, in winter, by the freezing spray. It grows till it attains a height so considerable that it serves as the favourite tobogganning ground of the gay people of Quebec, who make regular sleighing expeditions to the locality to enjoy this exhilarating though somewhat dangerous Canadian sport. When the "Cone" and its vicinity are alive with tobogganners—the ladies dressed in bright, becoming costumes, some of them making the dizzy descent in a light cloud of snow, others slowly drawing



MONTMORENCY RIVER ABOVE FALLS.

their toboggans up the "Cone"—the scene, in its winter attire of pure, sparkling snow, crusting the dark evergreens and contrasting with the rushing Fall, is at once a grand and pleasing one.

We turn away reluctantly from the beautiful picture, and in a few minutes are rattling

back along the road to Quebec. The city, as we draw near it, in the evening light, appears to blaze out in a glittering sheen, every tin roof giving back the afternoon sunshine till the whole rock seems irradiated with a golden glory, in strong contrast to the deep tones of the hills beyond. Gradually the glory resolves itself into roofs and houses, and soon we cross Dorchester Bridge again, when, turning by a side street to the right, we pass through the deserted market-place outside St. John's Gate, and are once more within the city, driving along St. John Street, the chief thoroughfare.

One of the points of interest in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, is the site of the old hunting-lodge of the Intendant Bigot, beyond the village of Charlesbourg. Leaving the main road, we penetrate through a tangled thicket and reach an open glade beside a stream where some weather-worn walls, the remains of what is popularly called the Chateau Bigot, stand amid lilac and syringa bushes which still show traces of an old garden. There the wicked Intendant was wont to hold his carousals with his boon companions of the hunt, after the fashion described in the "*Chien d'Or*." It has its legend of a buried hoard of silver and of a beautiful Huron girl who loved Bigot and died a violent death. But apart from legend, it has a wild grace of its own, with its hoary vestiges of a long-past habitation, and the pine-crowned mountain rising as a noble background behind the surrounding trees.

Sillery is among the sacred places of Quebec, and a pilgrimage thither is one of the pleasantest little excursions one can make from the old city. From the deck of the "James," which plies on the river between Quebec and Sillery, we can look up, first to the old, steep houses massed under the scarped rock that shoots aloft on to Dufferin Terrace, with its watch-towers, and thence to the crowning height of the Citadel. We steam slowly past the brown shelving precipice of Cape Diamond, with its fringe of French houses and shipping; past lumber vessels lifting huge logs from rafts in the stream, beyond the point where, high up on the red-brown rock we can easily read the inscription, "Here Montgomery fell—1775." Then we pass the green plains, with their broken ground and old earthworks and Martello towers and observatory, and the grim gaol—a conspicuous mass; then a stretch of ground, covered with low vegetation, gives place to high-wooded banks and shades, opening, through masses of pine and oak and maple foliage, glimpses of pleasant country-seats. Opposite, from the curving point of Lévis, the eye follows height after height, rich, rounded, wooded hills, at the foot of which, just opposite, lies the busy village of New Liverpool, with its massive and finely-frescoed church.

But we must leave Sillery, with its sacred and stirring memories, and drive up the foliage-clad height which makes so effective a background. A gradual ascent above the residence, soon brings us to the level ground above, to the pretty, foliage-embowered St. Louis road, where we pass the pine-shaded glades of Mount Hermon Cemetery. Spencer Wood is one of the charming country residences of which we catch a passing



ON THE ROAD TO SILLERY.

glimpse, and its bosky recesses and bright gardens are the scenes of many a pleasant fête for the *beau monde* of Quebec, under the hospitable auspices of the Lieutenant-Governor of the day. As we draw nearer the city, cross-roads give us glimpses of the grand mountain landscape to the north, and of the Ste. Foye road, which leads by an extremely pretty drive to the Ste. Foye monument, on an open plateau on the brow of the cliff overhanging the valley of the St. Charles. The monument, a slender Doric pillar crowned by a bronze statue of Bellona, presented by Prince Napoleon on the occasion of his visit to Canada, commemorates the battle of Ste. Foye, between Lévis and Murray—the final scene in the struggle between French and English for the possession of Canada—and also marks the grave of those who fell. It bears the inscription, "*Aux braves de* 1760, *érigé par le Société St. Jean Baptiste de Québec*, 1860."

About two and a half miles along the Ste. Foye road lies the Belmont Cemetery, the burying-place of the great Roman Catholic churches—the Basilica and St. Jean Baptiste. There, under the solemn pines, sleeps, among many of his compatriots, the noble and patriotic Garneau, the historian of French-Canada. With a visit to his tomb we may appropriately close our wanderings about this historic city.



AUX BRAVES.



FRENCH-CANADIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

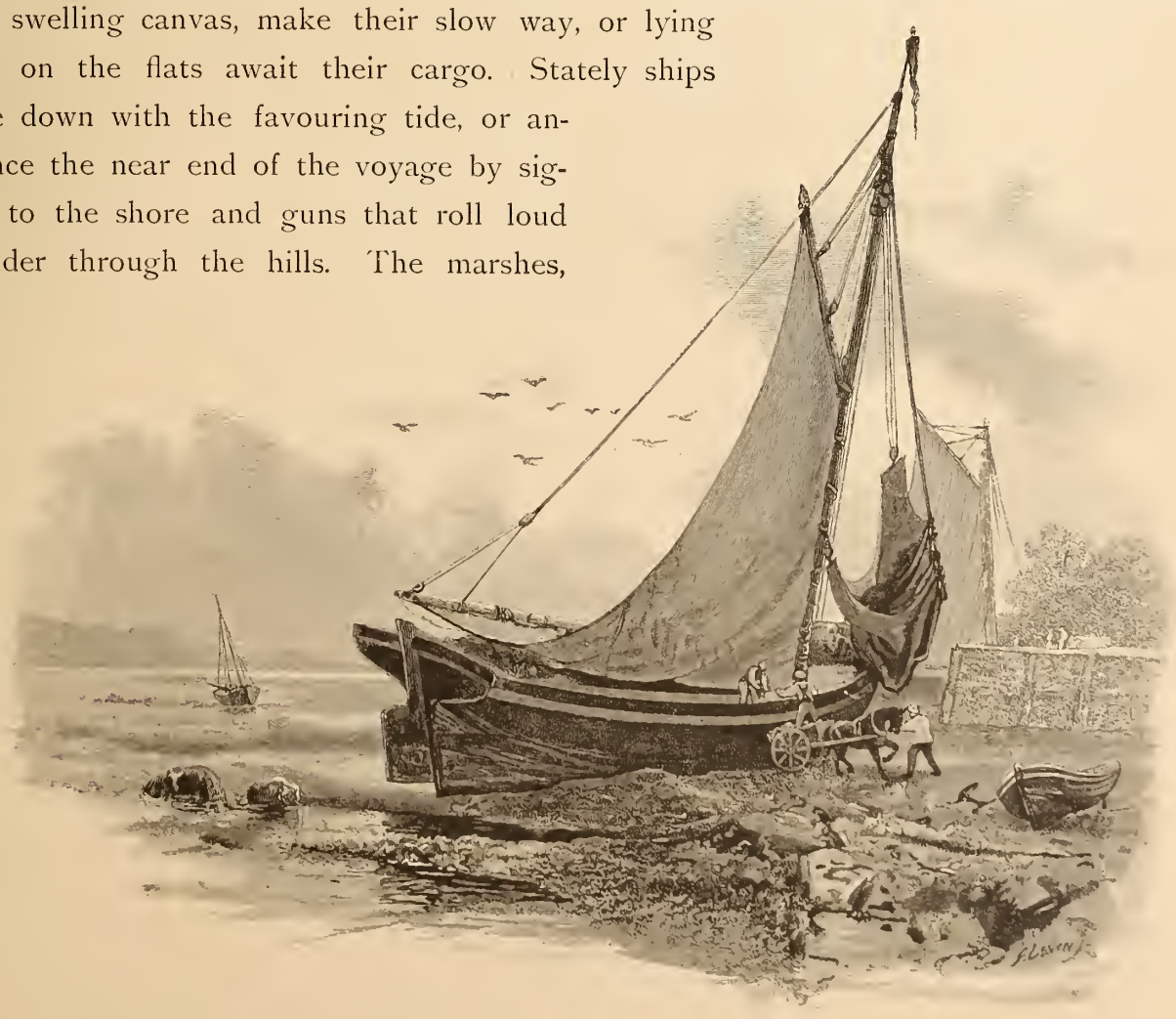
"IF you have never visited the Côte de Beaupré, you know neither Canada nor the Canadians," says the Abbé Ferland.

The beautiful strip of country that borders the St. Lawrence for a score or so of miles below the Falls of Montmorency does, indeed, afford the best possible illustration of the scenery, the life, and the manners of the Province of Quebec, the people of which, not content with naming the Dominion, claim Canada and Canadian as designations peculiarly their own. All that is lovely in landscape is to be found there. The broad sweep of "the great river of Canada," between the ramparts of Cape Diamond and the forest-crowned crest of Cap Tourmente, is fringed with rich meadows rising in terraces of verdure, slope after slope, to the foot of the sombre hills that wall in the vast amphitheatre. In the foreground the north channel, hemmed in by the bold cliffs of the Island of Orleans, sparkles in the sun. Far away across the Traverse, as you look between the tonsured head of Petit Cap and the point of Orleans, a cluster of low islands breaks the broad expanse of the main stream, the brilliant blue of which



GATHERING MARSH HAY.

melts on the distant horizon into the hardly purer azure of the sky. Quaint *batteaux*, with swelling canvas, make their slow way, or lying high on the flats await their cargo. Stately ships glide down with the favouring tide, or announce the near end of the voyage by signals to the shore and guns that roll loud thunder through the hills. The marshes,



LOADING A BATTEAU AT LOW TIDE.



CAP TOURMENTE AND PETIT CAP.

covered with rich grass, are studded with haymakers gathering the abundant yield, or are dotted with cattle. Inland, stiff poplars and bosky elms trace out the long brown ribands of the roads. Here and there the white cottages group closer together, and the spire of the overshadowing church topping the trees, marks the centre of a parish. Red roofs and glistening domes flash out in brilliant points of colour against the fleecy clouds that fleck the summer sky. Rich pastures, waving grain, orchards and maple groves, lead the eye back among their softly-blending tints to the dark masses of purple and green with which the forests clothe the mountains. Huge rifts, in which sunlight and shadow work rare effects, reveal where imprisoned streams burst their way through the Laurentian rocks in successions of magnificent cascades. A glimpse of white far up the mountain side shows one of these, while its placid course through the lowland is marked in silver sheen. As the sun gets low, one perchance catches the flash reflected from some of the lovely lakes that lie among the hills.

The Côte de Beaupré is the oldest as well as the fairest part of the Province. It was settled soon after Champlain landed, the rich marsh hay being utilized at once for the wants of Quebec. In 1633 a fort was built at Petit Cap, the summit of the promonotory that juts out into the river under the overshadowing height of Cap Tourmente. The fort was destroyed by Sir David Kirk—Admiral, the chroniclers call him—in these days he would probably be hanged as a buccaneer—who harried the cattle and then sailed on to summon Quebec to surrender for the first time. In 1670 Laval established here a school for training boys as well in farming and mechanics, as in doctrine and discipline. Among other industries, wood-carving for church decoration was taught,

so that the Côte de Beaupré can lay claim to the first Art School and the first model-farm in America. The Quebec Seminary still keeps up this state of things—at least as far as agriculture is concerned. The place is known as "The Priests' Farm," and supplies the Seminary, being thoroughly worked and having much attention given to it. It is also a summer resort for the professors and pupils of the Seminary.

After the restoration of Canada to France by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, in 1632, this part of the little colony grew apace, so that by the time the seigniory passed into Laval's hands, from whom it came to its present owners—the Seminary—its population, notwithstanding its exposure to attack by the Iroquois, was greater than that of Quebec itself. From its situation it has been less vulnerable than many other districts to outside influences. The face of the country and the character of the people have yielded less to modern ideas, which, working quietly and imperceptibly, have left intact many of the antiquities, traditions and customs that have disappeared elsewhere within the last generation. Here you may find families living on the lands their forefathers took in feudal tenure from the first *seigneurs* of La Nouvelle France. What Ferland says is still to a great extent true: "In the *habitant* of the Côte de Beaupré you have the Norman peasant of the reign of Louis XIV., with his legends, his songs, his superstitions and his customs." He is not so benighted as many people think he is, but here and there you will come across a genuine survival of the Old Régime, and may, perhaps, meet some gray-capoted, fur-capped, brown-visaged, shrivelled-up old man, whose language and ideas make you think a veritable Breton or Norman of the century before last has been weather-beaten and smoke-dried into perpetual preservation.



AN OLD HABITANT.

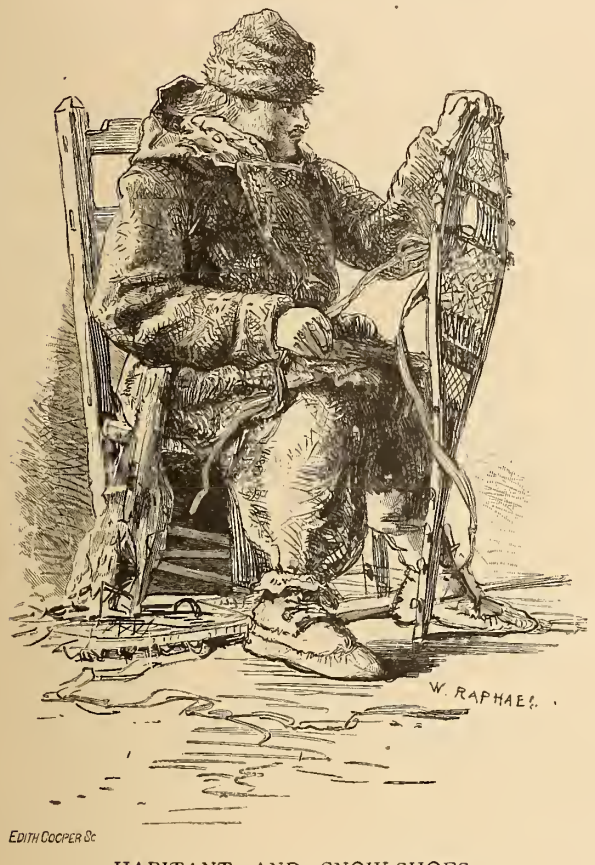
All the world over your rustic is conservative. The old gods lived long among the Italian villagers, though Rome was the centre of the new faith. Among the *habitans* of the Province of Quebec there yet exist a mode of life and cast of thought strangely in contrast with their surroundings. In the cities a rapid process of assimilation is going on. Quaint and foreign though Montreal, and especially Quebec, seem to the stranger at first sight, their interest is mainly historical and political. To understand the national life of Lower Canada, you must go among the *habitans*.

The word is peculiarly French-Canadian. The *paysan*, or peasant, never existed in

Canada, for the feudalism established by Louis XIV. did not imply any personal dependence upon the *seigneur*, nor, in fact, any real social inferiority. Each *censitaire* was, in all but name, virtually as independent a proprietor as is his descendant to-day. He was and he is emphatically the dweller in the land. He "went up and saw the land that it was good," possessed it, and dwells therein. The term is often used as equivalent to *cultivateur*, or farmer, and as distinguishing the rural from the urban population; but, rightly understood and used as he uses it, nothing more forcibly expresses both the origin and nature of the attachment of the French-Canadian to his country and the tenacity with which he clings to his nationality, his religion and his language.

The persistency of French nationality in Canada is remarkable. The formal guarantees of the Treaty of Paris and the Quebec Act, that language, religion and laws should be preserved, undoubtedly saved it from extinction by conquest. But to the difference in character between the French and English, which is so radical and has been so sedulously fostered by every possible means, not the least effective being an able and vigorous literature which preserves and cultivates the French language; to the political freedom which allowed the realization of the early perception that as individuals they would be without influence, as a body all-powerful; to the inherent merits of their civil law, the direct descendant of a jurisprudence which was a refined science centuries before Christ; and to the ideal of becoming the representatives of Roman Catholicism in America, must be mainly ascribed the vitality that the French-Canadians have shown as a distinct people. Their numerical and physical condition will be dealt with later on, but it may be said here that a great deal is also due to their origin. The hardy sailors of Normandy and Brétagne; the sturdy farmers of Anjou, Poitou, Le Perche, Aunis, Saintonge and L'Ile-de-France; the soldiers of the Carignan regiment who had fought on every battle-field in Europe, brought with them to Canada the spirit of adventure, the endurance, the bravery—in short, all the qualities that go to make successful colonists, and that they inherited from the same source as does the Englishman. In the United States, the second or third generation finds other immigrants completely fused into the common citizenship, but the little French-Canadian colonies in the manufacturing towns of New England and in the wheat regions of the West, keep their language, and, to a great extent, their customs. Canada was a true colony, and has remained the most successful French attempt at colonization. From various causes, Louisiana has failed to keep her nationality intact. In Lower Canada, the spirit of Champlain and La Salle, of the *coureurs de bois*, of the Iroquois-haunted settlers on the narrow fringe of straggling farms along the St. Lawrence—the spirit that kept up the fight for the *Fleurs de Lis* long after "the few acres of snow" had been abandoned by their King—has always remained the same, and still animates the *colons* in the backwoods. The French-Canadians have always fought for a faith and an idea, hence they have remained French.

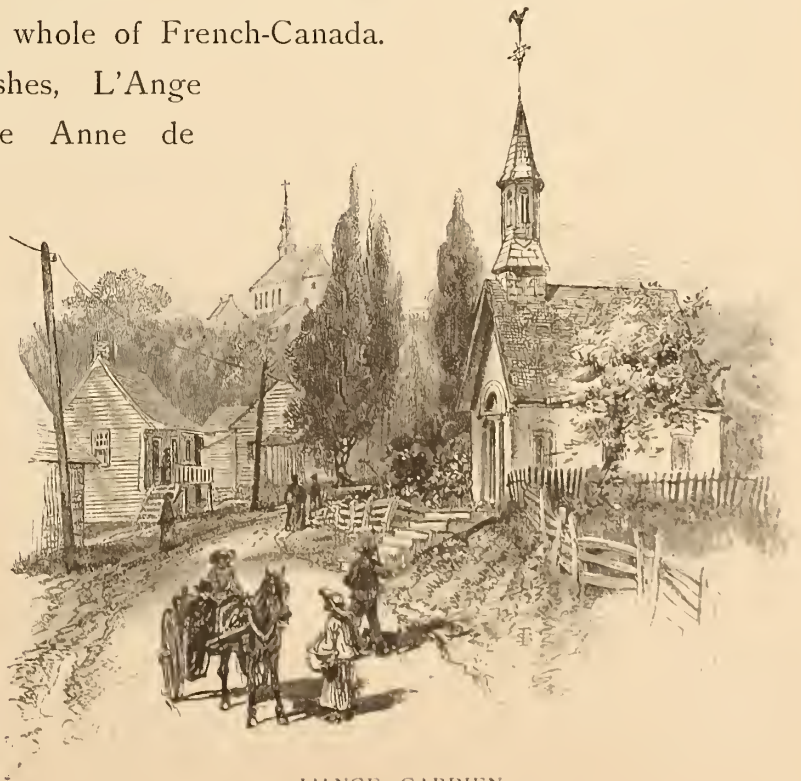
As one of their most celebrated French orators pointed out at the great national fête of St. Jean Baptiste at Quebec in 1880, that was the secret of it all; while the Thirteen Colonies, which fought for material interests, are American, not English.



HABITANT AND SNOW-SHOES.

Whatever the cause, there is no doubt as to the fact of French nationality. The north shore of the St. Lawrence is more French than is the south, where the proximity of the United States and the influence of the English-settled eastern townships are sensible. In the western part of the Province, the numerical proportion of French is smaller and their characteristics are less marked; but from Montreal downwards—the towns of course excepted—you are to all intents in a land where English is not spoken. Below Quebec, far down to the Labrador coast, is the most purely French portion of all. You may find greater simplicity of life, and more of the old customs, in such a primæval parish as Isle aux Coudres, farther down the river; the people on the coast where the St. Lawrence becomes the gulf, are sailors and fishermen rather than farmers; those along the Ottawa are lumberers and raftsmen; but the Côte de Beaupré is fairly typical of the whole of French-Canada.

The names of its five parishes, L'Ange Gardien, Chateau Richer, Sainte Anne de Beaupré, St. Joachim, and St. Féréol, tell you at once you are in a land with a religion and a history. Nothing, perhaps, strikes a stranger more than the significant nomenclature of the Province. Every village speaks the faith of the people. Ile Jesus, Sainte Foye, L'Assomption, L'Epiphanie, St. Joseph, Ste. Croix, Ste. Anne, St. Barthélémi, St. Eustache, Notre Dame des Anges, are



L'ANGE GARDIEN.

not mere designations. The pious commemorations and joyful celebrations of the patron saint or particular festival show it. Hills, rivers and lakes tell of military achievements, of missionary voyages, of dangers encountered, of rest after peril past, of the hopes that animated the *voyageurs* pushing through the maze of forest and stream in search of the golden West, of grand prospects and lovely landscapes, of quaint semblances and fond reminiscence of home. Take just a few of these names: Calumet, Sault au Récollet, Belange, Carillon, Chaudière, Pointe aux Trembles, Bout de L'Ile, Lachine, Portage du Fort, Beaupré, Belœil, La Lièvre, La Rose, Chute au Blondeau, Rivière Ouelle, Rivière au Chien, Montreal, Quebec, Joliette, Beauport. Each suggests a story of its own; most of them have their associations of history and tradition, and there are thousands like them. The French knew how to name a country. In point of beauty and significance, their names are unequalled; and they not only described the land as do the Indians—they literally christened it. Even where it comes to perpetuating the memories of men, what a sonorous ring there is about Champlain, Richelieu, Sorel, Chambly, Varennes, Contrecœur, Longueuil and Beauharnois, unapproachable by English analogues. Point Lévis is, in truth, not a whit more æsthetic than Smith's Falls, nor more useful, but there is no denying its superiority of sound. When you know the grotesque and haughty legend that represents the Virgin Mary in heaven telling a Chevalier de Lévis, "Cousin, keep on your hat," you can no longer compare the two names, for you quite understand why the Lévis family should have a Point as well as an Ark of its own.

L'Ange Gardien lies just beyond the famous Falls of Montmorency. Set in trees on the slope of the hills, which here grow close on the river, and standing high over the north channel, the village commands an exquisite view, the placid beauty of which makes "The Guardian Angel" a most appropriate name. The spot has not always had such peaceful associations. Wolfe's troops, those "Fraser's Highlanders" who afterwards turned their swords into ploughshares so effectually that their descendants at Murray Bay and Kamouraska are French even to having forgotten their fathers' language, ravaged this parish and Chateau Richer from one end to the other, destroyed all the crops, and burned almost every house. There is little trace of the devastation now, except in the stories that old *habitans* have heard their elders tell. Two quaint little chapels stand one on each side, a few *arpens* from the parish church. They were originally intended for mortuary chapels during the winter, when the frost prevents graves being dug, and for use at the celebration of the "Fête Dieu" or "Corpus Christi" in June, the procession going to one or the other in alternate years. On these occasions, they would be gay with flowers, flags, and evergreens. Beside one of them is the little plot used for the burial of heretics, excommunicated persons, and unbaptized infants. There is always such a corner in every village cemetery, never a large one, for the people are too good Catholics not to have an intense dread of lying in unconsecrated

ground, and too charitable to consign strangers to the fate they fear for themselves. The chapel farthest down the river is now a consecrated shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes. Before the statue of our Lady burns a perpetual light, and she divides with La Bonne Ste. Anne de Beaupré the devotions of thousands of pilgrims annually.

The course of settlement along the St. Lawrence is well defined. Close to the river, in a belt from two to ten miles wide, on the north shore, lie the old French farms. Back of these, among the foot-hills, is a second range of settlements, for the most part Irish and Scotch. Farther in are the *colons* or pioneers, who, no longer able to live upon the subdivision of their *patrimoine* or family inheritance, commence again, as their ancestors did, in the backwoods. Parallel roads, painfully straight for miles, mark out



FRENCH FARMS.

the ranges into which the seigniories and parishes are divided. These ranges or *concessions* are sometimes numbered, sometimes named, almost universally after a saint. On the south shore, the belt of settlement is much wider. At the westward of the Province it extends to the United States boundary line, but narrows as it approaches Quebec, so that below the city the arrangement is much the same as on the north side. In fact, French-Canada is very truly described as two continuous villages along the St. Lawrence. The succession of white cottages, each on its own little parallelogram of land, has struck every traveller from La Hontan to the present day.

The narrow farms, or *terres*, as they are called, catch the eye at once. Originally three *arpens* wide by thirty deep (the *arpent* as a lineal measure equals 180 French or 191

English feet), or about 200 yards by a little over a mile, they have been subdivided according to the system of intestate succession under the Coutume de Paris, which gives property in equal shares to all the children, until the fences seem to cover more ground than the crops. The division is longitudinal, so that each heir gets an equal strip of beech, marsh, plough land, pasture, and forest. The houses line the road that runs along the top of the river bank, or marks the front of the *concession* if it lies back any distance. This arrangement is but a carrying out of the principle upon which the original settlement was formed, to gain all the advantages of the river frontage. The entire organization of French-Canada depended on it. The system was well adapted for easy communication in the early days of the colony; the river was the highway—in summer, for canoes—in winter, for sleighs; so that the want of good roads was not a serious disadvantage. It was also well suited for defence against the Iroquois, who in their bloody raids had to follow the course of the streams. The settlers could fall back upon each other, gradually gaining strength until the *seigneur's* block-house was reached and a stand made while the news went on from farm to farm, and the whole colony stood to arms. In the district of Quebec you may often hear a *habitant* speak of going "au fort," meaning thereby "au village,"—a curious survival of those fighting days.

In winter the ice is still the best of all roads. Long lanes of bushes and small spruces, dwindling away in distant perspective, mark out the track, to keep which would otherwise be no easy matter at night or in a snowstorm, and point out the "air holes" caused by the "shoving" or moving *en masse* of the ice that usually follows any change in the level of the river.

This universal parallelogramic shape is, however, very disadvantageous to the development of a country, being to no small extent anti-social and particularly unfavourable to a general school system. The geographical, not the mental condition of the *habitant* has militated most against intellectual and social improvement. There were no points of concentration for the interchange of ideas, save the gathering at the parish church on Sundays and fête-days when, after High Mass, the crowd lingers to hear the *huissier's* publications of official notices at the church door; or, once in a while, to listen to electioneering addresses. The villages are, as before noted, for the most part long, straggling lines of houses, with hardly any sign where one begins and the other ends, save the spire of another church, with the neighbouring cottages a little closer together. There are no country gentry. The *seigneur* rarely resides upon his estate, and when he does, his prestige is no longer what it was; he is often merely a *habitant* himself, one of the people, as are the *curé*, the couple of shopkeepers, the village notary, and the doctor, who compose the notables. The judicial terms every month at the Chef Lieu, which in a way corresponds to the County Town, by no means compare with the bustle of the Assizes in an English or Ontarian County. For the *habitans* not close to one of the large cities there is no going to market, as nearly everything they raise

is consumed by themselves at home. The isolation of the *curés*, their zeal for their pastoral work and the incessant demands upon their time, used to prevent much study and practice of agriculture as a science, or much attention to the education of their flocks in anything but religious duties. In the old days, when *seigneur* and *curé* both derived their income from imposts on produce, the degree of consideration in which a *habitant* was held by his superiors, and consequently his respectability, was settled principally by the amount of wheat he sowed.

With the energetic development of colonization on the Crown lands, the establishment of agricultural societies, the opening of roads, the construction of the Provincial railway, the liberal aid given by the Government to private railway enterprise, and,



CHATEAU RICHER.

above all, the excellent school system, this state of things is fast disappearing. Though it may require another generation or two to overcome the influence of habits centuries old, originally founded in reason, and still rooted in popular affection by custom and tradition, there is every indication that before long Lower Canada and its *habitans* may become in effect what by nature they are meant to be, one of the most prosperous of countries and intelligent of peoples.

Chateau Richer, which, in natural beauty, equals L'Ange Gardien, is the next parish to the eastward. It gets its name from an old Indian trader, whose chateau near the

river is now but a small heap of ruins almost lost in the undergrowth. The hill here advances abruptly towards the river, forming, where the main road crosses its projecting spur, a commanding elevation for the handsome stone church that towers over the cottages which line the gracefully receding curve beyond. Not many years ago the blackened walls of a convent lay at the foot of this same hill, witnesses of the ruin worked at the time of the Conquest. Knox says in his journal, that the priest, at the head of his parishioners, fortified the building and held it against an English detachment and two pieces of artillery, but it was reduced to ashes; the remnant of its brave garrison were scalped by the Iroquois allies of the English. It is far more likely that the brave *curé* stayed with his flock, to comfort them to the last, than that he led them on. However that may be, the convent has been rebuilt, and is now the parish school.

The seigniories or large tracts in which the land was originally granted, varied much in size, but usually corresponded with the ecclesiastical division into parishes. As territorial divisions, they have been supplanted by the modern municipal system. Many of them are still held by the descendants of the grantees; others have passed into the hands of strangers. Some are owned by religious corporations, the principal of these being the Island of Montreal, St. Sulpice and the Lake of Two Mountains—all of which belong to the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Montreal—and that of the Côte de Beaupré, owned by the Quebec Seminary. Since the abolition of feudal tenure by the Act of 1854, which placed a large sum in the hands of the Government, to be paid to the *seigneurs* in extinction of their rights, their former dignity has sadly dwindled. The title is, in most cases, but a barren honour, though in one instance—that of the Barony of Longueuil—it has recently been recognized as carrying with it a patent of nobility. It had been the intention of Louis XIV., in founding a feudal system in Canada, to create a territorial aristocracy, but in avoiding the danger of sowing the teeth of the dragon it had cost the Bourbons so much to kill, he bestowed his favours upon a class unable to support their honours. The consequence was that, in most cases, the *seigneur* made the complaint of the unjust steward, that "to dig he knew not and to beg he was ashamed," and prayed to be allowed to drop his nobility and earn his living the best way he could.

The titles had, therefore, nearly quite disappeared before the Conquest. The seigniorial rights were never very extensive. They consisted principally in the *Cens et Rentes*, or annual ground-rent paid by the *censitaire* for his holding, and in the *Lods et Ventes*, or fine collected on each transfer of a property from one tenant to another. The former were very trifling, something like two sous per acre being the usual amount in hard cash, with a bushel of wheat, a fowl, a pigeon, or a sucking-pig, as payment in kind. On rent-day, in the month of November, the farm-yard of the *manoir* would present a lively scene, in droll contrast to the solemn dignity with which the *seigneur*, seated in his large chair before a table covered with his huge account-books, and in the old days

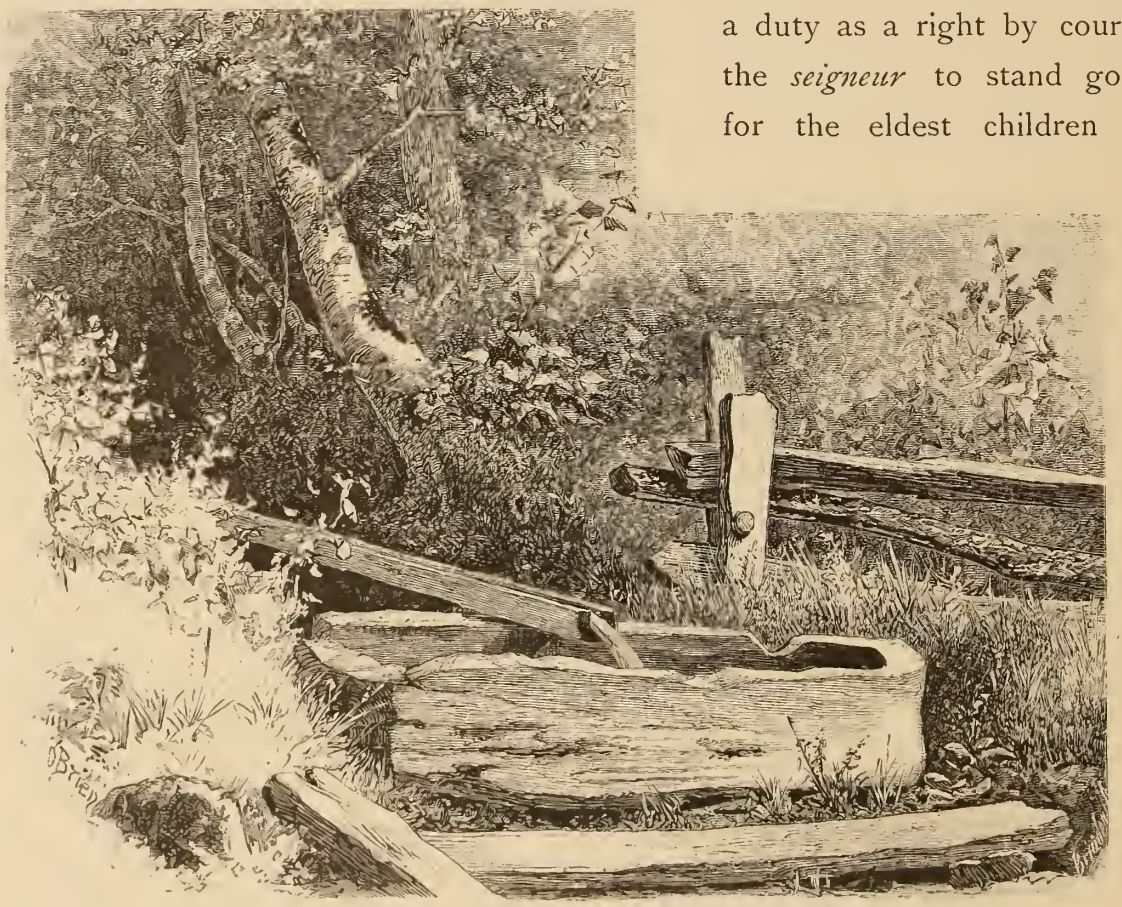
with his sword laid in front of him, received the salutations and compliments, and weighed the excuses of his *censitaires*, who rivalled the Irish peasant in chronic impecuniosity and ingenious devices. The *Lods et Ventes* were a more serious imposition, amounting to one-twelfth of the price of sale. They were a hindrance to the progress of the country, for they discouraged improvements by the tenant, and prevented the infusion of new blood and the spread of new ideas. They seem, however, not to have been considered so by the *censitaires* themselves. In reality, they were an expression of the domesticity of French-Canadians, who dread the breaking up of families, and live for generation after generation upon the same land, with a tenacity and affection equalled only by their industry and endurance, when at length home and kindred have been left. In connection with the motives for the imposition of this fine, one of which, no doubt, was the desire to keep the people bound to the land, and another the wish to profit by the rare chance of a *censitaire* having ready money—though the origin of the *Lods et Ventes* in reality leads back to the earliest feudalism—it is curious to note such conflicting traits in the same people. The contrast is historical. It was hard to persuade the home-loving peasantry of France to emigrate when, in 1663, the King took up so vigorously his dream of an Empire in the West. Once in La Nouvelle France, however, such was the spirit of adventure, that it almost immediately became necessary to issue an edict forbidding their wanderings, and compelling them to make their clearings contiguous and their parishes as much as possible in the form of those in France. Within a hundred years a penalty had to be imposed upon too close settlement and small farms, in order to bring the *seigneurs'* estates all under cultivation. At the present time a great aim of the Government is to discourage emigration, and to aid by every means the repatriation of French-Canadians and colonization in the back country. One of the most potent means of effecting this is found to be their strong family affection.

There was another right incidental to the *Lods et Ventes*—the *Droit de Retrait*, or privilege of pre-emption at the highest price bidden for land within forty days after its sale; this, however, was not much used. The only other right of real consequence was the *Droit de Banalité*, by which the *censitaire* was bound to grind his corn at the *seigneur's* mill, paying one bushel out of every fourteen for toll. This arrangement suited the *habitant* very well. He is saving enough, and manages to accumulate a little capital sometimes, but it goes into the savings bank, not unfrequently into an old stocking. The risk of an investment is too much for him, and he used to prefer that the *seigneur* should make the necessary outlays, while all that he was called upon for would be a sacrifice of part of his crop. In this way, however, all industrial enterprise was hampered and discouraged by the monopoly of the water power. Under the French *régime*, a civil and criminal jurisdiction over his vassals, varying in extent according to the dignity of the fief, was theoretically vested in the *seigneur*; and all the three grades known to feudal law—the *basse*, *moyenne* and *haute justice*—theoretically existed in

Canada. but its exercise was rare, owing to the expense of keeping up the machinery of a court and the petty amount of its cognizance.

These relics of feudalism have a curious interest to the antiquarian and also a very practical one as regards the progress of the country, existing as they did in the New World and under the protection of the British Constitution, and still living in the memories and language of the present generation.

One of the most interesting aspects of the feudal tenure was the social relation between *seigneur* and *censitaire.* This was nearly always a paternal one, so much so, indeed, that it was quite as much a duty as a right by courtesy of the *seigneur* to stand godfather for the eldest children of his



WAYSIDE WATERING TROUGH.

censitaires. Among his many graphic descriptions of life under the Old Régime, M. de Gaspé gives an amusing account of a friend receiving a New Year's visit from a hundred godsons. The *manoir* was all that "the Great House" of an English squire is and more, for the intercourse between *seigneur* and *censitaire* was freer and more intimate than that between squire and tenant. In spite of the nominal subjection, the *censitaire* was less dependent and subservient than the English peasant. It is impracticable here to go into any detailed description of the seigniorial tenure, its influences and the mode of its abolition; but without some knowledge of it, the actual as well as the past condition of Lower Canada would be impossible to understand. The whole system of colonization originally rested upon two men, the *seig-*

neur and the *curé.* Through them the Government worked its military and religious organizations, while their interests in the soil, from which both derived their income, were identical. "The Sword, the Cross, and the Plough" have been said to explain the secret of French-Canadian nationality. These three came together in their hands. Of course, all around the old French settlements the system of freehold upon which the Crown lands are granted has produced great changes in manners, customs, and ideas, but the influence of the old state of things is still strongly marked. In the face of all the improvements effected and progress made since its abolition, it served its purpose well, and, as the Abbé Casgrain remarks, "The democratic and secularizing spirit of our age is opposed to these feudal and ecclesiastical institutions, but we may be permitted to doubt whether it could have invented a system better adapted to the genius of our race and to the needs of the situation."

There are few drives in the Province prettier than that from Quebec to St. Joachim, as it winds along between the hills and the river through Beauport, past L'Ange Gardien, Chateau Richer, and Ste. Anne, crossing on the way the Montmorency, Sault à la Puce, Rivière aux Chiens, and Ste. Anne, besides a host of smaller streams. Once outside the toll-gates, the rugged streets of Quebec give place to an excellent macadamized road kept in capital order. In summer, wizened old *compères*, too bent and worn out for any other work, salute you from the tops of the piles of stones they lazily hammer between the complacent puffs of their pipes and their comments on passers-by. There is a great deal of work in these old fellows, and their cheerfulness lasts to the end. The French-Canadian is a capital labourer, slow perhaps, but sure. He is docile and willing, and his light-heartedness gets over all difficulties. "Your merry heart goes all the day, your sad one tires in a mile-o," is his motto. In winter you have to turn out to let the snow-plough with its great wings and its long team of six or eight horses go past amid cheery shouts from its guides, whose rosy faces and icicled beards topping the clouds of snow that cover their blanket coats make them look like so many Father Christmases.

There is a great deal to see along the road besides the beautiful scenery that meets the eye everywhere. Springs are abundant in the gravelly soil. They trickle down the bank under the trees, making delicious nooks by the paths where wooden spouts concentrate their flow. Wells, of course, are not much needed along the hillside. If you stop to drink you will probably have an opportunity to appreciate French-Canadian civility. The odds are greatly in favour of some of the host of brown-skinned, black-eyed, merry-looking children that play about the neighbouring house being sent over to ask if "Monsieur will not by preference have some milk?" You like the clear ice-cold water. "*Bien, c'est bonne l'eau frette quand on a soif,*" but "Monsieur will come in, perhaps, and rest, for *sacré il fait chaud cet après-midi.*" Monsieur, however, goes on amid all sorts of good wishes and polite farewells.

It seems strange to see the women at work in the fields. Their blue skirts and enormous hats, however, are fine bits of detail for a picture, and they having been used to such labours all their lives, do not mind it. Young girls of the poorer class hire out for the harvest, together with their brothers. At times you may meet troops of them on their way to church, their *bottes Françaises*—as store-made boots are still called, in contradistinction to *bottes Indiennes*—slung round their necks. This heavy



ST. JOACHIM.

labour, however, has told upon the class, if not upon the individual, and, no doubt, accounts for the ill-favouredness and thick, squat figures of the lower order of *habitans*. Even the children take a good share of hard work, and none of the potential energy of the family is neglected that can possibly be turned to account. One of the most striking sights by the roadside of a night towards the end of autumn are the family groups "breaking" flax. After the stalks have been steeped they are dried over fires built in pits on the hillsides, then stripped of the outer bark by a rude home-made machine constructed entirely of wood, but as effective as it is simple. The dull gleam of the sunken fires and the fantastic shadows of the workers make up a strange scene.

Not the least curious features of the drive are the odd vehicles one meets. Oxen do much of the heavier hauling, their pace being quite fast enough for the easy, patient temperament of the *habitant*, to whom distance is a mere abstraction—time and tobacco take a man anywhere, seems to be his rule. It is impossible to find out the real length of a journey. Ask the first *habitant* you meet, "How far is it to Saint Quelquechose?" "Deux ou trois lieues, je pense, Monsieur," will be the answer, given so thoughtfully and politely that you cannot doubt its correctness. But after you have covered the somewhat wide margin thus indicated, you need not be astonished to find

you have to go still "une lieue et encore," or, as the Scotch put it, "three miles and a bittock," nor still, again, to find the "encore" much the best part of the way. Another characteristic mode of measuring distance is by the number of pipes to be smoked in traversing it. "Deux pipes" is a very variable quantity, and more satisfactory to an indeterminate equation than to a hungry traveller.

The "buckboard" is a contrivance originally peculiar to Lower Canada. It has thence found its way, with the French half-breeds, to the North-west, where its simplicity and adaptability to rough roads are much appreciated. It is certainly unique in construction. Put a pair of wheels at each end of a long plank and a movable seat between them; a large load can be stowed away upon it, and you are independent of springs, for when one plank breaks another is easily got. The wayside *forgeron*, or blacksmith, need not be a very cunning craftsman to do all other repairs. The *charette*, or market-cart, is another curiosity on wheels, a cross between a boat and a gig, apparently. The *caléche* is a vehicle of greater dignity, but sorely trying to that of the stranger, as, perched high up in a sort of cabriolet hung by leathern straps between two huge wheels, he flies up and down the most break-neck hills. The driver has a seat in front, almost over the back of the horse, who, if it were not for his gait, would seem quite an unimportant part of the affair.

It is not very long since dog-carts were regularly used in the cities as well as in the country, for all kinds of draught purposes, but this has now been humanely stopped. Along the roads they are a common sight, and notwithstanding the great strength of the dogs used, it is not pleasant to see one of these black, smooth-haired, stoutly-built little fellows panting along, half hidden under a load of wood big enough for a horse, or dragging a milk-cart with a fat old woman on top of the cans. They are generally well-used, however, if one may judge by their good-nature. Out of harness they lie about the doors of the houses very contentedly, and, like their masters, are very civil to strangers.

The signs over the little shops that you meet with at rare intervals in the villages, are touchingly simple in design and execution. An unpainted board, with lettering accommodated to emergencies in the most ludicrous way, sets forth the "*bon marché*" to be had within. The *forgeron*, who is well-to-do—in fact, quite *un habitant à son àise*—has, perhaps, a gorgeous representation of the products of his art. A modest placard in the nine-by-four pane of a tiny cottage window, announces "rafraichissement" for man, and farther on "une bonne cour d'écurie" provides for beast. At Ste. Anne's, where the little taverns bid against each other for the pilgrim's custom, one *hôtellier* bases his claim to favour upon the fact of being "époux de Mdlle." somebody. Whether the Mdlle. was a saint or a publican of renown, the writer knows not. But the oddities of these signs would make an article to themselves, and we must pass on, with the shining domes of convent and church as landmarks of the next village.

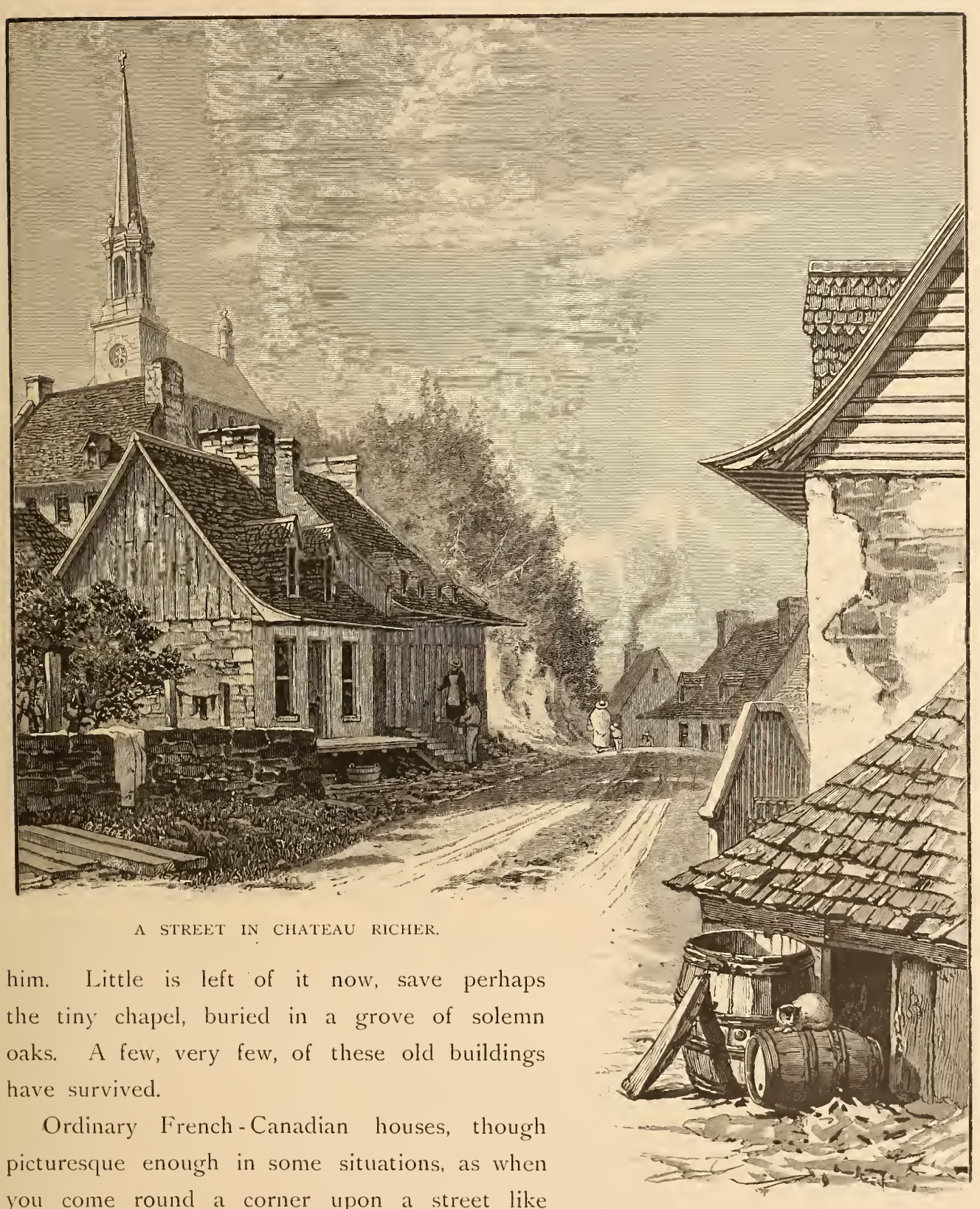
Every now and then a roadside cross is passed, sometimes a grand *Calvaire*, resplendent with stone and gilding, covered by a roof, and from its high platform showing afar the symbol of Christian faith. Statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph sometimes stand at each side of the crucifix, but such elaborate shrines are rare, and as a general rule a simple wooden cross enclosed by a paling reminds the good Catholic of his faith, and is saluted by a reverent lifting of his hat and a pause in his talk as he



ON THE ROAD TO ST. JOACHIM.

goes by. Sometimes you meet little chapels like those at Chateau Richer. They stand open always, and the country people, as they pass, drop in to say a prayer to speed good souls' deliverance and their own journey.

A little off the road you may perhaps find the ruins of an old seigniorial *manoir*, outlived by its avenue of magnificent trees. The stout stone walls and iron-barred windows tell of troublous times long ago, while the vestiges of smooth lawns and the sleepy fishponds show that once the luxury of Versailles reigned here. The old house has gone through many a change of hands since its first owner came across the sea, a gay soldier in the Carignan regiment, or a scapegrace courtier who had made Paris too hot for



A STREET IN CHATEAU RICHER.

him. Little is left of it now, save perhaps the tiny chapel, buried in a grove of solemn oaks. A few, very few, of these old buildings have survived.

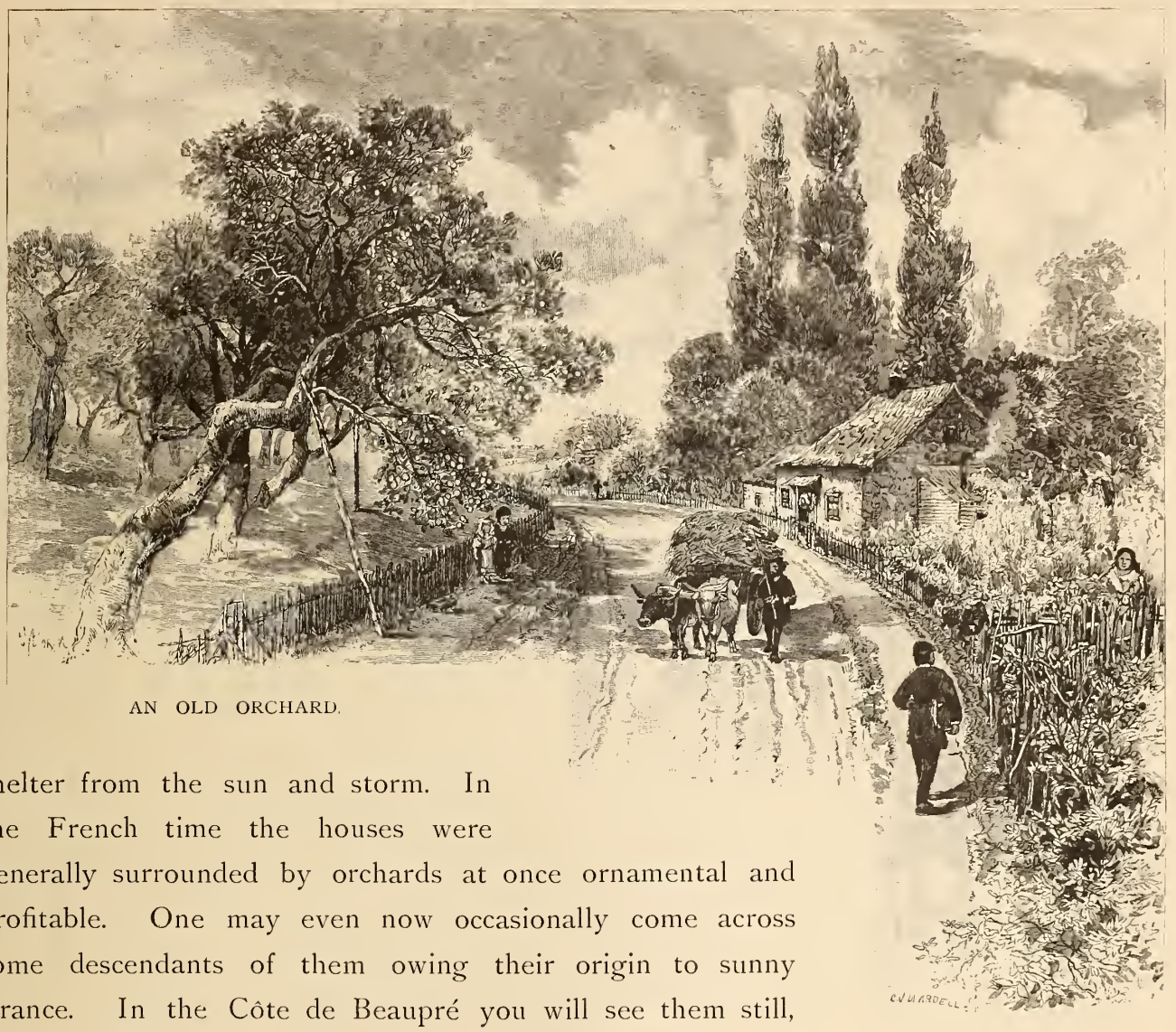
Ordinary French-Canadian houses, though picturesque enough in some situations, as when you come round a corner upon a street like that in Chateau Richer, are much alike. A *gros habitant*, as a well-to-do farmer is called, will have one larger and better furnished than those of his poorer neighbours, but the type is the same. They are long, low, one-storey cottages, of wood, sometimes of rough stone, but whether of wood or stone, are prim with whitewash often crossed with black lines to simulate, in an amusingly conventional way, courses of regular masonry. By way of variety, they are sometimes painted black or slate colour,

with white lines. Square brick buildings with mansard roofs of tin, bare in architecture and surroundings, glaring in newness and hideous with sawed scroll-work, are unfortunately springing up over the country in mistaken testimony of improvement. The artist will still prefer the old houses with their unpretentious simplicity and rude but genuine expressions of ornament. Their high, sharp-pitched roofs spring from a graceful curve at the projecting eaves, over which peep out tiny dormer windows. The shingles at the ridge and over the windows are pointed by way of decoration. Roof, lintels, and door-posts are gaily painted, for the *habitant* loves colour even if the freedom with which he uses the primaries is at times rather distracting to more cultivated eyes. A huge chimney built outside the house projects from the gable end, and sometimes the stairway also has to find room outside, reminding one of the old French towns whose architecture served to model these quaint buildings. A broad gallery runs along the front, furnishing pleasant shade under its vines, but darkening the interior into which small casement windows admit too little light and air. Sometimes a simple platform, with ricketty wooden steps at each end or a couple of stones leading to the door, takes the place of the gallery and affords room for a few chairs. A resting-place of some kind there must be, for in summer the leisure time of the *habitant* is spent at the door, the women knitting, the men smoking the evil-smelling native tobacco, while every passer-by gives a chance for a gossip and a joke. The heavy wooden shutters, a survival of the old Indian-fighting times, are tightly closed at night, giving an appearance of security little needed, for robberies are almost unknown, and in many districts locks are never used. In day-time, the white linen blinds in front are drawn down, which gives a rather funereal look, and the closing of the shutters cuts off the light at night, making the roads very cheerless to the traveller.

In the district of Quebec, the people are very fond of flowers. Even very poor cottages have masses of brilliant bloom in the windows and little garden plots in front neatly kept and assiduously cultivated, for the altar of the parish church is decorated with their growth, and the children present their firstfruits as an offering at their first communion. An elm or two, with masses of beautiful foliage, may afford grateful shade from the intensity of the summer sun. A row of stiff Normandy poplars, brought from old France in Champlain's or Frontenac's time perhaps, is sure to be found bordering the kitchen garden that is fenced off from the road more by the self-grown hedge of raspberry and wild rose than by the dilapidated palings or tumble-down stone wall. A great want, however, in the surroundings of most French farms is foliage, for practical as well as æsthetical objects. The grand second growth of maples, birches and elms that succeeds the primæval forest has been ruthlessly cut away, till the landscape in many districts, especially on the north shore, between Quebec and Montreal, is painfully bare in foreground, while the houses are exposed to the keen north wind and the cattle have no



FALLS OF STE. ANNE.



AN OLD ORCHARD.

shelter from the sun and storm. In the French time the houses were generally surrounded by orchards at once ornamental and profitable. One may even now occasionally come across some descendants of them owing their origin to sunny France. In the Côte de Beaupré you will see them still, but they have in too many cases disappeared, and it is only within a few years past that fruit-growing has been systematically taken up by the *habitans*. The large orchards regularly cultivated on the Island of Montreal, show with what success the beautiful "St. Lawrence," the well-named *Fameuse*, and the golden *Pomme Grise*, a genuine little Normandy pippin, can be grown. Plums, yellow and blue, grow wild in abundance. A small, reddish-purple fruit, of pleasant flavour and not unlike a wild cherry in appearance, is plentiful, as are also cherries, wild and cultivated.

The number and beauty of the waterfalls on the Lower St. Lawrence are astonishing. Every stream must find its way to the river over the immense bank, and must cut its channel through the tremendous hills. In the Côte de Beaupré alone, there are dozens of magnificent falls not known to Canadians even by name, though within a few miles of, sometimes close to, the main road. Those on the Rivière aux Chiens and those from which the Sault à la Puce is named, are only two examples. The Falls of Ste. Anne and those of St. Féréol are sometimes heard of, yet even they, grand as they are and lovely in their surroundings, are rarely visited. Both are on the

Grande Rivière Ste. Anne, which divides the parishes. Its course is nearly opposite to that of the St. Lawrence, and is throughout nothing but a succession of tumultuous rapids and stupendous cataracts.

Leaving the road where the stream crosses, at which point there is a splendid view of Mount Ste. Anne, the highest of the innumerable peaks that break the sky-line as you look down the river from Quebec, a drive of three miles through beautiful woods leads within sound of falling water. Another mile over a lovely path through the heart of the forest, and a steep descent into a ravine, brings you face to face with an immense wall of granite, its base a mass of tilted angular blocks. The river narrows here, concentrating all its powers for its tremendous leap into the gorge that forms the main channel, but only the swift rush of the water, the cloud of spray and the deep reverberations that echo from the cliff tell of its fate. A clamber over inclined and slippery rocks, beautiful with lichens of every hue, must be risked before, lying at full length, you can see the perpendicular column of crystal beaten into snowy foam on the rocks over a hundred feet below. Shooting down a second pitch the torrent breaks and rises in plume-like curves. Myriads of glittering gems dance in the play of sunlight upon the spray. Far above, the precipice rises stark and gray, its face seamed with titanic masonry, its crest crowned with huge battlements, like the wall of a gigantic fortress. The trees that banner it above seem no larger than the tufts of grass that cling in the crevices of its perfectly perpendicular front; great buttresses support this mountain wall, polished and bright with perpetual moisture. Other two channels tear their way down the cliff in falls of less volume and grandeur, but of great beauty as they leap from shelf to shelf, uniting at the foot in a large circular basin worn deep into the black basalt. So still and dark, it is well named "The Devil's Kettle."

The chasm through which the main body of the stream flows is narrow enough to jump over; but his would be a steady brain who could face the leap, and a sure fate who should miss his foothold. The island in the centre towers up in a succession of giant steps, each a huge cube of rock. These one may descend, and gain a front view of all three Falls. Down stream one looks through the narrow cleft till the boiling torrent is suddenly shut out from view by a sharply-projecting spur. The rocks seem to jar under the immense weight of the falling water; eye and ear are overpowered. The scene is one of unparalleled grandeur.

Farther up the Ste. Anne, after a beautiful drive along its west bank and round the base of the mountain, the hill-girt village of St. Féréol is reached. Through forest glades, where the moss-festooned spruces mourn over the prostrate trunks of their giant predecessors, and sunlit copses where the golden leaves of the silver birch mingle with the crimson of the dying maples, the delicate emerald of the quivering aspen and the warm russet of the ferns in magic harmonies of autumn hues, the way winds on to



FALLS OF ST. FÉRÉOL.

where the Seven Falls chase each other down the rocky face of a huge hill in masses of broken water. Down a narrow cleft in the evergreens which stand in bold relief against the sky, comes the first and largest Fall. Leaping from step to step, the torrent dashes over

the second shelf in clouds of spray, its snowy fragments uniting again only to be parted by a projecting rock, past which the twin rapids rush, chafing from side to side, as if in search of each other, until they join, and plunge together over the fourth shelf. The fifth Fall pours down a steep decline and whirls in foaming eddies round the inky depths of a rocky basin, upon which looks out through the mist a cave called "Le Trou de St. Patriee." Turning sharply to the left, the stream rolls on in heavy waves of dark water to the sixth Fall, and then sweeping through close walls of rock, plunges into an inaccessible abyss. On both sides of the river deep ravines and high promontories follow each other in rapid succession, and a thick growth of forest clothes the whole.

Within the last fifteen years, agriculture has made great advances in some parts of the Province, much of which, however, yet remains in a primitive enough condition. Long isolation, a fertile soil, simplicity of life and of wants, have combined to keep the French-Canadian farmer pretty much what he was in the middle of the last century. In some respects his ancestors were better than he; they worked on a larger scale and had more energy. The Conquest, with its consequent wholesale emigration, and the unsettled political state of the country down to 1840, nearly extinguished all the spirit and industry that had survived the exactions of officials and the effects of war during the French period. Among the *habitans* farming is decidedly still in its infancy. Tilling, sowing, reaping and storing are all done by hand. In the back parishes the rudest of home-made ploughs, dragged along by a couple of oxen, and a horse who seems to move the oxen that they may move the plough, barely scratch up the soil. A French-Canadian harrow is the most primæval of implements, being at best a rough wooden rake, and often merely a lot of brushwood fastened to a beam. The scythe and the sickle are not yet displaced by mowing machines; all the ingenious contrivances for harvesting, binding and storing, are unknown. Threshing is still done by flails and strong arms, though once in a while you may hear the rattle of a treadmill where the little black pony tramps away as sleepily and contentedly as his master sits on a fence-rail smoking.

Wheat, barley, oats, maize and buckwheat, peas and beans, are the principal grain crops. The beet-root, however, is attracting attention, in consequence of the establishment of beet-root sugar factories, an enterprise cordially furthered by Government aid but yet in its experimental stage. Should this industry be successful, it will give a great impetus to farming, and the undertaking has the merit—no small one, in the people's opinion—of being distinctly French. Hay is abundant and very good. Flax and hemp are raised. Tobacco thrives admirably in the short but intensely warm summer. Patches of its tall, graceful, broad-leaved plants waving in the wind alongside the yellow tassels of the Indian corn, heighten the foreign aspect around some old cottage. Vegetables of every kind grow luxuriantly. Delicious melons are abundant and cheap.

All sorts of garden fruit—strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants—are plentiful. Strawberries are now grown in large quantities for the town markets. Grapes grow wild in abundance. Immense quantities of maple sugar are yearly produced by the "sugar bushes" on the slopes of the hills. Its domestic use is universal among the *habitans*, and in the towns the syrup, sugar and *laitère*—or the sugar in an uncrystallized, pummy state—are in great demand. The processes of tapping the trees, collecting the sap, "boiling down," and "sugaring off," have been described too often to repeat here; but a visit to a sugar camp will well repay anybody who has not seen one, and is a favourite amusement for picnickers. The French-Canadians cling to the most primitive methods in this, as in everything else, the result, if an economic loss, being at least a picturesque gain.

Such fertility as the Province possesses should make it a rich agricultural country. It is really so. A very erroneous impression exists that all the best land has been exhausted; but this is an idea akin to the one that every French-Canadian wears moccasins and is called Jean Baptiste. It is quite true that a couple of hundred years of persistent tillage upon an evil routine, and want of opportunities to see anything better, have run down the old French farms; but even as it is, they yield well. Many an English farmer would be glad to get such land, and would work wonders with a little manure and proper rotation of crops. Then there are millions of acres yet untouched. The state of affairs in the Côte de Beaupré is described only as being an interesting relic of a period almost past. Agriculture is in a state of transition. Already the advantages of rich soil, magnificent summer climate, and cheap labour, are being realized.

At Ste. Anne, history and tradition blend with the life and manners of to-day in a most striking way. The first settlers in the Côte de Beaupré built a little church on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and dedicated it to La Bonne Ste. Anne, in memory, no doubt, as Ferland says, of the celebrated pilgrimage of Sainte Anne d'Auray in Brétagne. The bank, however, was carried away by the ice and the floods. So another building was commenced in 1657 upon the site pointed out by M. de Queylus, the Vicar-General, and given by Etienne de Lessard. It was finished in 1660. The Governor, M. d'Argenson, laid the first stone, and the work was done by the pious labour of the *habitans*. As one of these, Louis Guimont by name, racked with rheumatism, painfully struggled to place three stones in the foundation, he suddenly found his health restored. Thenceforward, La Bonne Ste. Anne de Beaupré became famous throughout all Canada. Among the pilgrims that flocked to celebrate her fête each year, were conspicuous the Christian Hurons and Algonquins, in whom their missionaries had inspired a special devotion for the mother of the Blessed Virgin. To this day their descendants are to be found among the thousands of worshippers whom the steamers carry from Quebec. The pilgrimage is not always such an easy excursion. Those who

have special favours to implore, often trudge on foot the long journey to the shrine. A pyramid of crutches, trusses, bandages, and spectacles stands in the church, to attest the miraculous cures worked by faith and prayer.

The site of the old church is marked by a chapel built with the old materials. It is roughly finished within, containing only a few stained seats and a bare-looking altar which stands between two quaint images of Ste. Marie Magdelaine and Ste. Anne,



CHAPEL AND GROTTO AT STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

apparently of the time of Louis XIV. By the roadside, close to the chapel, stands a rough grotto surmounted by the image of the sainte set in a niche, over which again there is a cross. Over the stones pours the clear water of a spring; this the pilgrims take away in bottles, for the sake of its miraculous healing power. Near-by is the old presbytery, and farther up the wooded slope, hidden among the trees, is a convent of Hospital Nuns. Their gentleness and kindness to the sick that resort here should

suffice to canonize each one of these devoted ladies, whose lives are as beautiful as their surroundings.

A handsome new church was dedicated in 1876. To it were removed the old altar and pulpit, both of the seventeenth century, and the relics and original ornaments of the old church. Among these are an altar-piece by Le Brun, the gift of the Marquis de Tracy; a silver reliquary, and a painting by Le François, both the gift of Mons. de Laval; a chasuble worked by Anne of Austria, and a bone of the finger of Ste. Anne. There are also a great number of *ex-voto* tablets—some very old and



OLD HOUSES AT POINT LÉVIS.

by good masters—to commemorate deliverances from peril at sea, for Ste. Anne watches specially over sailors and travellers. Numbers of costly vestments have also been presented, and Pius IX., in addition to giving a *fac simile* of the miraculous portrait of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, set in a jewelled frame, issued a decree declaring the shrine to be of the first magnitude.

There are many other places in the neighbourhood of Quebec which, if not such exact types of the past nor so varied in natural features as is the Côte de Beaupré, yet afford beauty of scenery, historic association, and opportunity to study the life of

the people. It is hard to choose, but a few should be visited, and among these Point Lévis stands first in geographical order and in interest of all kinds.

Landing at Indian Cove, where the descendants of those Iroquois, who got from the English Government so much a-piece for every French scalp, used to build their wigwams, to await the distribution of the annual bounty, one finds a splendid graving dock being built on the very spot where they hauled up their bark canoes. The cliff is a worthy mate for Cape Diamond. From its tree-lined summit rolling hills covered with houses, fields and woods, so that the country looks like an immense park, stretch back to the sky-line, in pleasant contrast with the abrupt outline of the other shore. The main street lies between the river and the jagged face of the rock. At each end it climbs the cliff in zigzags, between old houses whose fantastic shapes, peaked roofs and heavy balconies make the place seem like some old Norman town. At one point where a spring trickles down the cliff, a wooden stairway leads from the lower to the upper town. Close by stand the old and new churches of St. Joseph, the latter a huge stone building of the usual type, the former a rude little chapel, with an image of the saint in a niche over the door. Everywhere there is, as in Quebec, this meeting of the old and the new. The Intercolonial Railway trains shake the foundations of the old houses, and interrupt, with their shrill whistle, the chant of the boys at vespers in the College chapel. Tugs puff noisily along with big ships, where Wolfe's flotilla stole so silently under the cliffs the night before the battle on the Plains of Abraham, and barges of the same pattern as those in which his soldiers crossed lie side by side with Allan steamships. Back of the heights from which his batteries pounded Quebec into ruins, and where Montgomery's men, wasted with their winter march through the wilds, waited for strength to carry out their daring attack, three modern forts dominate the South Channel and the land approaches. Planned with all the skill of the Royal Engineers, their casemates are meant for guns beside which the cannon that last did their work here would look like pop-guns. The view from them is superb. On the east a rolling plateau, densely wooded, stretches to the distant mountains of Maine. Opposite stands Quebec, the lower town in deep shadow beneath the cliff, the upper town glistening in the sun. Up and down the river the eye can roam from Cap Rouge to Grosse Isle, and never weary of the colossal extent of mountain, river and forest.

The forts are in charge of the battery of Canadian artillery stationed at Quebec. Many of the men are French-Canadians, and excellent soldiers they make. In cheerful submission to discipline, respect for their officers, and intelligence, the French militia corps are superior to the English in the rural districts. Among the Field Artillery, the most technical arm of the service,—so much so, indeed, that in England the military authorities have not yet ventured to form volunteer batteries,—the Quebec Field Battery composed entirely of French-Canadians, is a model of equipment, drill and

discipline, and is, after a few days of annual training, quite undistinguishable from the permanently-embodied corps in the Citadel.

About five miles to the northwest of Quebec is the Indian village of Lorette. Every Charter for the settlement of La Nouvelle France repeats in substance the words of that granted by Richelieu to the Company of the One Hundred Associates, the object of which was "to endeavour by Divine assistance to lead the people therein to the knowledge of the true God, to cause them to be disciplined and instructed in the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman faith." In fact the earlier settlements were as professedly missions as trading enterprises. The idea of a regular colony on a large scale did not take shape till the time of Louis XIV., under whom, as his hereditary title of Most Christian Majesty demanded, the interests of religion were by no means a secondary consideration. The Hurons were the first fruits of missionary devotion. In 1634 the Jesuits Brebeuf, Daniel, and Dauost, took up the work begun by the Récollet fathers, Viel and Le Caron, and the Jesuit Sagard, twelve years before. By 1650 the whole nation was professedly Christian. The descendants of these Hurons, only a few hundreds all told, are quite civilized, quiet, orderly, and peaceable. Many of them are well educated, comfortably off and cultivating good farms. The love of the forest and of the chase is, however, too deep in their natures to be totally eradicated, and the younger men are fond of getting away to the woods. You never find an Indian ashamed of his blood; these still call themselves proudly "The Huron Nation," and on official occasions, such as the visit of a Governor or the Indian Commissioner, their chiefs wear full Indian costume. Among them are a few Abenakis and other representatives of the great Algonquin family, to which the Montagnais of the Lower St. Lawrence, the only really "wild Indians" of Lower Canada, also belong. The French term "*Sauvage*," is much more expressive than "Indian," but seems rather a misnomer when applied to some of the fair-complexioned, well-dressed and polished inhabitants of Lorette, among whom there is a great admixture of white blood. They do a large business in all sorts of embroidery, in silk and porcupine quills upon birch-bark and deer-skin, make snow-shoes, bead-work, moccasins, and other curiosities. The old church is shown with much pride, for the Hurons are good Catholics. The school is another of their sights. The children sing with a vigour suggestive of a war-dance rather than a hymn, but their bright, intelligent faces, and the musical name of the performance, reassure one as to his scalp. They get thorough instruction, and are apt pupils. After school some of them are always ready to show visitors the Falls, for a branch of the St. Charles runs through the village, and as has been said before, wherever there is a stream in this country there are Falls. A paper-mill intrudes its dam upon the bed of the river at their head, and spoils what was once a grand sheet of water covering with a crystal curtain the now bare rock; but a sharp turn in the deep gorge soon hides



FALLS OF LORETTE.

this, and the view from below has nothing to detract from its mingled grandeur and loveliness, to which words cannot do justice.



CAP ROUGE.

Following the south shore of the St. Lawrence from Point Lévis all the way up to the Chaudière the same magnificent panorama repeats itself with subtle



CAPE DIAMOND, FROM ST. ROMUALD.

gradations as distance softens down the details of the landscape and new features come into sight. At St. Romuald the view down the river is very grand. The

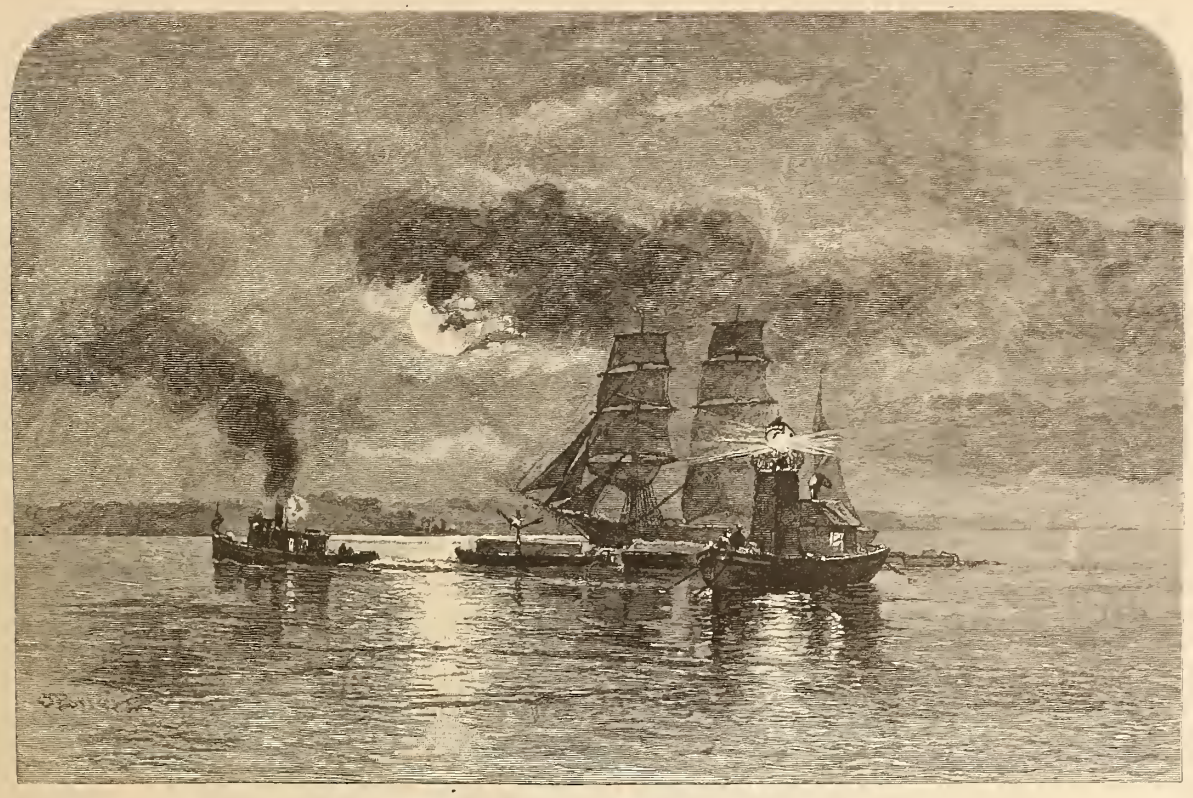
bold outline of Cape Diamond stands clear cut against the sky. Beyond are the purple peaks that close in on the St. Charles, and the misty hills that surround the headwaters of the Montmorency peep through the pass up which the Charlesbourg road winds to Lake Beauport. To the right the conical mass of Mount Ste. Anne towers over the ridge of Lévis. Below runs the river dark under the shadow of banks seamed with leafy coves, but losing itself in the sunshine that makes fairyland of the Beauport shore. Every place in sight has some historic or traditional association to add another charm.

From St. Romuald it is not far to the Chaudière Falls, whose abrupt and tremendous plunge fully justifies their name. There are many Chaudières in Canada, the term being generic, but this "Chaldron" is grand and tumultuous enough to be typical of all, and to name the whole river. It and the Montmorency Falls are probably but miniatures of the unspeakably magnificent cataract that once must have existed at Cap Rouge, that grand promontory seven miles above Quebec, where the great rock cliffs close in and confine the St. Lawrence into river-like dimensions. There are strong indications that the river must once have been dammed up here behind a great barrier, over which, just as its tributaries now find their way into it over the surrounding plateau, it flowed into the sea in a flood compared with which Niagara would be a driblet. In some of the mighty convulsions that heaved the Laurentian rocks—the oldest geological formation of all—from their depths, and shaped their towering peaks, this barrier must have given way and the stream have fallen to its present level.

The rich red rock which gives it its name and the bold outline of its cliff, make Cap Rouge as conspicuous as Cape Diamond. On this "*promontoire haute et raide*," Jacques Cartier built a fort, to guard his ships when he returned to Stadacona on his third voyage, in 1541, and Roberval wintered there the following year, rebuilding Cartier's fort, and naming it "France Roy," in honour of the King. The beauty of the forests that crown the cliffs and the fertility of the soil are still as remarkable as when Cartier wrote of the "*fort bonnes et belles terres pleines d'aussi beaux et puissants arbres que l'on puisse voir au monde.*"

Along the river in the autumn, wild ducks and geese appear in large numbers, while farther back partridges and wild pigeons are abundant, and trout can always be had for the catching. Many of the *habitans* are very skilful with rod and gun, rivalling the Indian half-breeds—wiry, long-haired, black-visaged, wild-looking fellows, who make a regular business of shooting and fishing. Down the Gulf fish is, of course, the great stand-by. Eels, which swarm in the mouths of the streams, are speared in immense numbers. They are a favourite dainty, and are salted for winter use, as are also great quantities of wild fowl.

These peeps at the country about Quebec might be prolonged indefinitely, such is the number of charming spots to be reached by an easy drive. But all this time we



LIGHT-SHIP ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

have been looking at the *habitant* in a long-cultivated, thickly-settled region, and there is another phase of his life which can only be seen in the wilds. A journey up the St. Maurice gives good opportunity for appreciating it, but to get to the St. Maurice one must go to Three Rivers, and by far the best way of doing this is to make the night voyage up the St. Lawrence by the Richelieu Company's steamer. A moonlight scene on the St. Lawrence is such as to leave a deep impression of the majesty of the great river up which Cartier toiled for a fortnight to reach Stadacona, far beyond which he heard there was "a great sea of fresh water, of which there is no mention to have seen the end." The way is not less well marked in summer than in winter. Light-houses stand at every bend, while buoys and light-ships, moored in midstream, point out the channel. When night has closed in, the twinkle of the far light is reflected across the water for miles, broadening out at last into brilliant glare; beneath one gets a momentary glimpse of the black hull and square tower of a light-



HALF-BREED FISHERMAN.

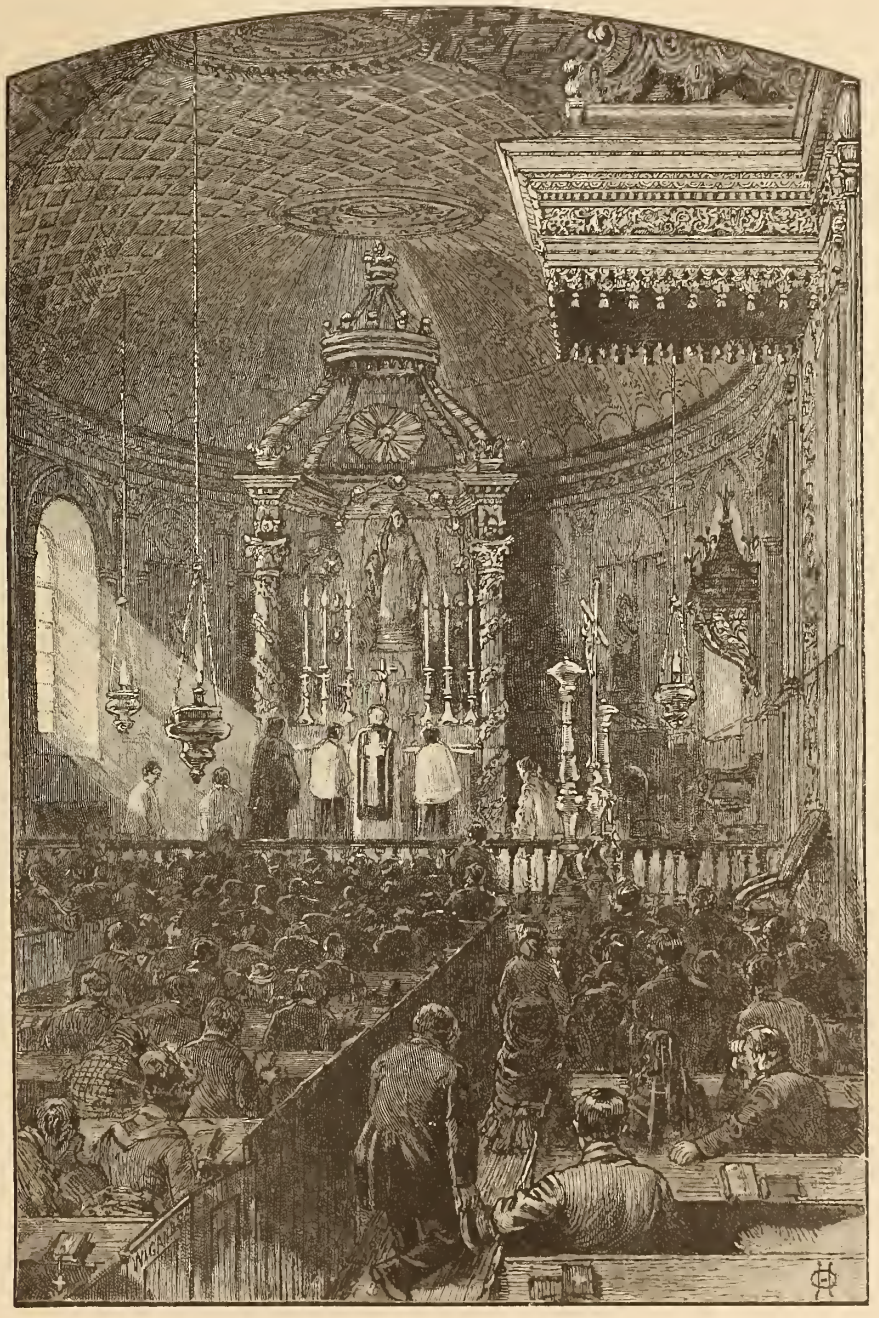
ship, with weird shadows moving across the cheerful gleam from the cosy cabin. Huge black masses loom up suddenly and glide past in silence. Long, snake-like monsters are left snorting astern. A group of water demons sing in wild chorus round a floating blaze. All manner of strange stars flicker low down on the horizon, changing their lines with sudden flashes. Everything is dim, shadowy and weird, till, suddenly, the moon bursts through the heavy clouds, shows the dull outline of the distant bank, gleams white on the canvas of a passing ship, reveals the long string of deep-laden barges following the sobbing tug, and dims the brightness of the raftsmen's fire.

Three Rivers dates far back in the history of French colonization in Canada. On one of the islands at the mouth of the noble tributary which here enters the St. Lawrence, Cartier, in 1534, planted a cross in the name of the King of France. In 1599 Pontgravé gave it the name of Rivière des Trois Rivières, from the appearance which two of the islands give it of being three separate streams; Cartier had christened it Rivière de Foie, from the Breton family of that name. Champlain and Pontgravé ascended it as far as the first rapids, and a little later Champlain made the mouth of the stream a rendezvous for the Hurons who joined him in his expedition against the Iroquois, the river being the highway of the tribes who came from the interior to barter furs with the French traders, having been driven away from the St. Lawrence by the Iroquois. Traces of an old Algonquin stockade that stood where the upper town is now, and was destroyed before Champlain's time, were found when the boulevard facing the St. Lawrence was made.

One of the Récollet fathers who came with Champlain in 1615, celebrated the first mass. Colonists came two years later, and a mission was founded. In 1634 a regular trading depot was established, as Pontgravé had proposed to do long before, when Tadoussac was preferred by his superior Chauvin. For a long time this was the extreme outpost of the French, and was held only by exceeding vigilance and bravery, which more than once saved Quebec from imminent danger. In 1624 Champlain's diplomacy brought together here one of the greatest assemblages of Indians ever known upon the Continent, and secured a treaty of peace between Hurons, Algonquins, Iroquois, and French. The Mohawks could not long resist the desire to use their newly-acquired fire-arms furnished by the Dutch and English, and then followed the bloody scenes which ended only with the arrival of the long prayed-for troops from France in 1665. The Hurons and Algonquins were almost exterminated, and the French were sore pressed. This was the heroic age of the colony so vigorously described by Parkman. The fur-traders of Three Rivers bore their part in it well, and when there was no more fighting to do their venturesome spirits found outlet in the existing work of exploration, for with the establishment of Montreal the importance of Three Rivers as a trading-post had begun to decline, and the necessity of being farther afield, to say nothing of the half-wild nature of the *coureurs de*

bois, led them on. The missionaries whose outpost, in the crusade against Satan and his Indian allies, Three Rivers also was, had set them an example. Jean Nicolet lived and died here, and the old Chateau of the Governors, in which La Verendraye lived, still stands.

Not far from the Chateau is the original parish church, the oldest in Canada



INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH.

except the one at Tadoussac. It has the oldest records, for those of Quebec were burned in 1640. They begin on February 6th, 1635, in Père Le Jeune's handwriting, with the statement that M. de la Violette, sent by Champlain to found a *habitation*, landed at Three Rivers on July 4th, 1634, with a party of French, mostly artizans, and

commenced the work; that the Jesuits Le Jeune and Buteux came on the 8th of September, to be with them for the salvation of their souls, and that several of them died of scurvy during the winter. The chapel of the Jesuit mission served till 1664, when a wooden church, with presbytery, cemetery and garden, was built. Fifty years



OLD CHIMNEY AND CHATEAU.

later the stone church that yet stands on a corner of the old parochial property was erected; it is an interesting relic of a by-gone time, and its hallowed associations make it for the devout Roman Catholic a place from which the grand new Cathedral cannot draw him.

The beauty of the rich oak carving which lines the whole interior was sadly

destroyed by a spasm of cleanliness on the part of the authorities, who a few years ago painted it white, but fortunately this style of renovation has not gone farther, and the old paintings and sculpture, of which there is a profusion, remain intact. The church is dedicated to the Immaculate Conception.

The *curé* and the *marguilliers* form the *fabrique*, or administrative body of the corporation which every parish constitutes. The *curé's* share in temporal matters is, however, limited to the presidency of all meetings, and in this as well as in the keeping of registers of civil status he is a public officer, constrainable by *mandamus* to the exercise of his duties. He appoints the choristers, keeps the keys, and has the right to be buried beneath the choir of the church, even in Quebec and Montreal, where interments within the city limits are prohibited.



ST. MAURICE FORGES.

The parishes are designated in the first place by the bishop, and are then civilly constituted by the Lieutenant-Governor on the report of five commissioners under the Great Seal, after all parties have been heard. Being corporations, their powers are defined, and exercise of them regulated by the civil law. The revenues are raised and

extraordinary expenses defrayed by assessment approved by general meetings. The manner in which the *curés* are paid varies a good deal. They are legally entitled to a tithe in kind, of one portion in twenty-six on all grain grown in the parish by Roman Catholics, except upon lands newly-cleared, which are exempt for the first five years. The tithe must be thrashed, winnowed, and put in the priest's barn. In many parts of the Province, however, what is known as the *supplement*—a money payment—takes the place of, or is combined with, the tithe.

The St. Maurice Forges, on the right bank of the St. Maurice River, about seven miles above Three Rivers, are the oldest smelting furnaces in Canada, and dispute with those of Principio, in Maryland, the right to be considered the oldest in America. The deposits of bog-ore were known very early to the Jesuits. In 1668 they were examined by the Sieur la Potardièn, who reported unfavourably to the Intendant Talon as to their quantity and quality. Frontenac and De Denonville gave a better account of them, and it seems that tests were made before the year 1700. It was not till 1737, however, that a company was found to work them. This company was granted a large tract, including the site where the Old Forges now stand, and erected furnaces, but exhausted its capital, and in 1740 had to surrender its charter. The Government carried on the works very successfully, as a report of the Colonial Inspector Tranquet shows, and must have extended them, as appears by the erection of the old Chateau that stands on a flat bluff overlooking the river. On an iron plate in its chimney are the official *fleurs de lis* and the date 1752. Its walls, some two and a half feet thick, withstood the fire that destroyed its woodwork in 1863.

A brook flows through the ravine immediately below the Chateau. It furnished water-power for the oldest works, remains of which are to be seen near its mouth. The attachments of an old shaft show that a trip-hammer was used, and there are other signs of extensive works for making wrought iron. From 250 to 300 men were employed, under directors who had gained their skill in Sweden. Many of the articles made then—notably stoves—still attest the quality of the iron and of the work. Pigs and bars were sent to France. During the war, shot and shell were cast. When the English came to take possession, the Chateau was occupied by a Demoiselle Poulin, who threw the keys into the river rather than yield them. Legends of mysterious lights and buried treasure cling to the place. After the Conquest the works were leased to private persons, and have passed through several hands before coming into those of the present owners, who use most of the product in the manufacture of car-wheels at Three Rivers.

The original blast-furnace, or cupola—a huge block of granite masonry, thirty feet square at the base—is still used for smelting; the fire has rarely been extinguished, except for repairs, during the past 150 years. In a deep-arched recess is the "dam" from which the molten metal is drawn into beds of sand, to cool into pigs. During the time between "runs" or "casts," glowing slag is continually being drawn off. The

cupola is kept filled from the top with ore, broken limestone, and charcoal. The latter is made in immense kilns near the forge, from wood furnished in abundance by the surrounding forests. Against the volumes of white vapour from these kilns the old iron-works stand out, gloomy and black with the smoke and grime of generations. The limestone is obtained a short distance up the river, and the ore—dark-red spongy stuff, yielding forty per cent. of iron—is brought in by the *habitans*, who find it between two beds of sand on land that yields no crops, so that they are only too glad to dig it up.

The works are surrounded by a little hamlet of workmen's cottages. An amphitheatre of wooded hills surrounds the scene. These rise gradually to the left, and over them



FALLS OF THE CHAUDIÈRE—NEAR QUEBEC.

is seen the dark outline of the Laurentian range, against which is set the gleaming spire of St. Etienne Church. The lesser hills, across the St. Maurice to the right, are topped by Mount Carmel, and far up the stream the Shawenegan Mountains consort with the Piles peaks.

There is, perhaps, nothing in Canada that more forcibly strikes the English eye than the wild and silent grandeur of our mighty rivers. Though only ranking third among the tributaries of the St. Lawrence, the St. Maurice is a noble stream. During spring and early summer it becomes a raging flood fed by the melting snow and rains of the great northern water-shed, and even when the parching heat of summer has dried up its sources it remains a navigable stream nearly a quarter of a mile wide far above its mouth.



SHAWENEGAN FALLS.

Far to the north, 220 miles from the St. Lawrence, this river rises in a net-work of lakes and small water-courses, which feed also its elder brothers, the Ottawa and the Saguenay. It pursues its tortuous way in a main direction nearly south, while



HEAD OF SHAWENEGAN FALLS.

the others diverge so widely to the west and east that their several *debouchements* into the St. Lawrence are divided by a space of more than three hundred miles. All the upper part of the St. Maurice's traverses are unbroken wilderness, untrodden by the foot of man, except the few Indians and trappers who yet represent the aboriginal occupants, the Hudson's Bay *voyageurs* and traders who still use this route as a means of access to their remoter posts, and the lumberers whose camps and shanties have been already pushed two hundred miles back into the interior, and the ring of whose axes is heard at the head of every stream down which a saw-log can be floated in the freshets of the

Spring. Nothing can be more lovely than the constantly varied and unexpected beauty of the reaches of river, lake and stream, the water-falls, rapids, wild rocks, densely-wooded hills and forest glades with which this wild region is filled.

One hundred miles from its mouth the river meets civilization at the foot of the wild Falls of the "Tuque" (so called from the fancied resemblance of a hill in the vicinity to the French-Canadian head-gear of that name), in the form of a steamer which traverses a stretch of sixty miles to the "Piles," whence a railway to the front gives the go-by to the formidable but picturesque rapids and falls of the Lower St. Maurice. The first of these is the Grais, so-called because the old portage led across granite rocks now occupied by a saw-mill and all its unlovely litter of lumber, saw-dust and slabs. Here the river dashes itself over and through enormous rocks, which cause twin falls and a boiling rapid. A few evergreens cling to the rocks, and a low bench supports a scant growth of bushes, but above the river the tree-clad heights rise in successive steps.



LITTLE SHAWENEGAN.

The unlimited water-power has caused the place to be selected as the headquarters of one of the vast lumbering establishments whose chiefs are kings in all but name. The proprietor of this establishment is practically king of the St. Maurice. The farmers, who compose the scant population of the neighbourhood, are dependent upon him for a market and for supplies of all they need from the outside world. Their crops are consumed by his horses and men, and their sons and brothers find employment in his service. The village about the mill is his property and the inhabitants are his servants. Hundreds of men and horses, under the direction of scores of foremen, labour for him through summer and winter,

undergoing the severest toil and perilling their lives to carry out his behests. His will is their law, his wages are their subsistence, and promotion in his service is their reward. Every foreman is chosen from the ranks of this great family. Should one of them take service with a rival house, he can never return to his allegiance. Great qualities of leadership are required for success in these vast enterprises, but if the rule of the lumber king is despotic, it is also patriarchal and beneficent.

For some distance above the Grais settlements continue on both sides of the river, but the stream itself is generally flanked by forest. High hills rise abruptly from its edge, and the land is a succession of well-defined benches. Good soil is found in the intervales of the tributaries, but some distance from the main river which in its course through the mountains forms many rapids and falls. The grandest of these are the Shawenegan Falls, twenty-four miles from Three Rivers. The river is narrowed between two projecting points, and divided by a rocky island into two channels of equal volume. The twin streams roll placidly for a while. Suddenly a swift rush begins, and their tawny water breaks into tossing foam. The right branch comes down with more direct course, dashed into white masses that rise, like fountains, perpendicularly into the air, and scatter their glittering beads of spray in wild profusion. The left branch sweeps round the island, and far up the narrow channel its stream can be seen, now reflecting the banks like a mirror and now tumbling over steps of shelving rock which stand darkly out of the variously-broken and lighted water. The play of colour from seal-brown to shining white is magnificent, and doubtless suggested the Indian name Shawenegan, or needlework, the "divers colours of needlework finely wrought." The left fall curves till at right angles to the other, when, meeting, they press upon and past a rocky point which stands out full against their united force when the water is low, but is swept by the Spring floods. Recoiling from its impetuous leaps against its adamantine barriers, the torrent sweeps down another long incline between walls of rock into a capacious bay, whose surface heaves as if with the panting of the water resting after its mad rush.

Into this bay enters the Shawenegan River, easily ascended by canoe, first through elm glades and restful flats, and then by sinuous turns between steep banks covered with spruce and birch, till the Little Shawenegan Falls burst on the view in exquisite loveliness.

In the quieter stretches of the St. Maurice there are many islands. These and the banks of the stream are beautifully wooded even up difficult steeps, rising far above the water's edge. Every here and there a mountain wall shadows the river, and breaks the forest greens with the purple and golden glories of the shrubs that alone can find hold upon its rugged face. Deep, gloomy gorges, through which come glimpses of a world of hills, mark the entrances of tributary streams. The grandeur and loveliness intensifies the mysterious solitude of the wilderness. Such is the country to which nearly three hundred years ago the *habitant* first came.



A GLIMPSE FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

MONTREAL

THERE is no more beautiful city on the continent of America than the commercial metropolis of the Dominion of Canada. The geographical features of the place at once suggest a city. Ocean-going steamers can navigate the river St. Lawrence no farther inland, but here, where insuperable difficulties stop navigation, nature has made it possible for human skill to produce a magnificent harbour. Lying between the

river and Mount Royal, rarely has it been the good fortune of any city to have so fine a background. The flat part, situated at the base by the river side, makes it easy for business; the sloping sides of the mountain are intended, perhaps, to meet the modern idea that prosperity shall build in the west end, and abundance in some overlooking heights. That which was natural happened; the city has extended westward and along the mountain side—that is to say, wealth used its undoubted right to erect its dwelling-places up the river where the water is clear, and up the mountain where the air is pure.



L'ESCALIER.

Reaching the city by way of the St. Lawrence, the eye rests upon a scene of rare beauty; three miles of river frontage turned into wharves; shipping of every kind and description, from the enormous steamship to the tiny pleasure yacht; back of that, long lines of warehouses; then, great public and private buildings, church spires and towers asserting their right to be higher than all other structures, and thus bid the busy world pause at times and look up. But the finest view of the city can be had from the mountain.

The top is reached by a winding path or, if the traveller choose, by steps suggestive of lungs and nerves, and a swimming head and death by falling. The view from the summit, however, is well worth the climb, whichever way may be chosen. The city lies at the base; the majestic St. Lawrence may be traced for miles. Just opposite it is spanned by the great Victoria Bridge, one mile and three-quarters long, built by Stephenson and Brunel, and opened by the Prince of Wales in 1861. Beyond the river is a vast stretch of land absolutely flat, bounded by ranges of hills among which, conspicuous, rise the twin mountains of St. Hilaire.

Montreal abounds with striking contrasts. The city is comparatively small—less than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—as what was called "the census" has declared. It has had only one or two hundred years of history; and yet everything is here—the antique and the modern—while hostile oddities lie cheek-by-jowl on every hand. Here are frame houses, some of them scarcely better than an Irishman's hovel on his native bog, and ignorance and squalour and dirt; close at hand are great streets of great houses, all of fine-cut stone. Here are thousands of French who cannot speak one word of English, and thousands of English who cannot speak one word of French. Unthrift and thrift come along the same thoroughfares. Some are content with a bare existence and some are not content with colossal fortunes. In social life we have the old French families with their Old World refinement pressed upon and almost pushed out of existence by the loud manners of the *nouveaux riches*. The older houses have their heirlooms of gold trinkets and silver plate; the new houses have their art galleries of elaborate picture-frames, the meanest of which would honour Cellini, and gladden the eyes and heart of a solid Manchester man.

We have the same striking contrasts in the appearance of the people on the streets. Here are unmistakable descendants of the ancient Iroquois Indians; at a turn we come upon a company who, by their dress and talk, take us back to the peasant classes of older France; while crowding everywhere are ladies and gentlemen of the most approved modern type, according to the fashions of London, Paris, and New York. The business of the place shows the same quaint differences. At one market we are in an exclusively agricultural district; there is nothing to suggest a ship, a warehouse, or a factory; buyers and sellers are country people with country ways, except that now and then a lady from the more aristocratic parts ventures to go a-marketing in the interests of economy. Our illustration represents what may be seen in one of the principal squares of the city on a market day. All the streets round the Bonsecours Market are crowded with carts filled with country produce, and the overflow finds its way into Jacques Cartier Square. The horses feeding peacefully as they would beside a country hostelry, primitive carts and harness, the *habitant* piously committing his horse or his basket to the care of God while he slips into the old church to say a prayer, are not the pictures one expects to find in a great city



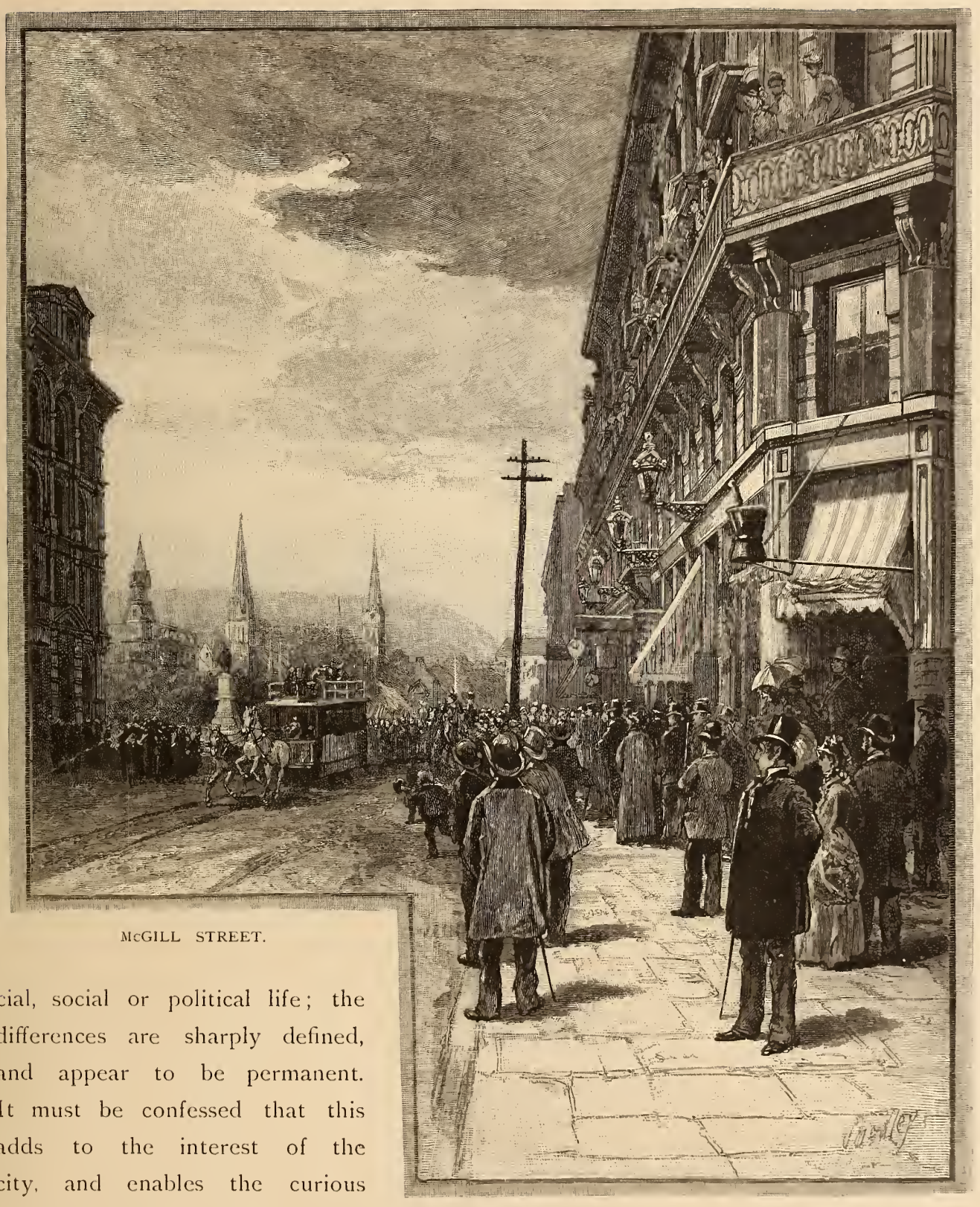
COMMISSIONER'S WHARF, AND BONSECOURS MARKET.



BONSECOURS CHURCH.

in the restless New World. A very little way to the west, you are in a different latitude. Signs of commerce and modern taste and industrial life abound. Here is a corner where we look into Victoria Square. The crowded streets, the magnificent cut-stone shops, hotels and warehouses, the well-appointed hall and rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association — the oldest Association of the kind in America,—the beautiful Kirk, Salisbury Cathedral in miniature, the bronze statue of the Queen by Marshall Wood, all reflect the nineteenth century. What surprises the visitor is the sharp distinction so long maintained. The new does not shoulder the ancient out of the way—does not even modify it. They move along parallel lines, neither affecting the other. There is no fusion of races in commer-

MARKET SCENES IN JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.



McGILL STREET.

cial, social or political life; the differences are sharply defined, and appear to be permanent. It must be confessed that this adds to the interest of the city, and enables the curious to study human life and work under a variety of aspects. But we must turn now to a closer description of people and places and their history.

The history of Montreal is an eventful one, and full of interest. The site was first visited by Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, on the 2d October, 1535. The Algonquin village of twelve hundred inhabitants was then named Hochelaga, and the Frenchman was well received, supplies of fish and maize being freely offered in return

for beads, knives, small mirrors and crucifixes. Hochelaga was, even in those days, a centre of importance, having eight or ten settlements subject to it. Nothing more was heard of it, however, till 1611, when Champlain left Quebec for Hochelaga, with the intention of establishing there a trading-station. Temporary structures were erected, ground was cleared and seeds were sown, in order to test the fertility of the soil. Before returning to Quebec, Champlain held conferences with many Indians—Hurons and Algonquins—who had come to meet him in the neighbourhood of the present Lachine Rapids. Two years later, Champlain visited Hochelaga again, and pushed forward up the river Ottawa as far as Lake Nipissing. It was not, however, till 1640 that a permanent establishment was attempted on the island of Montreal. In that year a society, designated "La Compagnie de Montreal," was formed in Paris for the promotion of religion in the colony. This Company consisted of about thirty persons of wealth, who proposed to build a regular town and protect it against the Indians by means of fortifications. Maisonneuve, a distinguished and pious soldier from Champagne, was chosen to lead the expedition and direct the Company. The sanction of the King of France having been obtained, priests and families were sent out, and on the 17th of May, 1642, Villemarie was solemnly consecrated. The spot chosen for the ceremony was near the foot of the mountain.

Maisonneuve was a great man, knightly in bearing, brave as a lion and devout as a monk. Among his most efficient colleagues was d'Aillebout, who was subsequently twice Governor of New France. During the first few years the colony of Villemarie barely managed to subsist, being constantly exposed to the incursions of Indians. On one occasion, in 1652, a small band of Frenchmen defeated a body of two hundred Iroquois in the immediate neighbourhood of Montreal. The following year Maisonneuve returned from France with three vessels and upwards of a hundred soldiers. In 1663, an important event occurred, the "Company of Montreal" having sold their rights to the Seminary of Montreal, who have ever since been the seigniors of the island and associated with every incident of its history. In 1672 the population of Montreal had reached the figure of 1500, and a few years later the place began to be laid out into streets within a quadrangular space surrounded by a wall. About the same time the village of Laprairie, on the opposite side of the river, was founded by a number of converted Iroquois, and later they migrated a little farther up to Caughnawaga, where their descendants survive to this day.

The Iroquois were the allies of the English of the New England Colonies and the Dutch on the Hudson, as the Hurons were of the French of Canada; and the wars between these two savage nations naturally involved their white friends. In 1690 an expedition, consisting of two hundred French and Indians, set out from Montreal on snow-shoes, and fell upon a Dutch settlement at Schenectady, putting all therein to fire and sword. In retaliation, a force of thirteen hundred men, under General Winthrop

and Major Schuyler, was equipped for a movement upon Montreal, by the way of Lake Champlain, while a fleet was dispatched against Quebec under the command of Sir William Phipps. The former accomplished nothing, owing to the difficulties of the march, and were easily repulsed; while the defeat of the latter by Frontenac is one of the most brilliant pages of the history of New France. In 1700–01 a great peace was concluded at Montreal between the Iroquois on the one hand, and the Hurons, Ottawas, Abnakis, and Algonquins on the other. This did not prevent works of defence being carried on, and in 1722 a low stone wall was erected, with bastions and outlets, extending all around the town. The population of Montreal at that time was three thousand. The fortifications, however, were available only against the Indians, and were not calculated to withstand artillery, as the events of fifty years later clearly proved. In 1760, after the fall of Quebec and the unsuccessful attempt of Lévis to recover that stronghold, Montreal became the last station of French power in America, and it is therefore indissolubly connected with the closing events of the Conquest. The British plan of campaign was to hem Montreal in from every side. With that view, General Murray moved up from Quebec, while Colonel Haviland advanced his army, composed of three thousand regulars and provincials, with a small body of Indians, from Crown Point on Lake Champlain, and up the Richelieu. On his side Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the Commander-in-Chief, set out from Albany and passed through the Iroquois country, now the State of New York, as far as Oswego, where he took boats to transport his men across the lower part of Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence. When he reached Lachine, Haviland had already occupied the south shore of the river opposite the city, and Murray was master of the territory extending to the foot of the island. Lévis had fired his last musket, Vaudreuil had exhausted all his diplomacy, and there only remained to be enacted the final scene of Capitulation whereby the fairest colony of France was transferred to Great Britain. It has never been definitely ascertained at what particular spot this impressive historical event took place. Most historians locate it at the Château de Ramezay, on Notre Dame Street, the official residence of Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor and Lieutenant-General. There is a local tradition, however, that the Articles of Surrender were signed in a small frame house, on the Cote des Neiges road, behind the mountain, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire only a few years ago. It is not necessary to trace the general history of the city from this point of the Conquest down to our day. It will suffice to say that from 1760 to 1810, Montreal was little better than a frontier outpost, and an emporium of the trade of peltries with the Indians. In the succeeding decade, the North-West was explored by a number of hardy adventurers—the Selkirks, MacTavishes and others penetrated into the wilderness; the North-West Company multiplied its stations throughout the Red River valley, and Montreal became the headquarters of all these mighty traders. There are episodes in this period of the history of Montreal, up to 1830, which have the charm of romance, reminding one

of its ancient days. The famous *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* are indissolubly associated with the city. All the canoes that went up the Ottawa, thence to French River and Georgian Bay, to Lake Superior and on through innumerable portages, to Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River and Lake to Fort Garry, set out from the village of Lachine, it is true, but they were all laden with Montreal freight and propelled by the stalwart arms of Montreal oarsmen. Then came the great development of the lumber trade, which gave additional importance to Montreal and increased its wealth. This trade brought the whole back country of the Upper Ottawa into commercial union with the city, and the profitable connection has continued down to the present time. Toward 1840, steamboat navigation was introduced, first from Montreal to Quebec, and afterwards from Montreal to the principal towns of Upper Canada. This was the dawn of the era which was gradually to enlarge into the system of railways and steamships whereby the standard position of Montreal as one of the chief cities of the continent was permanently assured.

It is easy to trace the two main divisions of the population of Montreal. Taking St. Lawrence Main Street as a dividing line, all that is east of it is French, and all that is west of it is English-speaking. The two nationalities scarcely overlap this conventional barrier, except in a few isolated cases. And other external characteristics of the French population are as distinct as their language. The houses are less pretentious, though quite comfortable, and there is a general absence of ornament or of surrounding plantations. The extreme eastern portion is designated the Quebec suburbs, and there the native people can be studied as easily as in the rural villages, from which the majority hail. They are an honest, hard-working race, very gay and courteous, and of primitive simplicity of life. Their thrift is remarkable, and they manage to subsist on one half of what would hardly satisfy the needs of people of other nationalities. The old folks speak little or no English, but it is different with the rising generation. These use the two languages indifferently, and herein possess a marked advantage over the English, Scotch and Irish. Within late years also, they have learned to husband their resources. They have in their midst a flourishing branch of the City and District Savings Bank, a number of building societies and two or three benevolent guilds. Their poor are cared for by the St. Vincent de Paul Association, which has several ramifications, and the Union St. Joseph is devoted to the relief of artisans during life, and of their families after death.

There is a great deal of hoarded wealth among the French inhabitants, but as a rule they do not invest it freely. They have among them some of the richest men in the city who, however, are modest in their wants, and make no display either in the way of sumptuous mansions or gaudy equipages. Although extremely hospitable and fond of society, they are not in the habit of giving balls or fancy entertainments, their evenings being spent mostly in mutual visits, where a quiet game of cards



MOUNTAIN DRIVE.

predominates. As in Paris so in Montreal, it is not easy to obtain access into the inner French circles; but once initiated, the stranger is agreeably surprised at the amount of grace and culture which he meets. It is a current mistake that higher education is uncommon among these people. The gift of conversation is almost universal; the best topics of art and literature are freely discussed, and ladies are familiar with political questions.

The western part of the city is English. By this term is meant all those whose vernacular is our mother-tongue. Numerically, the English portion is not so great as the Scotch, who unquestionably take the lead in commerce, finance and public enterprise generally. In perhaps no section of the Colonies have Englishmen and Scotchmen made more of their opportunities than in Montreal. There is an air of prosperity about all their surroundings which at once impresses the visitor. Taken all in all, there is perhaps no wealthier city area in the

world than that comprised between Beaver Hall Hill and the foot of Mount Royal, and between the parallel lines of Dorchester and Sherbrooke Streets in the West End. Sherbrooke Street is scarcely surpassed by the Fifth Avenue of New York in the magnificence of its buildings. The grounds include demesne and park, the charms of the country amid the rush and roar of a great commercial centre. In winter the equipages present a most attractive spectacle. It has been said that in this respect only St. Petersburg can claim precedence over Montreal. A favourite drive on a Saturday afternoon in winter is from Victoria Square to Nelson's Column and back, the sumptuous sleighs of every description, drawn by high-steppers, and bearing lovely women ensconced in the richest furs of the Canadian forest, following each other in endless succession. There is also a winter driving club, which periodically starts from the iron gates of McGill College and glides like the wind along the country roads to a hospitable rendezvous at Sault aux Récollet, Lachine or Longue Pointe, where a bounteous repast and a "hop" are provided. The return home under the moon and stars is the most enjoyable feature of the entertainment, and many a journey through life has been initiated by these exhilarating drives.

The extreme south-western portion of the city is occupied almost exclusively by the Irish population. It is called Griffintown, from a man of that name who first settled there and leased a large tract of ground from the Grey Nuns for ninety-nine years. Over sixty years of this lease have already expired, so that in about twenty-five or thirty years the ground rent of this immense section will revert to the nuns. Griffintown comprises a little world within itself—shops, factories, schools, academies, churches and asylums. The Irish population of Montreal take a high stand in business, politics and society. They number in their ranks many successful merchants and large capitalists, and have leading representatives in all the learned professions.

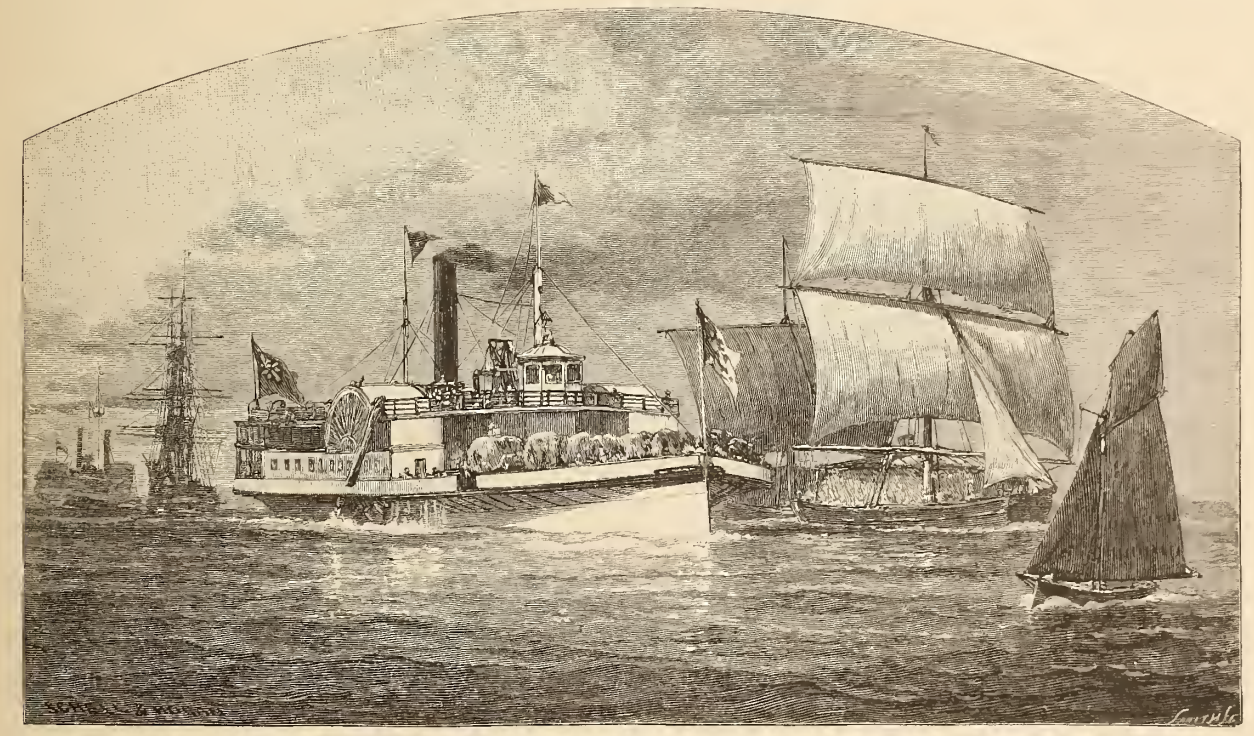
The island of Montreal is the most fertile area in the Province of Quebec, and is specially renowned for its fruit, the *Pomme Grise*, queen of russets, and the incomparable *Fameuse*, growing with a perfection obtainable nowhere else. It is thickly settled, being studded with thriving villages and rich farms. It is about thirty miles long and ten broad, and is formed by the confluence of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence at Ste. Anne's, in the western extremity, and by the meeting of the same rivers at Bout de l'Isle, on the eastern verge. The Ottawa behind the island is called Rivière des Prairies by the French, while the English have adopted the more prosaic title of Back River. About the middle of its course is a rapid known as Sault aux Récollet, so called from a Récollet missionary who perished there in the days of the Iroquois.

The city is bountifully provided with summer resorts and retreats within easy distance by rail and river. Lachine and Ste. Anne's have long been favourites among these, being admirably fitted by nature for boating and fishing purposes. They contain many charming villas and country houses. St. Lambert, immediately opposite the city,



MONTREAL FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

is growing in estimation from year to year. An old stopping-place is Longueuil, a little below St. Lambert, which has long had a considerable English colony, and is still a favourite resort in summer. No institution pays so well as the Longueuil Ferry, for a great deal of the traffic from the fertile counties of Chambly and Laprairie comes by it to the city. The quiet bay in front of the village is the roadstead for the craft of the Longueuil Yacht Club, whose record stands high in aquatic annals. Within an hour's ride is Chambly, situate on a basin of the same name, which forms part of the beautiful Richelieu River. Directly opposite tower the basaltic pillars of Belœil Mountain, one of the most picturesque spots in Canada, on whose summit a lovely



THE LONGUEUIL FERRY.

lake mirrors the sky—a spot resorted to by scores of families whose heads are able to come and go, to and from the city, without detriment to their business.

In the way of parks and pleasure-grounds Montreal is singularly fortunate. There is a Mountain Park and an Island Park, both of which may fairly claim to be unrivalled. The former cost the city nearly half a million of dollars, but is well worth the money. The drive round it is a favourite afternoon recreation for citizens and visitors. It ascends from the south-eastern base of Mount Royal, by curves that are sometimes like corkscrews, to the highest altitude, whence a magnificent panorama is outspread, including the whole island of Montreal, the fair Richelieu peninsula, the blue waters of Lake Champlain, and the undulating line of the Green Mountains of Vermont. Our illustration on page 113 shows the Nuns' Island above the Victoria bridge, a beautiful islet that owes its name to its ownership. This Mountain Park is



MONTREAL FROM ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



THE ISLAND PARK.

still in its native ruggedness, and it will take years before it is completed, according to a scientific plan embracing tracts of landscape-gardening, relieved by spaces of woodland, glade and primeval forest. It is intended also to have preserves for game and wild animals. The Island Park is St. Helen's Island, in the middle of the river, and in it, within reach of sling or arquebuse, Montreal possesses a pleasure resort nowhere excelled. St. Helen's Island has a romantic history. Champlain's wife, Helen Bouillé, took a fancy to it, bought it with the contents of her own purse, and in return Champlain gave it her name. Later, it fell into the hands of the Le Moyne family, and became incorporated in their seigniory of Longueuil. Finally, it was purchased by the Imperial Government for military purposes, and barracks were erected thereon. After

the departure of the British troops from the country, the property was passed over to the Federal Government, who leased it, on certain conditions, to the city for park purposes. Looking at it from the city one has no idea of its height in the centre. It slopes upward from the water's edge, and thus affords a capital military position, as may be seen at a glance in our illustration of the Old Battery. The same feature makes it one of the best possible points from which to get a view of the city, especially of the harbour and long-extended line of wharves and docks, with the mountain towering up in the back-



OLD BATTERY, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

ground. In the fall of 1760, the island was the scene of a dramatic incident. The Chevalier de Lévis, who defeated Murray at the battle of Ste. Foye in the summer of that year, and would have recaptured Quebec and retrieved the disaster of the Plains of Abraham, had not a British fleet suddenly arrived under the shadow of Cape Diamond, was obliged to retreat towards Montreal, whither he was soon followed by Murray and Amherst. The French had to bow to the inevitable, and Vaudreuil signed the articles of capitulation. Meantime Lévis, who had retired to St. Helen's Island, sent a flag of truce to Murray, to request the surrender of his troops with the honours of war. For some inexplicable reason this demand was not granted, and

the high-minded Frenchman construed the denial into an insult. When the shadows of night had fallen, and the foliage of the great trees intensified the darkness, he gathered his men in the centre of the island around a pyre of blazing wood. At the word of command the colours were trooped, the staffs broken, and the whole thrown into the fire, while the drums beat to arms, and the veterans cried "Vive la France!" with the anguish of despair. The next morning the remnant of the French army filed before their conquerors and piled their arms, but never a shred of the white flag was there, to deepen their humiliation.

Chief among the public squares and gardens of Montreal, in size and in historic interest, is the Champ de Mars. In 1812, the citadel or mound on the present site of Dalhousie Square was demolished, and the earth of which it was composed was carried over and strewn upon the Champ de Mars. This fact, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, has led some people to suppose that the Field of Mars dates only from that comparatively late period. Such, however, is not the fact. No doubt the dumping of so much new earth, with proper levelling and rolling, was a great improvement; but the site and general outlines of the ground itself belong to a higher antiquity. The Champ was a scene of promenade in the old French days, and many is the golden sunset that fired the leafy cylinders of its Lombardy poplars, as beaux, with peaked hats and purple doublets, sauntered under their graceful ranks in the company of short-skirted damsels. The chief glory of the Champ de Mars is its military history. With the single exception of the Plains of Abraham, there is no other piece of ground in America which has been successively trodden by the armies of so many different nations in martial array. First, it witnessed the evolutions of the blue-coated Frenchmen—probably such historical regiments as those of Carignan and Rousillon—and its sands were crunched by the hoofs of chargers that bore Montcalm and Lévis. Then the serried ranks of red-coats paraded from the days of Murray and Carleton. It were worth while to know how many regiments of the British army have, at one time or another, turned out on the Champ de Mars. Next, for about six months, the ground was used by

> "The cocked-hat Continentals,
> In their ragged regimentals;"

many of whom went forth therefrom to defeat and death under the cliffs at Quebec, with the heroic Montgomery. And now it is the parade-ground of our Canadian Volunteers. The illustration gives us a specimen of the Victoria Rifles, one of Montreal's crack regiments. The buildings shown are the rear of the Hôtel de Ville and of the Court House; then the twin towers of the parish church, which are seen from almost every point of view; and next to them the side of the modest little Presbyterian Church called St. Gabriel's, which is given below in its full dimensions. This is the oldest



THE CHAMP DE MARS.

Protestant Church standing in Montreal, and long may it stand, for it preserves the memory of Christian courtesies between three leading Christian communions. While the church was being built, the good old Récollet Fathers offered the congregation the use of their chapel to worship in. The sturdy Scotchmen accepted the offer, and when they moved into their own kirk presented the Fathers with a hogshead of Canary wine and two boxes of candles. Subsequently, when the Anglican church was burnt, the Presbyterians—doubtless remembering how they had been indebted to others—came forward promptly and put St. Gabriel's at the entire disposal of the Anglicans for the half of every



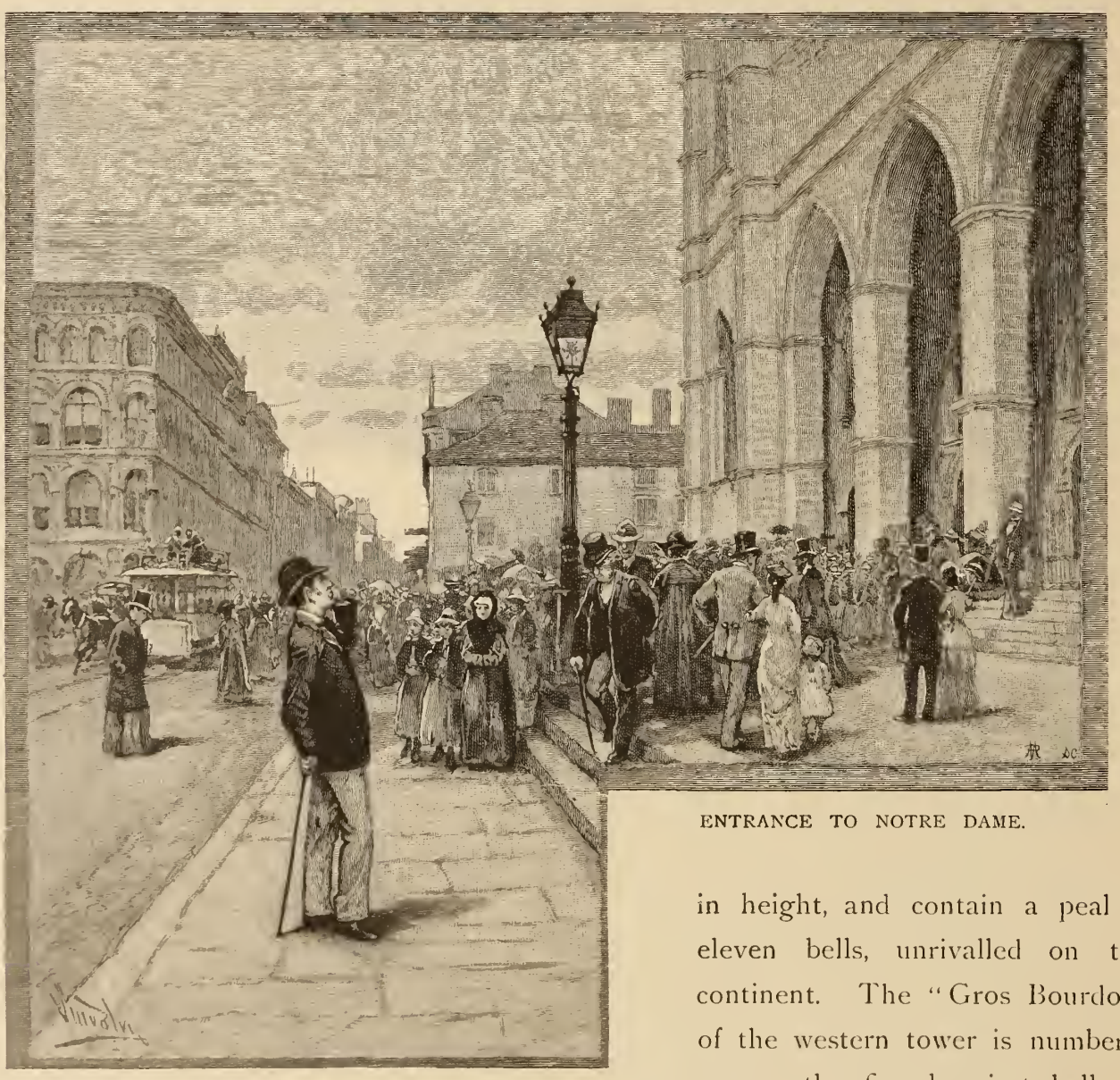
FROM THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME, OVERLOOKING THE PLACE D'ARMES.

Sunday, until their church could be rebuilt. This offer was accepted as graciously as it was made, and thus St. Gabriel's is, in itself, a monument equal in interest to anything in Montreal.

Historically, the Place d'Armes is even more interesting. As it stands at present, there are few more charming spots in Canada, framed in as it is by the Corinthian portico of the Montreal Bank, the Ionic colonnade of the City Bank—now the buildings of the Canada Pacific Railway Company—and the towers of Notre Dame. Our view is taken from Notre Dame, so that we get only a portion of the Place d'Armes; but while we lose part of the Place, we gain a glimpse of the city as a whole, extending away to the foot of the mountains. Next to the Bank of Montreal, with its beautiful portico, stands the Post Office. Between it and the mountains the most prominent buildings are St. Mary's College and the Church of the *Gesu*, which attracts Protestants to its services by good music. Farther west the unshapely pile of St. Patrick's Cathedral bulks largely on the slope of Beaver Hall. The garden of the Place d'Armes is very beautiful in summer, with its young trees and central pyramidal fountain; but in winter it is invested with a particular glory—for the place is the coldest spot in Montreal at all seasons of the year—the north-west winds streaming from the mountain in that direction as through a Colorado cañon. Its history goes back to the early history of the city. In 1643 and 1644, the Colony of Villemarie—the beautiful ancient name of Montreal—was practically in a state of siege, owing to the incursions of Indians. The noble Maisonneuve kept on the defensive for a time, until he was remonstrated with, and several of his more influential followers openly charged him with cowardice. This stirred his martial spirit; he determined on changing his tactics. With a train of dogs accustomed to scent the trail of the Iroquois, and at the head of thirty armed men, he marched out in the direction of the mountain, where he was met by upwards of two hundred savages, who fell upon him and compelled his forces to retreat. Maisonneuve formed the rear-guard. With a pistol in each hand, he walked slowly back, and never halted until he reached the present site of the Place d'Armes. There, when the French had repulsed the foe and gathered their dead and wounded, they understood both the valour of their commandant and the wisdom of remaining behind the shelter of their fortifications.

There is no city in America which has a greater number of public institutions of an ecclesiastical, educational, or charitable character. Chief among these is the Church of Notre Dame, the largest edifice of the kind in America, except the Cathedral of Mexico. At the founding of Villemarie, a temporary chapel of bark was built on "Pointe á Calliére," which was used until the following year, when a wooden structure was raised on the same spot. In 1654, this chapel becoming too small, M. de Maisonneuve suggested the construction of a more commodious church adjoining the hospital in St. Paul Street, on the spot where stands to-day the block of stores belonging to the Hôtel Dieu. Service was held there for upwards of twenty years. In 1672, the

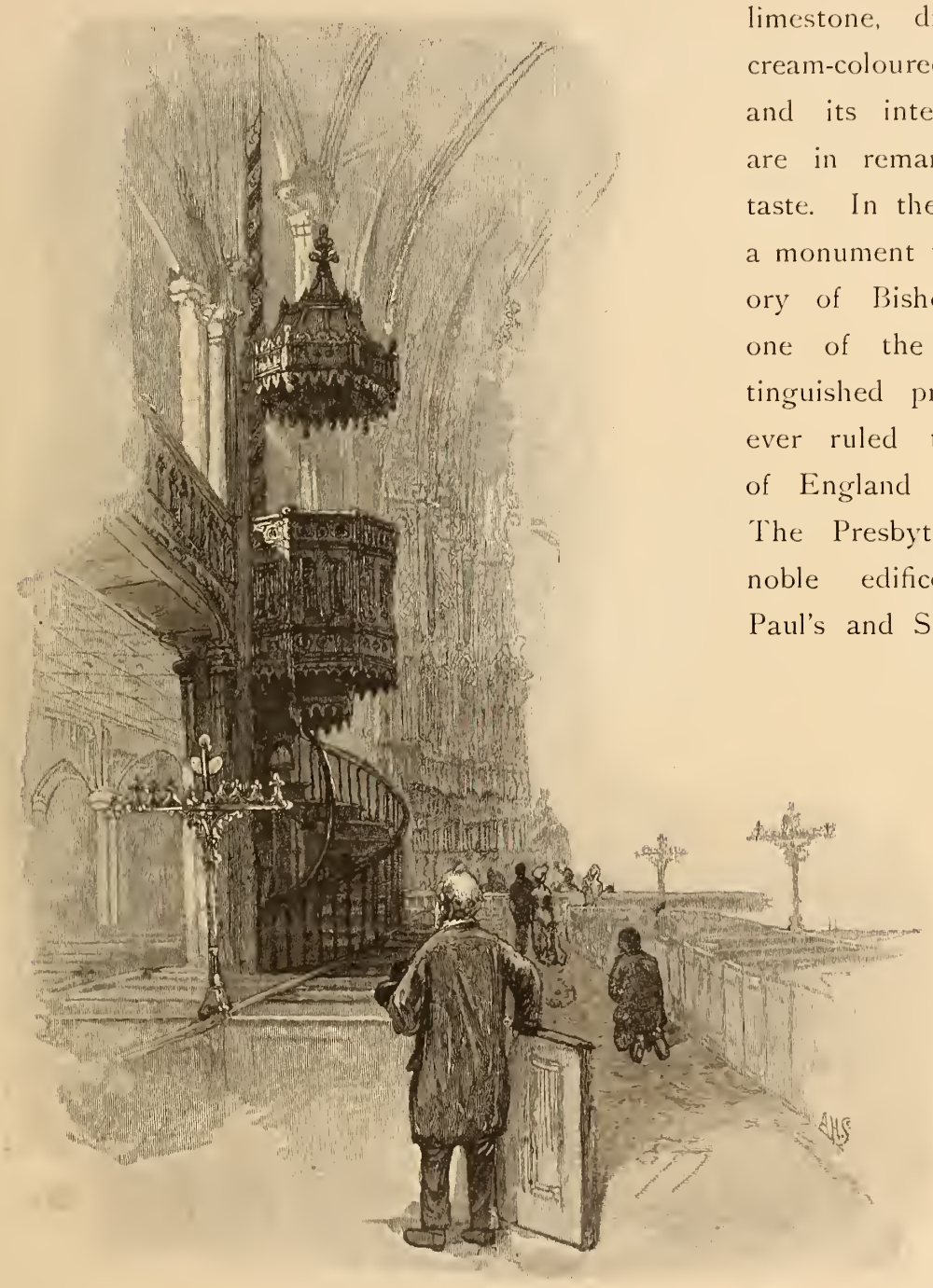
foundations of a more spacious edifice were laid in the Place d'Armes, and the church was completed in 1678. This lasted till 1823, when the present temple was devised, which, on the 15th June, 1829, was opened for public worship under the auspices of Mgr. Lartigue, first R. C. Bishop of Montreal. The pile was intended to be a representative of its namesake, Notre Dame, of Paris. Its towers are 227 feet



ENTRANCE TO NOTRE DAME.

in height, and contain a peal of eleven bells, unrivalled on this continent. The "Gros Bourdon" of the western tower is numbered among the five heaviest bells in the world. It was cast in London, weighs 24,780 pounds, is six feet high, and at its mouth measures eight feet seven inches in diameter. The nave of the church, including the sanctuary, is 220 feet in length, nearly 80 feet in height, 69 in width, exclusive of the side aisles, which measure 25½ feet each, and the walls are five feet thick. The church is capable of holding 12,000, and on extraordinary occasions, when chairs are used, 15,000 persons. The twin towers of Notre Dame stand out to every traveller as one of the notable landmarks of Montreal.

Other churches are so numerous that Montreal, like Brooklyn, has been denominated the City of Churches. Christ Church Cathedral, on St. Catherine Street, stands deservedly first. It is a gem of Gothic architecture, not surpassed by Grace Church, of New York. It is built of limestone, dressed with cream-coloured sandstone, and its interior fittings are in remarkably good taste. In the grounds is a monument to the memory of Bishop Fulford, one of the most distinguished prelates that ever ruled the Church of England in Canada. The Presbyterians have noble edifices in St. Paul's and St. Andrew's.



PULPIT OF NOTRE DAME.

The Methodists, Unitarians, Congregationalists and others are well represented, while the Israelites have two synagogues. The Jesuits boast of a church which is an exact counterpart of the celebrated *Gesu*, of Rome. The spirit of ambition is strong in the Catholics. The late Bishop, Mgr. Bourget, commenced the task of erecting a *fac-simile* in miniature of St. Peter's. The architect was instructed to proceed to Rome

and simply reduce St. Peter's to exactly one-third of its actual dimensions and reproduce it in that fashion in Montreal. Slowly it has been growing before the puzzled eyes of the citizens, and strangers ask with wonderment what it is, or is likely to be.

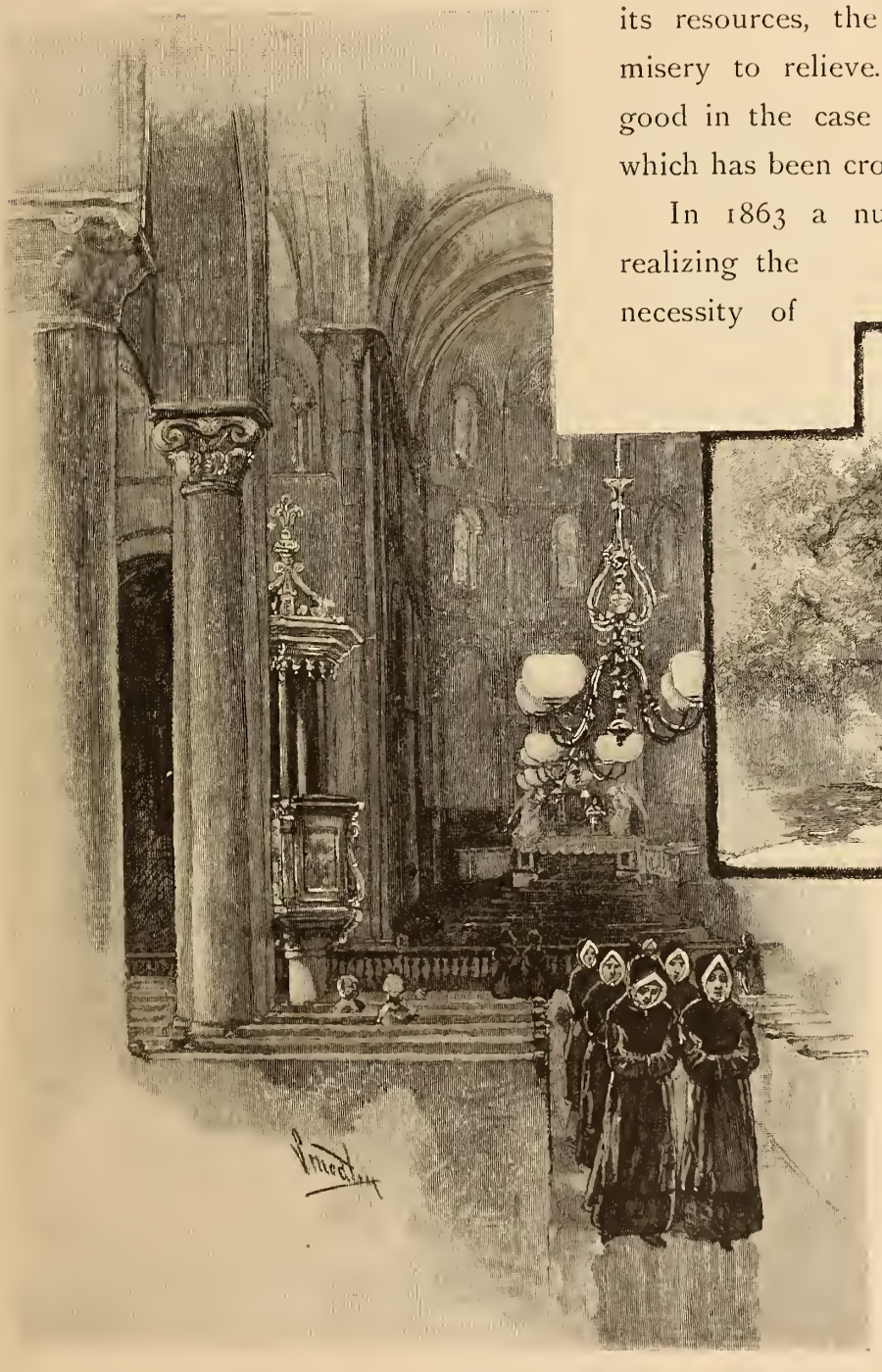
Not only are the charitable institutions of Montreal more numerous in respect to population than those of any other city on this continent, but several of them belong to a high antiquity, and are intimately connected with salient events in the history of New France. The foundation, for instance, of the Hôtel Dieu, reads like a romance. When Maisonneuve offered his services to the "Compagnie de Montreal," and was named Governor of the future colony, he was sagacious enough to understand that his scheme stood in need of a virtuous woman who would take care of the sick, and superintend the distribution of supplies. Such a person should be of heroic mould, to face the dangers and privations of the wilderness. What gold could not purchase, Providence supplied in the person of a young woman—Jeanne Mance, daughter of a *procureur du roi*, near Lamoges, in Champagne—who was impelled by an irresistible *vocation* to the missions of New France. Queen Anne, of Austria, and several distinguished ladies of the Court, apprised of her merit and extraordinary resolution, encouraged her in her design; and Madame Bouillon, a distinguished lady of that period, placed means at her disposal for the establishment of an hospital. In the summer of 1641, two vessels sailed from La Rochelle, one bearing Maisonneuve, a priest and twenty-five men—the other carrying Mademoiselle Mance, a missionary and twelve men. The winter was spent at Sillery, near Quebec. On the opening of navigation in 1642, a small flotilla, consisting of two barges, a pinnace and another boat, moved up the solitary highway of the St. Lawrence, and on the 18th May possession was taken of Montreal by the celebration of a solemn mass. The two principal persons who figured at the ceremony were Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance; and thus it happened that a woman assisted in the founding of this great city.

Another community has long been identified with the history of Montreal. The mission of the Grey Nuns is to assist the poor, visit the sick, educate the orphan, and enfold with maternal arms the nameless and homeless foundling. There is no charity more beautiful than theirs, and hence their popularity with Protestants as well as Catholics. The Order was founded by Madame de Zanille, a Canadian lady, belonging to the distinguished families of Varennes and Boucher de Boucherville. The old convent stood for many years on Foundling Street—named thus in its honour—opposite Ste. Anne's Market,—but had to make way for the encroachments of trade, and has since been transferred to magnificent buildings on Guy Street. The Grey Nuns have spread over the Province, and have numerous representatives in the north-west, as far even as the Upper Saskatchewan.

In the noble work of charity, the Protestant population, although numerically far inferior, has more than held its own. Notwithstanding the amplitude of its accom-

modation, the General Hospital was not found sufficiently large, and a good citizen, Major Mills, established another in the extreme west end, whence it derives its name of the Western Hospital. It has been said that charity differs from trade in this, that whereas the latter is always in direct ratio of supply to demand, the former reverses the rule; and the more it expands its resources, the more it finds objects of misery to relieve. The principle has held good in the case of the Western Hospital, which has been crowded from its opening day.

In 1863 a number of leading citizens, realizing the necessity of a peculiar asylum of help for the Protestant poor and unfortunate—especially the aged and feeble, who had no means of livelihood—raised upwards of $80,000, with which they laid the foundations of the institution called the Protestant House of Refuge and Industry. The dual character of the population, elsewhere referred to, has made necessary a double set of asylums for Protestants and Catholics, which accounts for the extraordinary number of these institutions, as compared with the total number of inhabitants.



IN THE CHAPEL OF GREY NUNNERY.



GATEWAY OF THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE.

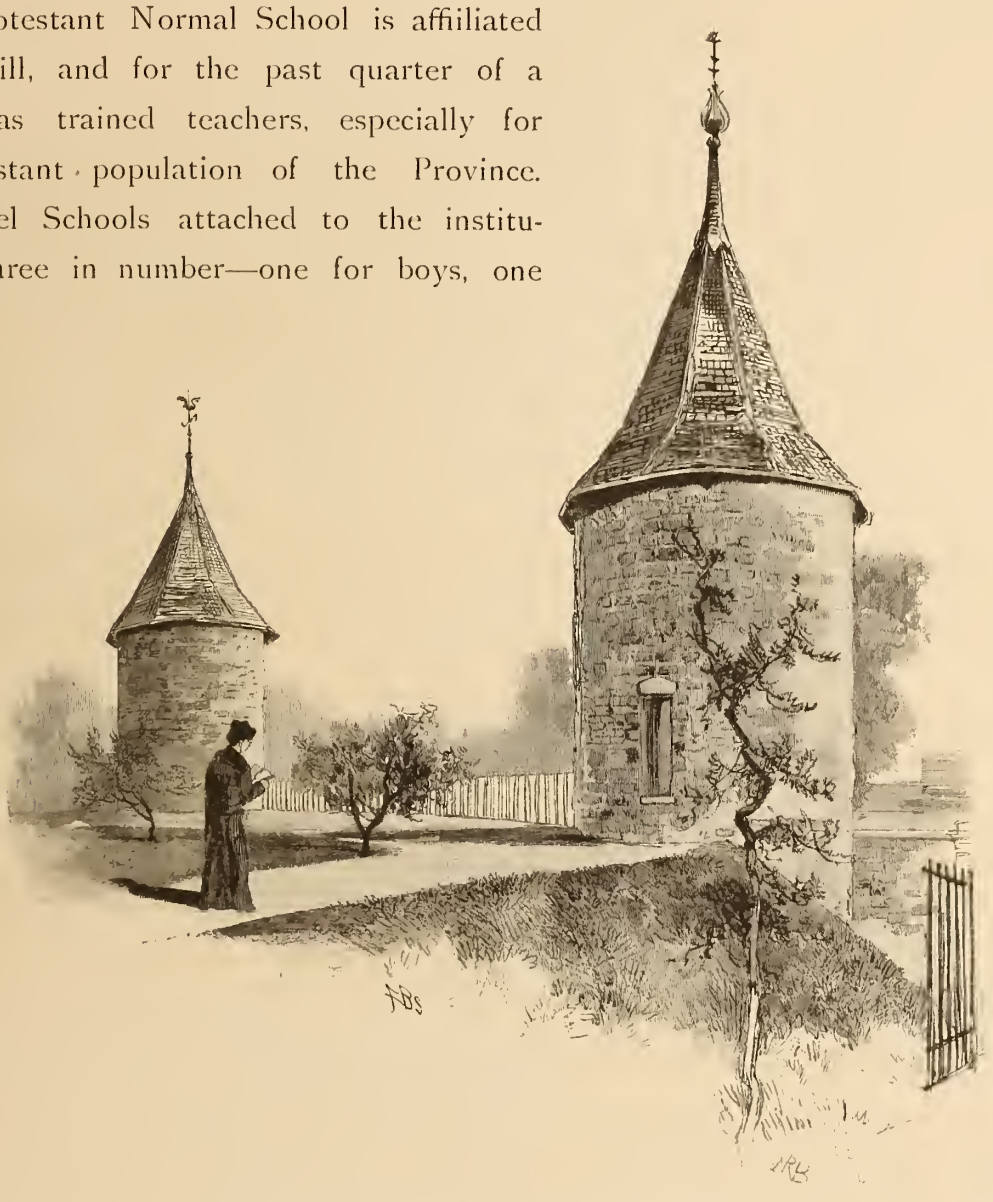
Chief among the educational establishments of Montreal is McGill University, whose history embraces several features that deserve consideration. Hon. James McGill, who was born at Glasgow in 1744, and died at Montreal in 1813, by his last will and testament devised the estate of Burnside, containing forty-seven acres of land, and bequeathed a large sum of money for the purposes of this foundation. The University was erected by Royal Charter in 1821, and reorganized by an amended Charter in 1852. Its



CITY HALL, AND NELSON'S MONUMENT.

endowments, exhibitions and scholarships are already respectable. The Molson Chair of English Language and Literature, the Peter Redpath Chair of Natural History, the Logan Chair of Geology, the John Frothingham Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, have each an endowment of $20,000. Students attend McGill not only from every Province of the Dominion, but from the United States. It counts among its professors some distinguished scholars, notably Dr. Dawson, the Principal, whose scientific reputation is world-wide. Among the affiliated institutions are Morrin College, Quebec; St. Francis College, Richmond; the Congregational College of British North America; the Presbyterian College of Montreal; the Diocesan College of Montreal, and the Wesleyan College

of Montreal. Under the regulations for the establishment of Normal Schools in the Province of Quebec, the Superintendent of Education is empowered to associate with himself, for the direction of one of these schools, the corporation of McGill University. In accordance with this arrangement, the Provincial Protestant Normal School is affiliated with McGill, and for the past quarter of a century has trained teachers, especially for the Protestant population of the Province. The Model Schools attached to the institution are three in number—one for boys, one



ANCIENT TOWERS AT MONTREAL COLLEGE.

for girls, and a primary. These schools are capable of accommodating about three hundred pupils; are supplied with the best furniture and apparatus; and are conducted on the most approved methods of teaching. They receive pupils from the age of six and upwards, and give a thorough English education. There are two high schools—one for boys and another for girls—largely attended.

Montreal College and St. Mary's College are Roman Catholic institutions. The former occupies a magnificent site on Sherbrooke Street, at the foot of the mountain, and the building is probably the largest single and continuous pile in America. This institution has been intimately associated with the history of Montreal for over a

hundred years. It is under the control of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, who were made seigniors of the Island of Montreal and its environs by Royal Letters Patent, in 1640. The Theological Department is specially remarkable, and has been the nursery of priests and missionaries for more than a century. Its students are from all parts. Chief among the objects of interest connected with the college are the two round towers near the gates, which tradition traces back to the early days of the colony, when they were built as outposts of defence against the red men. These towers are kept in a perfect state of preservation, as memorials of those ancient days of peril.

St. Mary's College, on Bleury Street, is under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, and their boast is that it is second to none of their establishments on this continent, which is saying a great deal when one is acquainted with such old and successful colleges as those of Fordham, N. Y., Georgetown, D. C., and St. Louis, Mo. Their celebrated *Ratio Studiorum* is carried out to the letter, and the results deserve attention, because the methods are so different from those in vogue in our day. There is tone and style in everything connected with St. Mary's College. Strangers are received with the utmost courtesy, whether they visit the institution itself or the adjoining Church of the *Gesu*, to see its relics of saints and its frescoes.

A second Normal School for the French and Catholics, under the patronymic of Jacques Cartier, was located from its foundation in the old Government House at Chateau Ramezay, opposite the City Hall, but has since been transferred to palatial quarters on an eminence at the East End. The management is almost wholly ecclesiastical, the Principal being Abbé Verreau, distinguished as an historian and antiquarian. The Catholic Commercial Academy, off St. Catherine Street, is the only institution of the kind in the Province which is altogether under the control of laymen, and from all accounts it has met with complete success.

The Art Association of Montreal was incorporated in 1858, but for many years it had but a languid existence. The late Bishop Fulford did much to encourage its members, but the credit of having placed the society on a permanent footing is due to Benaiah Gibb, who left property, money, and a number of paintings from his own collection, to form a gallery. A suitable building has been erected in Phillips' Square, and the art gallery was recently opened by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and H. R. H. the Princess Louise.

While little has been done for art, less has been done for libraries. The Mechanics' Institute has a collection of books, but not at all adequate to the wants of so large a population. A movement is at present on foot, tending to the establishment of a public library commensurate with the size, wealth and culture of the city. In truth, money was left by the late Mr. Fraser, to build and furnish a public library, but for some mysterious reason, the library is still *in posse*. The Institut Canadien flourished



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, FROM PHILLIPS' SQUARE.

for many years with a good library and reading-room, but it has of late fallen into disuse, and its books have been advertised for sale.

But Montreal is more interested in outdoor sports and in organizing amusement clubs than in art. The Victoria skating club, whose famous rink on Drummond Street was one of the first erected on this continent, has been the scene of many brilliant fancy-dress entertainments, which Royalty and nobility have graced. Those "carnivals" on the ice were first instituted here, and have since become popular elsewhere. There are three

curling clubs—the Caledonia, Montreal and Thistle—with a Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonian curling club of Scotland. The Montreal curling club was founded in 1807, and ranks high in the annals of the "roarin' game." Snow-shoeing has been reduced to an art. The parent club, the "Montreal," is perhaps the most prosperous corporate body of the kind in the city. The costume is singularly picturesque—white flannel coat and leggings, blue cap with tassel—from which is derived the popular name of Tuque Bleue—red sash and moccasins. There is no prettier sight than that of the club meeting at the McGill College gates, moving up the flank of the mountain to the "Pines," and then gliding to the rendezvous at the Club House, at Outremont. The memorable torchlight procession over this route to the hospitable villa of Thornbury, made in honour of Lord Dufferin, in 1873, was a fairy spectacle which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Every winter there is a sweepstakes over the mountain, a day devoted to games and races, and several tramps across country to a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. Lacrosse is the "national game" of Canada, and in that character it had its birth in Montreal. Four or five years ago, a select team made the tour of England, and had the honour of playing before Her Majesty at Windsor. The Indian clubs of Caughnawaga and St. Regis always take part in the games, but they have long lost the supremacy which they enjoyed for centuries. There is also a golf club, established in 1873, under the auspices of the Earl of Dufferin; a bicycle club, foot-ball club, and a chess club, which numbers among its members some of the strongest and most brilliant players in the country; an active and energetic club for the protection of fish and game, as well as a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; two gymnasia, and a McGill College athletic club, whose annual games recall many feats of skill and strength. Boating is also a favourite pastime, and there are three large yacht clubs—the Montreal, Longueuil and Lachine. A regatta in Hochelaga Basin, with the prow of the graceful little vessels steering straight as a needle for the twin spires of Varennes Church, is as pretty a sight as one could wish to see.

The turning-point in the business history of Montreal was in 1850 or thereabouts, when it suddenly manifested a tendency to expand. That change was mainly due to two causes—the Allan Line of Steamships and the Grand Trunk Railway. This leads us to speak of the shipping and the carrying-trade from the interior to the seaboard, and *vice versa*. The geographical position of the city is of course exceptional; but in order to make the most of it, it was necessary to obviate the difficulty presented by the Lachine Rapids to up-stream navigation. The only way to do that was to turn the rapids by a canal. The Sulpicians understood this as far back as 1700, when they opened a sluice, 2½ feet deep, by the River St. Pierre to Montreal, and used boats therein. In 1821 public-spirited citizens, led by Hon. John Richardson, resolved to enlarge this primitive boat canal into a barge canal. Richardson wanted it to extend from Lachine to



STEAMER PASSING LOCKS, AND UNLOADING SHIPS BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Hochelaga, so as to avoid the current opposite the fort of St. Helen's Island and Isle Ronde, and thus make Hochelaga the real port, as Nature intended it to be, seeing that in its majestic basin the fleets of the world might moor in safety. But the opposition of interested parties thwarted this vast design, and the canal was dug only to Windmill Point, its present terminus, a distance of 8½ miles. The work was commenced

in 1821 and completed in 1825. But there was more to come, because more was needed. The barge canal was not sufficient, and must give way to a ship canal. The widening began in 1843 and continued till its completion in 1849, at an outlay of over $2,000,000. With the opening of these works the commercial supremacy of Montreal was secured, because it fixed the union of ocean and inland navigation. The trade, indeed, grew to such a volume that the canal was once more found inadequate, and in 1875 another enlargement was begun, at an estimated cost of $6,500,000. This is part of a gigantic scheme for the widening of the whole St. Lawrence canal system, a work whose magnitude will be understood when we remember that from the Atlantic entrance of the straits of Belle Isle, *via* the St. Lawrence and inland lakes to the head of Lake Superior, the distance is 2384 miles, and that on that route there are the Lachine, Beauharnois, Cornwall, Farran's Point, Rapide Plat, Galops and Welland Canals, the aggregate length of which is 70½ miles; and the total lockage 536¾ feet, through fifty-four locks up to Lake Erie; also, the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, built by the United States, one and one-seventeenth miles in length, with eighteen feet of lockage. These canals make Montreal the rival of New York for the grain and provision trade of the Great West and North-west. Her facilities are great, and there is every prospect of farther and speedy development. Already, we can get on board the "Bohemian," or some other large and well-appointed steamer, at the lowest dock of the Lachine Canal, and take as pleasant a summer journey up the St. Lawrence as mortal tired of the dust and heat of the city can desire; and still on by water without a break, up lake after lake, to "the city of the unsalted seas," in the heart of the Continent. Or, we can go east as safely as west. Nearly thirty years ago the first steamers of the Allan Company were sent forth, but a series of disasters well-nigh brought the enterprise to the ground. The Company persevered, however, until now they possess one of the finest and largest fleets afloat, comprising twenty-five iron and steel steamers, to say nothing of swift and powerful clippers. These vessels ply between Montreal and Liverpool, Montreal and Glasgow, Boston and Liverpool, and Boston and Glasgow. There are beside eight or ten steamship lines employed regularly in the Montreal trade—the Dominion, Beaver, Temperley, Ross, Thompson, Donaldson, Great Western, White Cross and Gulf Ports. A French line is also in near contemplation, for next season, as well as a service with Brazil. The inland navigation is perfectly supplied. We have a daily mail steamer to and from Quebec, connecting with steamers to all the watering places of the Lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay; also a daily line to the ports of Ontario as far as Hamilton; another daily line up the Ottawa, and a number of way-boats to all the villages and towns of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers. The port is admirably provided with wharves and basins, and farther accommodation is being prepared. Indeed, the enlargement of the harbour is one of the main questions of the future, and some remarkable plans have already been submitted to the public. All the modern

appliances for loading and unloading are employed, and the facilities for almost immediate transhipment from freight-cars to the hold of vessels are unsurpassed. Montreal was the first port in the world lighted by electricity. The result is continuous labour. The electric lights are placed at intervals of about two hundred yards, from the mouth of the Lachine Canal to Hochelaga, so that the whole harbour is lit up. The question of harbour dues has been engaging attention, and steps have been taken to make Montreal a free port. The port is governed by a Board of Commissioners, a portion of whom represent the Federal Government, another the shipping interest, and a third part the city corporation. It is impossible to conceive of a more striking contrast than that presented by the harbour in summer and in winter. Our illustration shows that part of it near the Custom House called Island Wharf. The dock here is always crowded with ocean steamers, elevators drawing grain from barges and loading them, and vessels and skiffs of all sizes—while a forest of masts and funnels extends far down the river. The scene is one of busy labour night and day. The great river sweeps past in calm majesty, with a force that no power could arrest. But the frost king comes, and everything that looks like commerce takes flight. The river is sealed fast, till another power comes with kindly influences. The spring rains and suns rot the ice, and it begins to break. Montreal is on the *qui vive* to see it start down the river. It starts, but is usually blocked at Isle Ronde, and grounds. Then it shoves, and piles up, and the lower parts of the city are flooded. To cross with a boat at such a time is not only an exciting but often a perilous undertaking, as the cakes of ice may move or turn under the men, when of course the danger is extreme even to the most skilful ice-navigators.

The Grand Trunk Railway has been for years the main artery of the commerce of the country, and Montreal is its chief terminus. Five other lines of railway centre here — the Champlain and St. Lawrence, Central Vermont, Boston and Delaware, South-Eastern, and North Shore. The North Shore (officially named the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway) has its central station in the eastern part of the city, on the site of the old Quebec Gate Barracks, which had to be torn down in consequence, thus depriving the city of one of its most interesting historical landmarks. This railway is the property of the local government, which is said to have expended about thirteen millions in its construction, thereby creating a debt that weighs like an incubus upon the Province.

The Montreal Board of Trade was incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1842, and consists of an Executive and a Board of Arbitrators. There is also a Corn Exchange Association, incorporated in 1863, with a Committee of Management and a Board of Review. A third corporation, the Dominion Board of Trade, received its initiation mainly in Montreal, though its annual meetings have generally been held in Ottawa. Another important body is the Montreal Stock Exchange, which holds two daily ses-

sions, forenoon and afternoon. The scene of its operations is St. François Xavier Street, which is the Wall Street of Montreal. There all the brokers have their offices, and about noon, on certain days, the sidewalks are crowded with dealers and speculators, discussing the ebb and flow of stocks, and conducting their mysterious operations. St. François Xavier is one of the oldest and narrowest streets of the city, but it affords



TRANSFERRING FREIGHT BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

a curious ground of observation for the visitor who wishes to form an idea of the financial importance of the Canadian metropolis. When the heterogeneousness of the population is taken into account, the city government may be said to be fairly well administered. The standing trouble is the rivalry between the East and West Ends—that is, the French and English-speaking portions.

St. Urbain is another street that may be said to be on the border-land between the English and the French-speaking population of Montreal. We see it in winter



MONTREAL HARBOUR.



MONTREAL WINTER SCENES.

dress, the snow cleared from the sidewalks and forming parallel lines, between which traffic makes its way much more smoothly than in summer. The snow is less of an impediment to ordinary business than is dust or rain during the other seasons



NOTRE DAME, FROM ST. URBAIN STREET.

of the year. It is a decided impediment, indeed, to the progress of conflagrations, with which Montreal used to be scourged. The department, however, is now so thoroughly organized that it is almost impossible for a fire to make any headway before it is checked. The alarm system is so perfect and the brigade so disci-

plined, that no conflagrations on an extensive scale have taken place within the past twenty-five years. Everything is also done to protect property in case of fire. The illustration is a spirited sketch of a salvage wagon that has just come out of the



IN ST. GABRIEL STREET.

fire station on St. Gabriel Street, and is plunging along between the lines of piled-up snow, to the spot indicated by the alarm. The duty of the men is to cover up all endangered property with tarpaulins, and to be its custodians till questions of ownership and insurance are settled.

In a first visit to Montreal, by all means let the traveller approach from the water—

from up stream, down stream, or the south shore. From all three directions the view will repay him. The river itself is so fascinating in its strength of crystal purity, so overpowering in vastness and might, that it would dwarf an ordinary city. It does dwarf every other place along its banks—Quebec alone excepted. It bears, lightly as a garland, the chain of the great bridge that binds its opposite shores with multiplied links of massive granite. The green slopes of St. Helen's Island resting like a leaf on the water, the

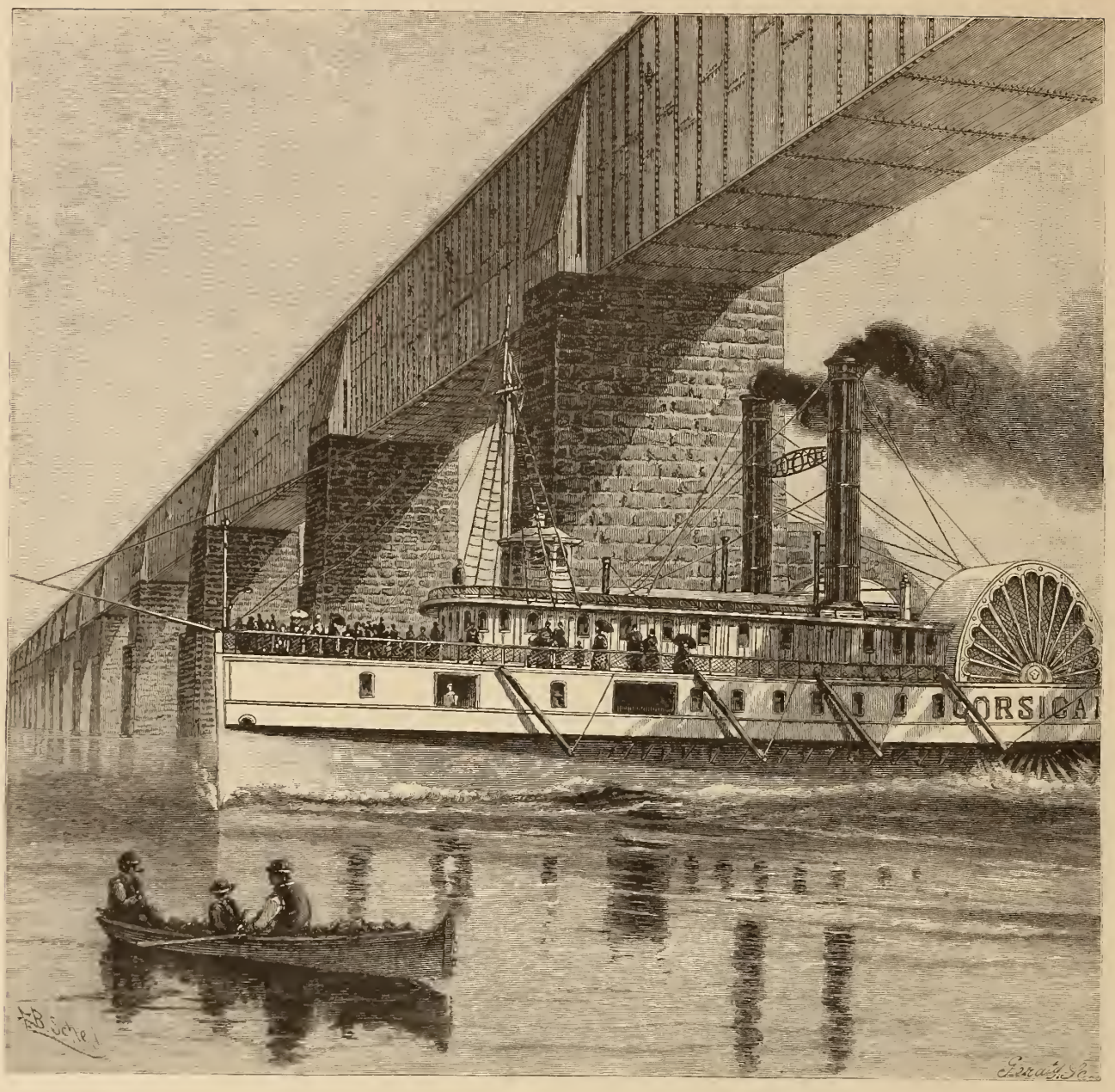


WOOD BARGES.

forest of masts and red and white funnels, the old-fashioned hay and wood barges, the long line of solidly-built revetment wall, the majestic dome of the Bonsecours Market, the twin towers of Notre Dame, palatial warehouses, graceful spires sown thick as a field, and the broad shoulders of Mount Royal uplifted in the background, make up a picture that artist, merchant, or patriot—each for his own reasons—may well delight to look upon. To persons coming from abroad, believing Canada to be a wilderness of ice and snow, the home of Indians and buffaloes, the first view is a revelation. When they drive through any of the numerous magnificent business thoroughfares, and then round the mountain, they sometimes consider what sort of a back country that must be which supplies such a river and builds up such a city, and wonder why—in the face of such grand enter-

prises and unrivalled progress on the part of Canadians—they have never heard of such a thing as Canadian patriotism.

Of the three water views there is none equal to that obtained on a summer afternoon or evening from the deck of a steamer coming down stream. From the time the Indian pilot is taken on board above the Lachine Rapids, all is eager expectancy on the part of passengers who have made the journey again and again, as well as in the case of tourists who are running the rapids for the first time. As we near Victoria Bridge it seems impossible that the "Corsican" can pass under, and the question is sometimes asked whether there is any arrangement for lowering the funnels. The steamer glides along; we look up and see our mistake, and then look down upon the innocent questioner. Now the crowded harbour, the city in its fresh beauty, and the mountain in all the glory of its summer vesture, are revealed. The steamer rounds up to the Commissioners' Wharf, to discharge its Quebec passengers into the huge palace floating alongside. Land here and stroll down stream before taking a cab. You soon find yourself in the heart of French-Montreal. Here are antique barges with hay, from the surrounding country, which is being unloaded into carts primitive enough for the days and the land of Evangeline. Instead of the rush of an American city, there is an air of repose and human enjoyment. The very coasters and carters pause in their work, to exchange gossip and cheery jokes. Here, again, are wood-barges that have evidently come from a greater distance. Each barge discharges part of its load at once and places it on the wharf on racks that indicate its measurement by the cord. The purchaser can thus point out exactly how much he wants, and the barge remains calmly beside the wharf till the whole cargo is sold. A few years ago, wood and hay barges were to be found in the centre of the harbour; but the increasing traffic is pushing them farther and farther down, all the way to Hochelaga. Return to the Bonsecours. The market is a great three-storey parallelogram of cut-stone, occupying a square on the river-front, and with a stately dome and cupola. It is crowded on the forenoons of market-days, when the manners of the *habitant* can be studied to best advantage. He has come to the city with the produce of his farm or garden. Quiet, patient, courteous, he waits for customers. Sometimes, these may be his own neighbours who happen to need what he has to sell, and then he puts down his price a little. Sometimes they are from the East End—French therefore—and to them he is more than amiable, and sells fairly. But the grand lady from the West End, while receiving ample politeness, must pay full price. Still, there is good feeling between the different races and, for the most part, honest dealing. Are they not citizens of a common country, even though the Ultramontane studiously characterizes those of English speech as "foreigners"? From the market, go up the lane leading to the old-fashioned church. The lane is encroached upon by little dingy eating-houses, thrown out, like buttresses, from the walls of the church. Dingy as they are, they give a



MAIL STEAMER PASSING UNDER VICTORIA BRIDGE.

better cup of coffee than either steamer or more inviting-looking restaurants. You soon reach St. Paul's Street, the street that constituted the City of Montreal at first, and now, by all means, enter the favourite city church of the *habitant.* The loud colours, the tawdry gilt and general bad taste of modern Catholicism, and the elaborate upholstery of shoddy Protestantism, are alike conspicuous by their absence. The *reliefos* on the walls, the altar, the antique pulpit, remind one of a seventeenth century parish church in Brittany. We are taken back to the days of Marguerite Bourgeois, who laid the foundation-stone more than two centuries ago. Baron de Fancamp gave her a small image of the Virgin, endowed with miraculous virtue, on condition that a chapel should be built for its reception. Marguerite and the people of Montreal enthusiastically complied with the condition. From that day, many a wonderful deliverance, especially of sailors, has been attributed to Our Lady of Gracious Help. The image still stands on the

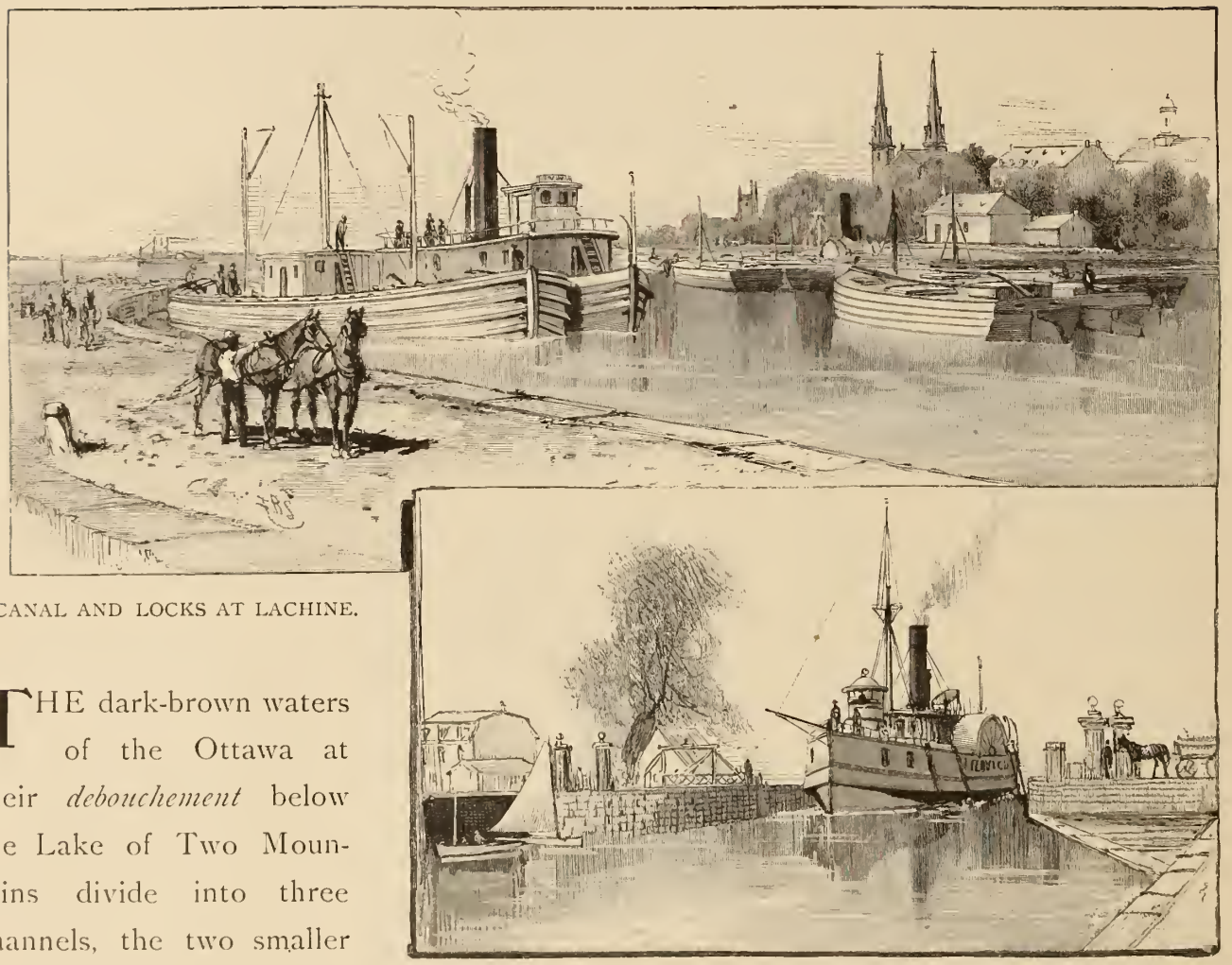
gable nearest the river, and within, votive offerings and memorials of deliverances almost hide the altar. An agnostic might envy the simple faith of the people, and the statesman could desire no better race to till the soil. Every true Lower Canadian loves the Bonsecours Chapel. It symbolizes, to a race that clings to the past, faith, country and fatherland. And it is the only symbol of the kind that "modern improvements" have left in Montreal. The old Récollet has been swept away. The spoilers have spoiled Quebec. And all over the Province, quaint churches beloved by the people are being replaced by huge, costly, modern structures. In the name of everything distinctively Lower Canadian, spare symbols like Varennes and the Bonsecours!

Here, beside his church and market, in the stately commercial metropolis of Canada, the white city of America, we leave the *habitant*, with cordial recognition of what he has been and is, and with all good wishes for his future.



UNLOADING HAY BARGES.

THE LOWER OTTAWA.



CANAL AND LOCKS AT LACHINE.

THE dark-brown waters of the Ottawa at their *debouchement* below the Lake of Two Mountains divide into three channels, the two smaller of which flow north respectively of Laval and of Montreal Island, while the third and most considerable in size expands into Lake St. Louis, one of the largest lakes on the St. Lawrence. We are about to trace the course of the "Grand River" from the commercial to the political metropolis of Canada, through a region no less rich in historic associations than in its inexhaustible beauty of scenery, unchanged in the picturesque wildness of river, hill and wood, since Champlain, first of white men, adventured to explore its sombre waters; and yet, embellished with all the tokens of modern civilization and progress, its waters controlled by machinery that can lock or loose its forces, and spanned by huge viaducts through which the locomotive thunders; and farther on, as we ascend its current, directed by the skill and toil of civilized man into an open, navigable stream from city to city, its shores enriched with all that betokens agricultural

plenty, while quaint church-towers and tastefully-decorated villas give the charm of human interest to scenes of such varied natural beauty.

From the wharf at Montreal we take the steamer which is to carry us up the Ottawa to our destination at the Capital. We proceed for the first eight and a half miles along the Lachine Canal, amid scenery tranquil and uneventful as that of a Dutch village. Along the level banks are occasional trees and houses, whose general appearance is scarcely such as to indicate the neighbourhood of Canada's wealthiest city. Before us the canal extends mathematically straight, for the most part on a higher level than the surrounding fields, so that sometimes we can peep into the top-storey windows of the houses as we pass. Every now and then we are delayed by a lock, of which we encounter five on our way to Lachine. First the lock-gates are closed upon our steamer; then machinery is set at work which admits the water from the higher level; seething and tossing, the flood bears us up; the gates are once more opened, and after a delay of some twenty minutes we pass on. We meet endless fleets of barges, some towed by horses, some by propellors, all kinds and varieties of steamers, passenger-boats, barges, and tugs "of low degree;" all manner of nondescript craft—shapeless, heavy-laden, broad-bowed—whose native element seems to be the canal, and whose build is such that they look ill-adapted for navigation in more boisterous waters. Yet these ponderous boats have made voyages from the Far North and the Western lakes; they will float through Lake Champlain to Albany; still on, down the Hudson to New York, or on the broad St. Lawrence to Quebec. The traffic on the canal is such as in itself to give some idea of the commercial importance of Montreal. Here and there the monotony of trading-vessels is broken by the snow-white sails of a pleasure-yacht from the city; or some enthusiastic angler, absorbed in the nirvana of bait-fishing, sits in a skiff that never rocks but with the ripple of the passing steamer. There is something soothing in the intense calm of this canal navigation with which the scenery both on the canal banks and among the shipping is thoroughly in harmony. It is, as Shelley says, "a metaphor of peace." As the steamer passes between the locks, it is pleasant to go ashore and watch the canal from a little distance. The houses we pass are built with the usual high-pitched roofs of French-Canada, the slanting eaves projecting in front. All round us are the level fields extending to the foot of the canal embankment. The canal itself is invisible, and we see steamers and barges moving along, as it were, on dry ground!

At Lachine it will be well to land and stroll awhile amid the scenery of this quiet suburb of the great city, with its reminiscences of Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, and its association with so many vicissitudes in the history of the heroic and saintly founders of New France. In the words "*La Chine*" we have a record of the belief common to so many American explorers, from Columbus downwards, that through America lay the highway to the Orient, a belief which the increasing facilities of

communication with the Pacific Coast will yet redeem from the list of delusions. Lachine is a quaint and picturesque old town, of some 4000 inhabitants; the houses with tall, steep gables, dormer windows and square stone chimneys; the streets gay with visitors from Montreal, a considerable number of whom reside during the summer months at Lachine, whence they come and go to their places of business in the city by the railway. Nestling among trees of immemorial growth are the parish church, and the convent, amid its high-walled gardens. The former is a handsome edifice, whose twin spires, gracefully decorated, rise high above the surrounding streets. The style is that modification of Renaissance-Gothic which the French brought from Europe, and on which French Jesuitism—the Jesuitism of the Martyrs, not of the political intriguers—has impressed the character of its glorious traditions.

Before the canal was built, Lachine was a place of greater commercial importance than at present; it was then the trading emporium for Montreal, to which was conveyed all the merchandise from the Western centres, and even the cargoes of skins and furs which the trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company had collected during the winter. Hither came, week by week, the *batteaux*, or large, flat-bottomed vessels, shaped somewhat like "bonnes," or lumbermen's boats; these arrived regularly with goods and passengers from Kingston and the head of the Bay of Quinté, and from the lake ports farther west.

The Sulpician Fathers, who were the feudal lords of the island of Montreal, were anxious to protect their new settlement of Villémarie by an outpost held from them by military tenure. Hence they gladly granted a tract of land near the rapids above Montreal to the gallant but ill-fated La Salle. He remained in possession only long enough to found a village fortified rudely with palisades, and to name it "Lachine," in accordance with the dominant idea of his adventurous life—a passage across the Continent to the Indies. After La Salle's departure, the village of Lachine, conveniently situated for the carrying-trade of Montreal, continued to flourish until, in 1689, the terrible blow of its destruction by the Iroquois had the effect of overthrowing the French schemes of American conquest for a time, and reducing their tenure of Canadian soil to the space within the ramparts of Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. The first aggressive march by Champlain on the Iroquois had proved not only a crime, but a mistake. This policy was that of the Jesuits and the successive Governors of New France. It consisted in converting and arming, as allies and proselytes, one Indian tribe against the other. Whatever may be thought of the morality of this policy, it might, no doubt, have proved successful, had the French only been so fortunate as to choose for their allies the more warlike Indian tribes. Unhappily, ever since Champlain's expedition up the Ottawa, he and his successors selected as their friends the feebler and less military races—the Ottawas, Hurons and Algonquins; by which step, as well as by their own repeated acts of violence, they drew on themselves the relentless hatred

of the powerful confederacy known as the Iroquois, later called the Six-Nation Indians. Up to the time of the American Revolution, these savages maintained, in greater efficiency than has been known elsewhere among their wandering and disunited race, that military organization which seems the only approach to civilization of which the Indian in his native condition is capable. The Iroquois were to the Algonquins and Hurons what the Zulus are to the other negro races of East Africa. Those virtues and physical gifts which belong to savage life, and are apt to sicken or become extinct by contact with civilization, the Iroquois possessed. Their fidelity to friends is unstained by any record of such treachery as was shown by the Huron allies of Daulac des Ormeaux; their savage practices of purposed cruelty proved how much the possession of reason enabled the human brutes, who tore the scalps from their still living prisoners, to degrade themselves below the level of the wolf and bear, the emblems of their tribe. With the recklessness of a lofty ambition, the French leaders had resolved to extend the dominions of the Catholic Church and the French King far in the rear and to the southward of the English settlements on the Atlantic seaboard. In the prosecution of this grand scheme they drew on themselves the hatred not only of the Iroquois whose lands they invaded, but of the enemies of their own race and religion by whom these wolves of the wilderness were armed and hounded on. The year 1689 saw New France, under the rule of the reckless Marquis de Denonville, engaged in an Indian war along her whole line of settlements. The Iroquois had received great provocation. The Governor, by means of the Jesuit missionaries, whom he made his unconscious accomplices, had induced a number of Iroquois chiefs to meet him in peaceful conference. These he had seized and sent to France, that their toil as galley-slaves might amuse the Royal vanity. The Iroquois had scorned to revenge this perfidy on the missionaries, who were sent in safety from their camp. But a terrible retribution was at hand. Nearly two centuries ago, on the night of August 5th, 1689, as the inhabitants of Lachine lay sleeping, amid a storm of hail upon the lake which effectually disguised the noise of their landing, a force of many hundred warriors, armed, and besmeared with war-paint, made a descent upon Lachine. Through the night they noiselessly surrounded every building in the village. With dawn the fearful war-whoop awoke men, women and children, to their doom of torture and death. The village was fired; by its light in the early morn, the horror-stricken inhabitants of Montreal could see from their fortifications the nameless cruelties which preceded the massacre. It is said the Iroquois indulged so freely in the fire-water of the Lachine merchants, that had the defenders of Villemarie been prompt to seize the favourable moment, the drunken wretches might have been slaughtered like swine. Paralyzed by the horrors they had witnessed, the French let the occasion slip; at nightfall the savages withdrew to the mainland, not, however, without signifying by yells, repeated to the number of ninety, how many prisoners they carried away. From the ramparts of Villemarie, and amid the blackened ruins of

Lachine, the garrison watched the fires on the opposite shore, kindled for what purposes of nameless cruelty they knew too well. The fate of Lachine marks the lowest point in the fortunes of New France; by what deeds of heroism they were retrieved, is not the least glorious page in Canadian history.

Leaving the village of Lachine, it will be well to walk some distance along the lower road which skirts the river. Here, amid sylvan shades of pleasant retirement, we may enjoy the Lucretian satisfaction of viewing the distant rapids. Beyond the point of a long, low-lying ridge of rocky islet, the river is white with wrathful foam, and the spray clouds rise when a steamer is gallantly breasting the torrent. Meanwhile, the robins are singing from the maple trees, and the cows—those optimists of the animal creation—are looking placidly forth on the rapids as if they knew that all was for the best! We pass a huge lumbering but not unpicturesque farmer's wagon, laden with grain for the mill to which the farmer's wife—a comely Canadienne, in the usual loose jacket and inevitable white hat—is driving a horse that will certainly not run away. The mill is a feature in the landscape worth observing—a quadrangular stone tower broad at the base, its lines converging at the top to support the old-fashioned, cruciform wind-sails, whose great arms move through the air like those of the giants Don Quixote assailed. Surrounded by spreading trees, and close to this beautiful river scenery, the old windmill, weather-beaten and mellowed by its seventy years' service, has an air of rustic grace not to be found in more recent and more pretentious structures. It seems that there was at one time a dispute between the owner of this mill and the Fathers of St. Sulpice, who claimed the sole right of milling on the island, and that the cause was decided in favour of the miller, who was, however, forbidden to rebuild his mill should it chance to be destroyed. Hence it was that he repaired the wooden structure by surrounding it with the stone wall which gives it its present fortress-like appearance.

From Lachine may be seen in the far distance the Indian village of Caughnawaga, where, civilized and Christianized, some five hundred descendants of the Iroquois destroyers of Lachine dream away their harmless and useless lives. This, and such as this, on other Indian reserves, is the result of all the heroism chronicled in the volumes of the *Relations des Jesuites!* By martyrdom, by endurance of privations and cruelties compared with which martyrdom might seem a merciful relief, they gained their object. They converted at last the terrible Iroquois enemy! And with what result? So much and such noble effort, only to be wasted on a race fast becoming extinct; a race which, a century hence, will have left no memorial to the Canada of the future, save where here and there our cities and rivers recall the strange music of the Indian names!

We steam along the northern shore of Lake St. Louis past the Isle Derval, a portion of the lake where the colour of the purplish-brown water of the Ottawa may be distin-

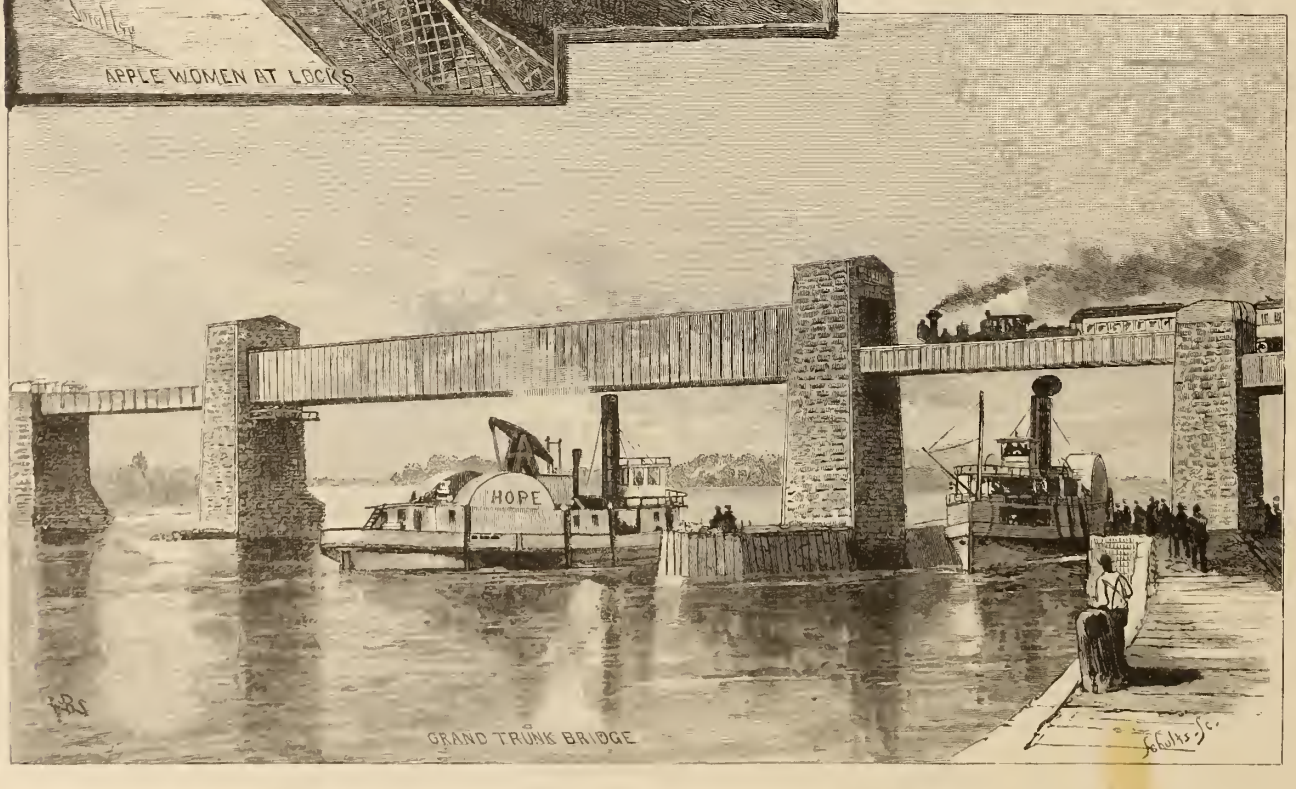


OLD WINDMILL ON LACHINE ROAD, AND DISTANT VIEW OF LACHINE RAPIDS.

guished from the green tinge of the St. Lawrence. Of course, this is not observable under all conditions of the atmosphere, but on bright, sunshiny days, there can be no doubt whatever that this difference in colour can be distinctly traced. The dark, purple tinge characterizes the imperial river, which, from as yet almost unexplored sources, stretching to the water-shed of Hudson's Bay, from tributary rivers extending east and west and south, through many a wide-spreading lake, and over cataracts lifting their columns of

spray to the clouds of heaven, past the metropolitan city of Canada, and through valleys and amid hills and islands rich in every imaginable type of nature's loveliness—here meets at last its equal—here blends its waters, though as yet distinct in colour, with its own legitimate sister, the great lake stream of the St. Lawrence. Swiftly we steam on, crossing Lake St. Louis, where steamers are passing and re-passing, and the gay yachts of Montreal spread their white wings to the breeze. The waters of Lake St. Louis are shallow, and the shores flat, and

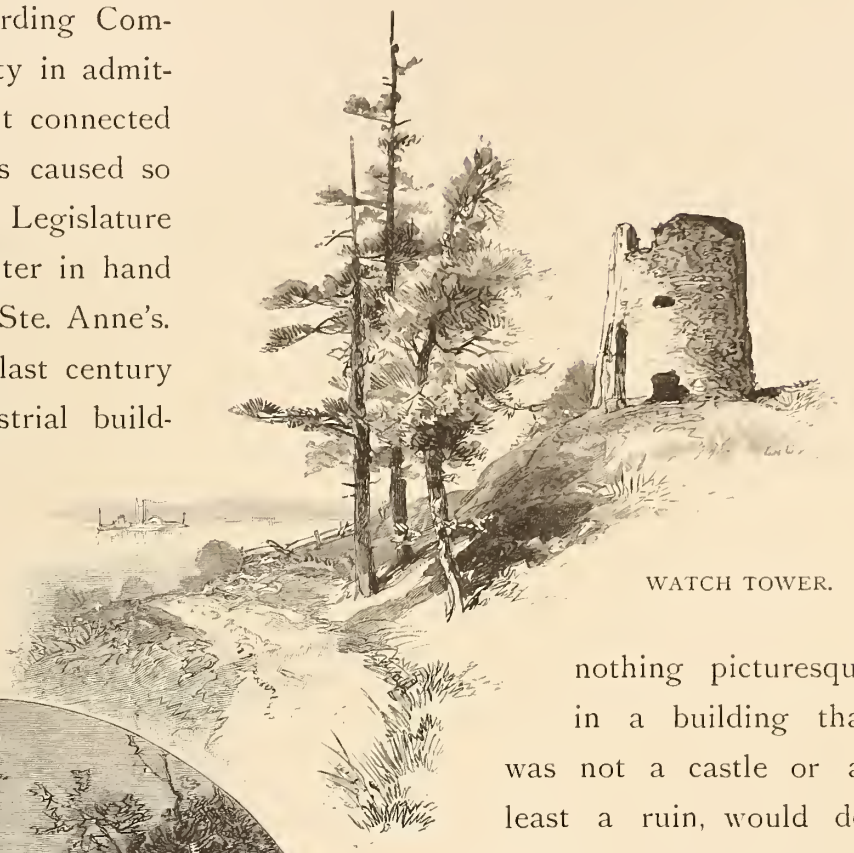




CANAL LOCK, AND RAILWAY BRIDGE AT STE. ANNE'S.

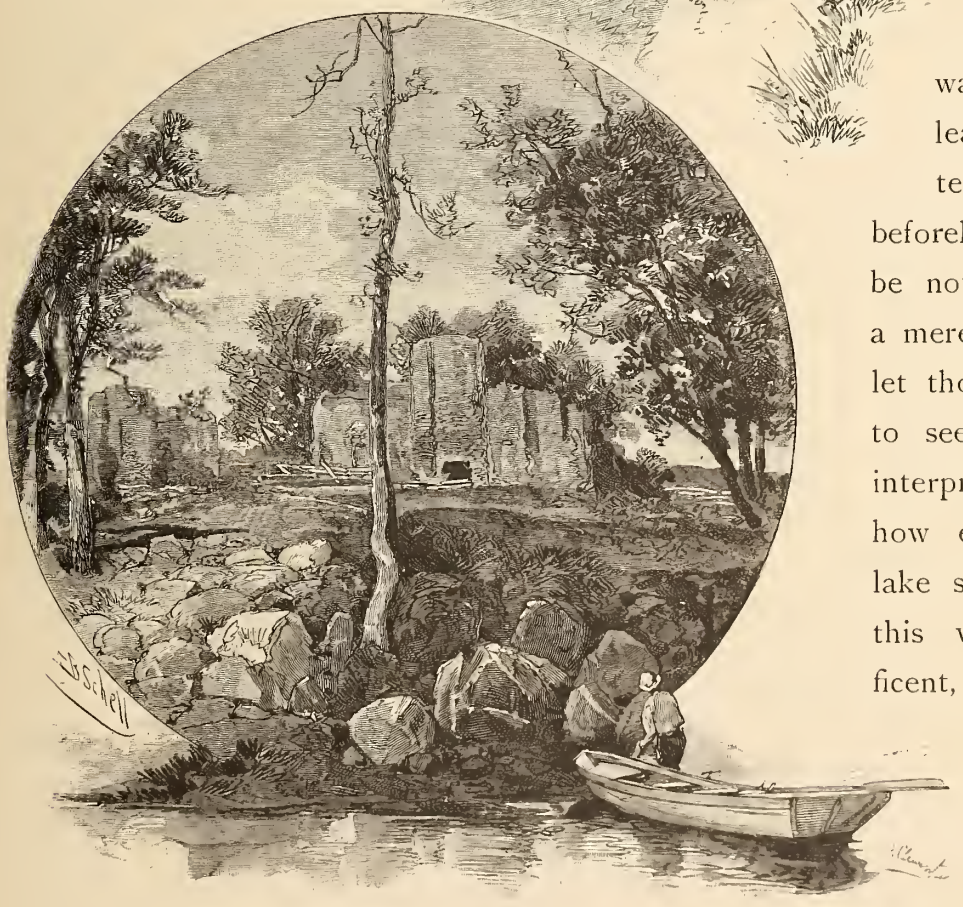
fringed with dusky woods, presenting no marked characteristics, except the huge guide piers erected on the way to Ste. Anne's, to mark and preserve the channel. Looming before us in the mist, we can see, as it stretches from the mainland of Ontario to the Isle of Montreal, the great bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway. In order to avoid the rapids at the *debouchement* of the Ottawa, we enter a canal close to Ste. Anne's and the abutment of the Grand Trunk bridge. This canal is about the eighth of a

mile long, and has a single lock near the railway bridge. It was constructed in place of one built as early as 1816, and rebuilt in 1833 by the Ottawa Forwarding Company, who made some difficulty in admitting the passage of vessels not connected with their own business. This caused so much inconvenience, that the Legislature of Upper Canada took the matter in hand and built the present canal at Ste. Anne's.



WATCH TOWER.

Those sentimentalists who last century refused to see beauty in industrial buildings and works, who wept over steamships profaning the solitudes of Cumberland lakes, and could see nothing picturesque in a building that was not a castle or at least a ruin, would determine on principle, and beforehand, that there could be nothing attractive about a mere railway bridge. Yet let those who do not refuse to see Nature, as faithfully interpreted by Art, consider how even this magnificent lake scenery is enhanced by this work, no less magnificent, of human enterprise and skill. On sixteen square towers of stone-work, each massive as the keep of a fortress, is supported the viaduct which gives passage to Canada's most important railway. As the steamer passes under with lowered funnel, we look back on the lake and the mainland beyond it, where, far over the St. Lawrence, the summits, indistinct and dim, of the Adirondack



REMAINS OF ANCIENT CASTLE.

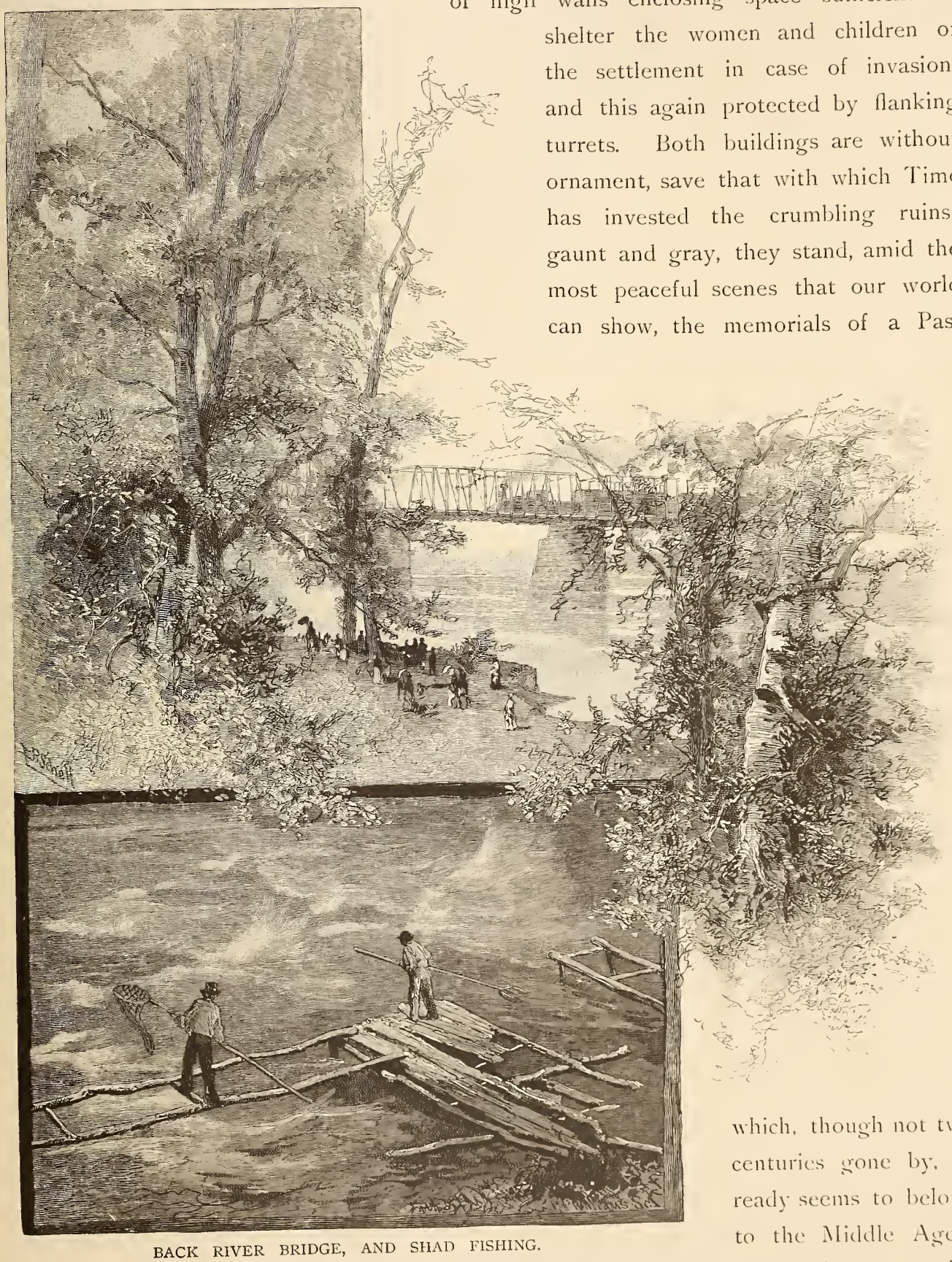
Mountains, mingle with the clouds. At our left are the rapids—not deep, but necessary to be avoided on account of their shallowness. Here, on rude rafts, stand the shad-fishers, ready to spear or net the fish which, visiting these rapids in shoals, come to watch for food. Poised on the precarious footing of a couple of planks fastened together and tossing on the waves, they plunge and replunge the net, not seldom bringing to light the sparkling and leaping fish, whose capture is to these poor *habitans* a source of no little gain. We pass under the bridge and through the lock, where a number of the country-folk are lounging, to greet the steamer and her cargo of pleasure-seekers. The male *habitant's* dress, if not exactly picturesque, is peculiar, and in harmony with the hot weather of August. As a rule no coat is worn; waistcoat and shirt-sleeves and loose, baggy trousers, form the whole costume, and it is *de rigeur* that both hands be kept in the trousers' pockets. The head-dress is a hat with narrow rim and high, conical top, similar to those popularly believed to be worn by magicians and witches! With them is a group of apple-women, healthy-looking dames, with short kirtles, 'kerchiefed neck, and broad, white hats. Here we find for sale green apples of last season, yet fresh and in good condition, and paper bags full of delicious grapes. Once more we disembark to stroll through the village, consisting of a group of those pretty Lower Canadian houses no poverty can make unpicturesque. In the midst of these is the church, a structure where the substratum of Gothic is varied with the features so strangely adopted from classical architecture by the art of the Renaissance. At the shrine of good Ste. Anne, the pious *voyageur*, about to encounter the perils of lumbering or river-driving, comes to pay his vows and leave his modest offering to her of whom the mediæval poet sang:

"Anna parit tres Marias,
Ut prædixit Esaïas."

We enter the church. Jean or Baptiste is kneeling reverently. Keenly alive to the misery of parting with a cent of his hard-earned wages on all other occasions, *here* he is liberal. It is a scene that reminds one of the Middle Ages, nay, of more primitive faiths, before the ages called Christian.

Having passed through the village, we reach the ruins of a castle built to defend the island at this point, and evidently once a fortalice of considerable importance. On the brow of a hill commanding an extensive view of the lake, is a circular watch-tower, loop-holed for musketry, whose broken embrasures once held cannon controlling the landing and approaches to the castle beneath. Lower down and close to the landing-place are two castles, built after the model of fortresses of the Middle Ages—in each a lofty keep or central tower, quadrangular, without windows, save the narrow aperture through which the arquebuse of the defenders

might aim securely at the lurking Iroquois without. The rest of the castle consists of high walls enclosing space sufficient to shelter the women and children of the settlement in case of invasion, and this again protected by flanking turrets. Both buildings are without ornament, save that with which Time has invested the crumbling ruins; gaunt and gray, they stand, amid the most peaceful scenes that our world can show, the memorials of a Past which, though not two centuries gone by, already seems to belong to the Middle Ages! Such a fortress as this would have been proof against any artillery which raiders from the New England colonies could have brought against New France; against the Iroquois it was impregnable.



BACK RIVER BRIDGE, AND SHAD FISHING.

Before us, as the steamer leaves Ste. Anne's, lies the first of those expansions of the River Ottawa which so frequently occur throughout its entire course, the Lake of Two Mountains. The larger Mountain was named "Calvary" by the piety of the first settlers. In the continual presence of the terrible dangers which threatened those who, as one of them said of the Montreal settlement, had thrust their hand into the wolf's den, the founders of New France sought everywhere to impress on the land of their adoption the traces of that religion which was their chief comfort. At its summit were seven chapels—the memorials of the mystic seven of St. John's vision—the scene of many a pilgrimage, where gallant cavalier and high-born lady from their fastness at Villemarie toiled, side by side, up the same weary height.

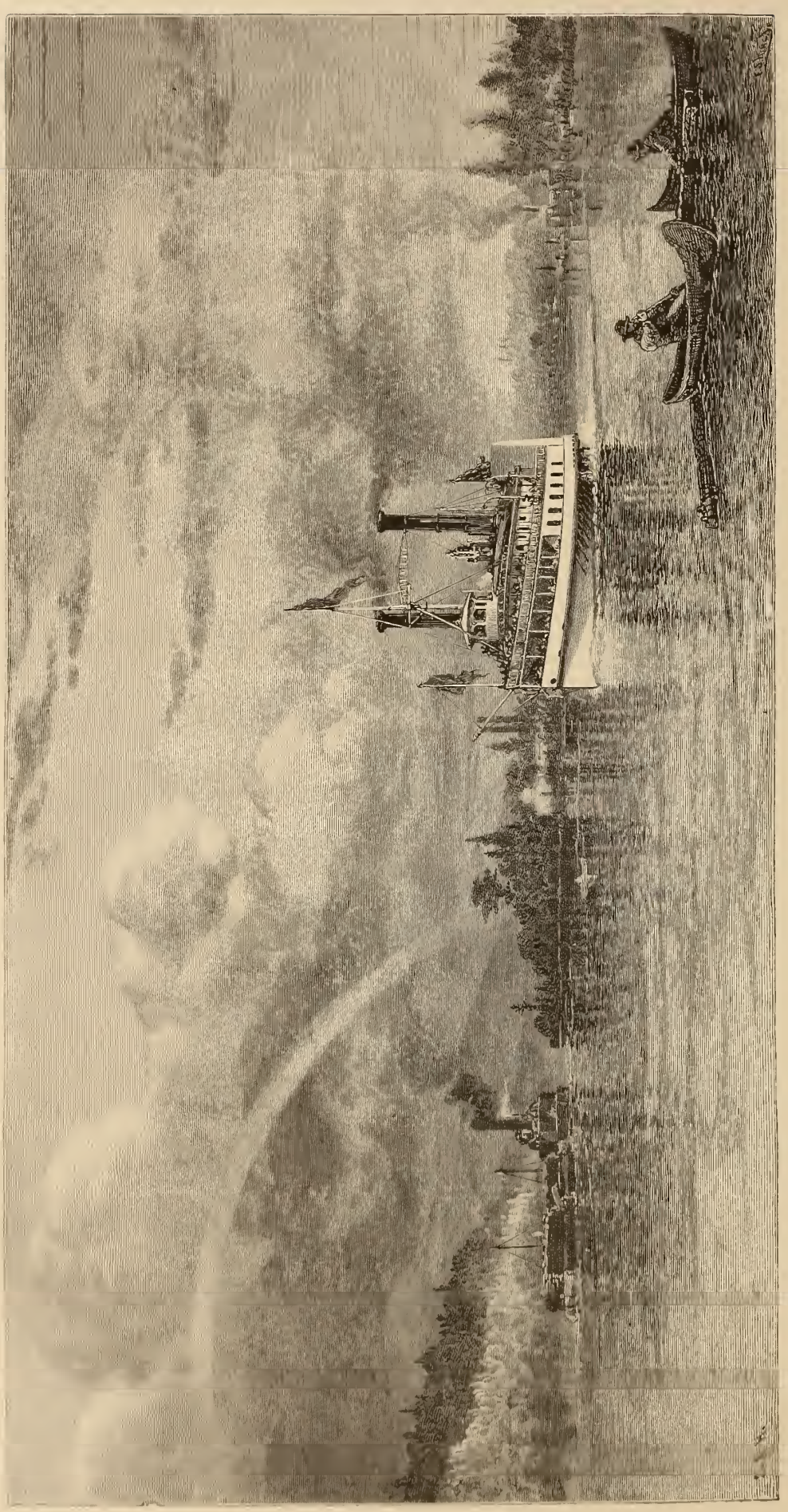
Near this we visit the pretty village of Oka, whence the Indian occupants have been wisely removed by the Dominion Government to Muskoka. Their cottages still line the shore beneath the shade of ancient elm trees; a large cross close to the landing invites the contemplation of the pious, while summer-houses and other garniture for pleasure-making are ready for the holiday folk who crowd to this popular summer resort in skiff and steamer. To this class belong the youthful pair whom a venerable gray horse conveys—neither he nor they being at all in a hurry—along the Oka road in one of those ancient covered *caléches* used in this part of Çanada. The young lady is driving; the "hood" of the vehicle covers both of them from a passing shower or from the gaze of too curious eyes.

We steam across the Lake of Two Mountains. It is an irregularly-shaped expanse of water, in length twenty-four miles, and from three to four miles wide. Calm as are these summer lakes, an experience of a sudden squall shows how the usually placid waters can be lashed into furious waves. Suddenly the sky is overclouded, the mountains on the shore seem to have withdrawn into the dim distance, the woods are swathed in mist, and quick and sharp descends upon our deck and on the waves around us the white electric rain. We meet one of those huge barges similar to those we saw in the Lachine Canal. How its heavy hulk rolls and labours while the surf breaks over it! But the strong boat is seaworthy, and the steam-tug in charge tows it heavily on.

The country on our left consists of the counties of Vaudreuil and Soulanges which, though on the Ontario side of the Ottawa, are part of the Province of Quebec. In these, as on the opposite side of the river, the French language and institutions prevail. In the seigniory of Rigaud, near the upper portion of the Lake of Two Mountains, is a remarkable mound, the "Montagne Ste. Magdelaine," at whose top is a quadrangular area of some acres, covered with stone boulders arranged by a strange caprice of nature to resemble a freshly-ploughed field—whence the place is called "*Pluie de guerets.*" From underground, the murmur as of flowing water can be distinctly heard; but all attempts to discover the cause are said to have failed, though the earth has been dug to the depth of many feet. At the foot of this moun-



LOWER OTTAWA SCENES.



ON THE LOWER OTTAWA.

tain on the lake shore, beside the mouth of the Rivière a la Graisse, is the pleasant little French village of Rigaud.

At no great distance from the north-eastern side of the Lake of Two Mountains are the villages of St. Eustache, Ste. Scholastique and St. Benoit—scenes of conflict between "Patriots" and "Loyalists" in the troublous times of '37, when passions were excited and gallant citizens were in arms against each other in feuds, which, thanks to subsequent wise government and a better state of feeling, are now happily as extinct as the wars with the Iroquois.

Near the upper expansion of the lake is the village and headland called "Pointe aux



McGILLIVRAY'S CHUTE,
RIVER ROUGE.

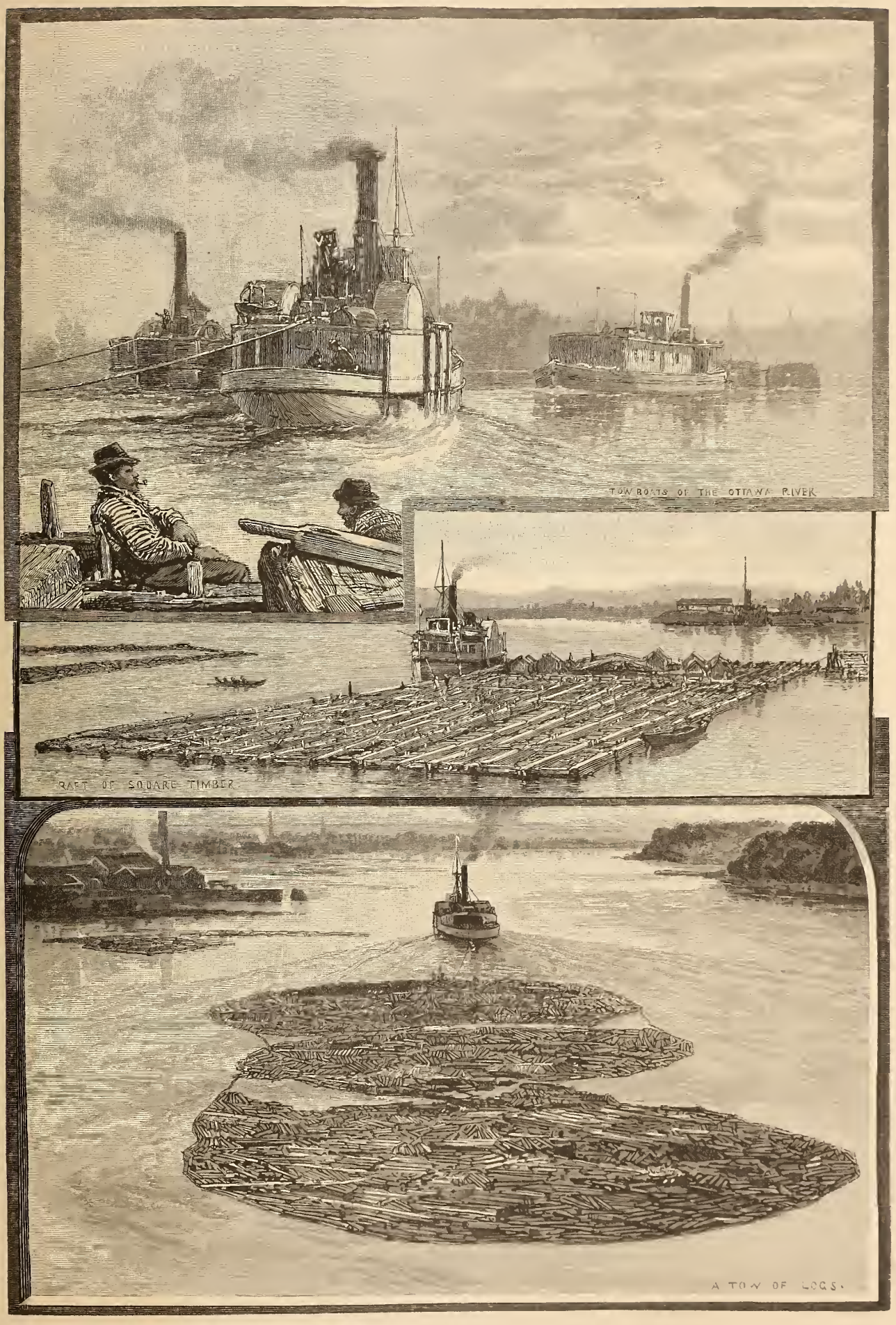
Anglais," whence we look forth over the broad expanse of desolate moor, shallows and bush-covered islets in the foreground, and stretching far and wide over the horizon from the north shore, the dusky shades of the Laurentian hills, desolate and forbidding, as it were a wall between us and the fertile lands beyond them.

At Carillon the steamer's course is once more barred by rapids, to avoid which a canal has been constructed; but passengers by the mail-boat land at Carillon and take train to Grenville, a distance of twelve miles, whence another steamer proceeds without farther interruption to Ottawa. Opposite Carillon, at Point Fortune, the river becomes the boundary line between the two Provinces. At the Chute au Blondeau is another canal an eighth of a mile in length, and a dam has here been thrown across the river, which so pens back the waters that only a passage of three-quarters of a mile in length is now needed to reach the higher level above the chute. Beside the Long Sault Rapid is the Grenville Canal, excavated for the most part through solid rock, and leading to the village of Grenville, a distance of six miles. These three canals were constructed, like that of the Rideau, by the Imperial Government for military purposes. Happily, there is no prospect of their being needed for such; and even should necessity arise, their usefulness is a thing of the past, superseded, as they now are, by the opening of the St. Lawrence Canals and the Grand Trunk Railway on the front, as well as by the

new lines of railway to the north, which make our intercommunication secure from any foe. Down these three rapids—the Carillon, Long Sault, and Chute au Blondeau—the lumbermen descend on their cribs of timber. Formidable as this feat looks, it is frequently accomplished by travellers who adventure in company with the raftsmen, and seldom suffer worse consequences than a wetting.

In these rapids Samuel de Champlain nearly lost his life at the commencement of his first expedition up the Ottawa from Montreal to Allumette. The forest along the river bank was so impenetrably tangled, that he and his party were fain to force their way through the rapids, pushing and drawing their canoes from one point to another. While thus engaged Champlain fell, and would have perished in the eddy of the rapids, as has many a gallant lumberman since, had he not been saved by the friendly help of a boulder against which he was carried.

The Pass of the Long Sault, on the western shore of these rapids, is memorable as the scene of patriotic self-devotion not unworthy to be compared with the achievements of a Decius or a Leonidas. In the year 1660 the French colonists of Villemarie and Quebec learned, with dismay, that a united effort for their destruction was about to be made by the whole force of the Iroquois Confederacy. Then Daulac des Ormeaux, a youthful nobleman, with sixteen companions, resolved to strike a blow which, at the sacrifice of their own lives, might break the power and arrest the progress of the savage foe. Like the Roman general of old, they devoted themselves to their doom in a religious spirit, and with the full rites of the Church in whose defence they were about to die. Where then, as now, the roar of the Long Sault Rapids blended with the sigh of the wind through the forest, they entrenched themselves, with some two-score Huron allies who, however, deserted them in the hour of danger. They had but an old fortification of palisades, which they endeavoured to strengthen. While so engaged, the Iroquois fell upon them. Through successive attacks they held at bay the five hundred painted savages who swarmed, tomahawk in hand, up to the very loopholes of the fort, only to be driven back by the resolute fire of its defenders, leaving among the heaps of slain their chief. Repulsed again and again, the Iroquois deferred the main attack till the arrival of reinforcements, who were marching on Montreal. For three days Daulac des Ormeaux and his handful of gallant followers held their post against the swarming hordes. At length, overwhelmed by numbers and exhausted by hunger, thirst and sleeplessness, they fell, fighting to the last, leaving but four survivors, three of whom, already mortally wounded, were burned at once, while the fourth was reserved for torture. But the Iroquois had paid dearly for their success. They thought no more—for a time, at least—of attacking the more formidable armaments and fortifications of Montreal. New France was saved by this deed of patriotic self-devotion. Sacred to all time should be the spot which such heroism has ennobled!



GLIMPSES OF THE LOWER OTTAWA—THE LUMBER TRADE.

At Grenville we again take the steamer, anxious to penetrate behind the wall of mountain ridge which, undulating along the eastern bank of the river, seems to forbid access to the country beyond. This is the Laurentian range, composed of that gneiss which contains the earliest fossil remains of animal life as yet recognized by geologists. We procure a canoe and a guide at Grenville, with the farther necessary equipment of a wagon, wherewith we make our way along the main road to Pointe au Chène, on the River Rouge, above the rapids called "McGillivray's Chute." In its passage through the barriers of Laurentian hills, the Rouge courses over a continuous series of rapids to its



RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

junction, twelve miles distant, with the Ottawa. But the beauty of the scenery in this region of mountain and lake well repays the trouble of travel or portage. As we make our way among these hills, so sternly repellant from a distance, we meet fertile valleys, rapidly being cleared and made into cultivated farms. We have camped in the woods, glad of shelter, for there is a touch of frost in the early autumn air. Below, where we stand ready to launch our canoe, are the rapids of McGillivray's Chute, plunging and eddying over the wave-worn boulders; above and beyond, the calm expanse of the River Rouge, mirroring the mountain, bright with the forest foliage kindled into rich red gold colour by last night's frost, with here and there the more vivid scarlet of the soft maples. For some miles we ascend the river in our canoe, which, on our return, we have to guide through rapids, the surges foaming around us as we pass swiftly through the fretful waters in the shadow of the silent hills.

From the banks of the Rouge our canoe is carried to the shores of Lake Comandeau, or "Papineau," as it has been named after the famous leader, near whose home at Montebello its outlet, the Kinonge, flows into the Ottawa. We drive by a very tolerable road, through the hill-country, past a mountain farm at the head of Lake Comandeau. The homestead and farm buildings are log-houses; the land is roughly cultivated. Beyond it lies the lake, dark-blue in the shadow of the many-coloured hills which stretch far away into the dimness of the autumn morning. We prepare to launch upon the lake; upon the thickly-wooded shore our canoe lies turned up in the



MOUNTAIN FARM.

sun to dry, to have the seams gummed before starting. Near by is another canoe about to leave the shore, while farther off on the lake is a third midway between us and the opposite side. Beyond, the mountains, dusky green with shadowy woods, melt away into the morning mists. We launch our canoe; we speed along over the stirless water mirroring the hills and woods, amid islands aglow with the gay livery of the forest. We reach, far off, an open expanse of lake, where, amid the shallower waters, the speckled trout are wont to bask. The hills in the distance are dusky purple. Near us is an islet—the trout-fisher's favourite haunt; overhead, a huge, dome-like rock, stained with all manner of shades—blue, russet and yellow—under the encrusting lichen; at its side,

high above the yellow larches, the tall pines throw their shadows over the lake. This beautiful sheet of water is about ten miles long; its surface is diversified by numerous small islands, and the mountain scenery amid which it lies gives a boldness and sublimity unknown to Southern lakes, with their low-lying shores.

Again pursuing our journey up the Ottawa, we pass L'Orignal—the county seat of Prescott and Russell Counties—at which village three of our passengers leave us for the medicinal Caledonia Springs, a distance of some nine miles inland. These springs are said to have been first indicated by the multitudes of wild pigeons that gathered



ON THE PORTAGE—LAKE COMANDEAU.

near the spot. Farther on, upon the Quebec side, deep in the shadow of the elm-wood, rise the towers of what seems one of the antique *chateaux* of Old France. This is the home of Papineau, the leader, through stormy times, of French-Canadian Liberalism; one whose eloquence was as remarkable as his personal character was worthy of admiration. The feuds of those days are extinct; we can afford to remember, with pride, the virtues of one of Canada's ablest sons. The beauty of this chateau of Montebello has been worthily celebrated by Frechette in the noble tribute which his muse has addressed to the memory of Papineau.

We sail on, upon the sombre bosom of the stream, our course varied by the alternating narrowness or expansion of the Ottawa; sometimes among islands slumberous with dark verdure; anon meeting a fleet of broad river-barges laden with the piled-up lumber, and towed down stream by the steam-tugs which impart their own quick motion to the inert mass; or again steaming through wide, shallow reaches, where the fisher plies his solitary canoe, and the Canadian boat-song recalls its familiar but beautiful embodiment by Moore. On our right is the *debouchement* of the Rivière du Lièvre—a stream of great importance to the lumber trade—which, through a course of 350 miles, drains an area greater in extent than some European kingdoms.



MONTEBELLO—HOME OF PAPINEAU.

About a mile from the Capital we pass the mouth of the Gatineau, the mightiest



A TOW OF LUMBER BARGES.



TROUT FISHING ON LAKE COMANDEAU.

of the many tributaries of the Ottawa, which, for seven miles from its outlet, is rendered unnavigable by rapids. But we are already within the precincts of the city, and disembark, after a trip which has opened new phases of picturesque beauty in a country hitherto—however well known to commerce—but too little known to art.



NORTH SHORE OF THE OTTAWA.



OTTAWA — PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, FROM MAJOR'S HILL.



A FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CAPITAL.

OTTAWA.

CANADA, young as she is, could furnish material for a very lively chapter on the vicissitudes of capitals. Strategically posted at Niagara, tossed backwards and forwards, shuttlecock fashion, between jealous Toronto, Kingston, and Quebec, pelted with paving-stones and burned out of their Chamber by an exasperated mob at Montreal, her legislators, thanks to the direct selection of the Queen herself, found refuge in a certain modest village-town, perched meekly on high bluffs and intervening valleys, between the spray and roar of two headlong river-falls. The town of "By" became the city of Ottawa, the peripatetic carpet-bag existence of government officials ceased, and the nomad tribes of the various departments settled down permanently under their own vine and fig-tree by the broad stream which gives its name to the spot.

But the Ottawa has a past, and to the hereditary enmity existing between two of the three great families of Indians in North America east of the Mississippi—the Iroquois and the Algonquins—an enmity carefully fostered by the greater rival powers of England and France, added to the allurements of commerce in furs, is due the important position held by this river in the life and history of Canada.

For over 160 years prior to the memorable 8th of September, 1760, when with the keys of Montreal the Marquis De Vaudreuil surrendered all Canada to General Amherst, the blood of Wolfe and Montcalm having just one year before signed the deeds which gave Quebec to England, the "Kit-chi-sippi," the "great river," as it was called by its dusky *voyageurs*, was the main route by which the store of furs, gathered through the long winter from beaver-dam and haunt of moose and otter, martin, and silver fox, found their toilful way to the big ships of the traders at Tadoussac, Quebec, and Montreal. How cruel the history of this long line of mighty waters, these ever-boiling rapids, tremendous falls, and wide-spreading lakes, is told in colours of blood in the writings of those who lived through the terrible period when civilization was making its slow, sure way into this virgin world.

To secure the valuable peltry trade, the best efforts of New England and New York, south of the lakes, and of the "company of merchant adventurers of England, trading in Hudson's Bay," were directed. New France was not behindhand, and her daring *coureurs de bois* penetrated far and wide through the vast tract between Hudson's Bay and the lakes. This, the cold North, was the great fur-bearing land, and through nearly its whole extent ran the mighty stream of the "Outaouais," as their French allies called the natives. By this noble stream, difficult and dangerous as was its course, did the Algonquins—of whom they, with the Hurons, formed part—from their distant territory south of Lake Superior, hold communication with the French settlement at Montreal. Relentlessly driven from the Lower Ottawa by the systematic incursions of the terrible Iroquois, the Ottawas traversed their native woods and waters in fear and trembling. The better portion of their journey down the "Grand River," from the falls of the Chaudière (where the city of Ottawa now stands), was one of incessant danger from their traditionary foes. Up the river they were comparatively safe, for the natural difficulties of the turbulent stream made access so hard and retreat so perilous, that the Iroquois preferred to await them at the falls, or to attack them still farther below, when the most desperate fighting would not ensure safety for their hard-earned cargoes of pelts or secure themselves from the cruelest of tortures and death at the hands of their dread foes. In 1693 a three years' accumulation of beaver-skins lay at Michillimackinac, their main quarters at the head of Lake Huron, and the Ottawa was so closely barred by the Iroquois that no effort could be made to take them down. The loss of its one source of revenue was nearly ruinous to the young colony. At last Count Frontenac, the Governor, caused a strong escort to be got together, and the

arrival at Quebec of two hundred canoes, all laden with furs, told that the long blockade was broken.

Up this river, in 1613, Champlain passed, in the vain hope of finding an open north-west passage to the spice lands of Cathay, till, at an Indian settlement 125 miles above the falls, he learned that his reported salt sea was a myth. Three years later he returned, passing into Lake Huron and so to Lake Simcoe, where he joined the Algonquins in a campaign against the Iroquois, the return journey from Lake Simcoe to Montreal taking forty days.

But years went by and great changes came. In 1800, Philemon Wright, farmer, of Woburn, Massachusetts, "having a large family to provide for," came, after several visits of exploration, the first of which was made four years previously, back to the foot of the Chaudière, the "big kettle," bringing twenty-five men with mill-irons. axes, scythes, hoes, fourteen horses, eight oxen, seven sleighs, and five families of women and children, together with a number of barrels of "clear pork, destitute of bone," of his own raising. For the magnificent sum of twenty dollars, the Indians withdrew their objections to his settlement, and finding that their claims to the land would not be entertained, a certain insinuating appeal for an additional thirty dollars being refused, the poor wretches quietly bowed to the strong will of the Great Father across the sea, created the invader a chief, kissed him, dined with him, and made a compact, kept thenceforward with the honesty of the uncontaminated.

Then followed a long line of busy, useful years, all tending to the improvement of his new domain. Surveys, road-making, clearings, plantings, reapings and building went steadily on, till in twenty-four years he had cleared 3000 acres and had 756 acres in grain and roots, and in 1839 died at the ripe old age of seventy-nine, the father of the town of Hull, on the north side of the river.

But the south side, whose rough, rocky cliffs had offered no attractions to the adventurous pioneer, was destined to far outshine his settlement. One of his employés, named Nicholas Sparks, was lucky enough to purchase, for a trifling sum, a large quantity of the unprized land; and when, as a strategic issue of the American troubles of 1812–15, it was determined by the Imperial Government to construct a line of canals to connect the St. Lawrence with the lakes *via* the River Ottawa, in order to afford means of communication with tide-water free from inimical interruption, Mr. Sparks sold lot on lot to the Government and to enterprising settlers, and cleared about half a million sterling. So "Bytown" arose, taking its name from the colonel of the Royal Engineers, to whom the construction of this great work had been entrusted. For some years it grew and prospered with the pecuniary aid of the military, the canal labourers, and the lumber trade—the starting of the latter having been due to the indefatigable Wright. Tradesmen, mechanics, doctors, lawyers, and all the constituents of a thriving community gathered rapidly, and in 1851 the town boasted



UNDER DUFFERIN BRIDGE.

eight thousand inhabitants, and the place still continued to grow, till in 1865 the seat of Government was transferred to it, and Bytown, thenceforward Ottawa, became the capital.

The city of to-day is a city of varied elements. There is the life of the Government and the life of the river; the race, language, religion, manners of the *ancien régime* and those of that which succeeded it, two streams of dissimilar character in source, which are content to flow in one channel amicably, but unmixed. The city may practically be said to consist of one long line of business houses, backed by ganglia of residences which extend some three miles westward to the Chaudière Falls and the

city of Hull, and eastward towards the falls of the Rideau and the village of New Edinburgh, on the right bank of that river. In its centre it is known as Sparks Street, the name being taken from that of the actual founder of the settlement, where are situated the leading business and mercantile establishments.

The key to the main place of the city is a point where two converging bridges span the Rideau Canal. Standing here and looking west, one sees to the left the old "Sappers' Bridge," a solid stone structure built by the military as part of the canal works. To the right is the "Dufferin Bridge," a new, well-designed viaduct of iron, which gives access to Wellington Street, a thoroughfare of noble width, containing the handsome stone buildings of various banks, and insurance and railway offices. Fronting this street is the long, low stretch of graceful stone and iron railing with its massive gates of fine iron-work which encloses Parliament Square and the magnificent piles of the Government buildings. Immediately in front of the two bridges is the new Post Office and Custom House—a large and elegant stone edifice in the style of the Renaissance—which is one of the architectural features of the city.

Turning his back upon the Post Office and looking east, the visitor sees a broad roadway—Rideau Street—extending, on a gentle acclivity, a couple of miles. This street is lined with stores and private houses, and on either side cluster systems of streets containing residences—those on the left, sloping down toward the river, being known as



POST OFFICE, AND DUFFERIN AND SAPPERS' BRIDGE.



THE RIDEAU RIFLE RANGE.



HEAD OF THE LOCKS—RIDEAU CANAL.

Lower Town, while on the higher ground to the right lies the fashionable district, by no misnomer called Sandy Hill. Here are comfortable and often handsome and extensive villas, the more distant of which command charming views of the adjacent country and the valley of the Rideau River.

Here, also, occupying a considerable extent of ground, is the rifle range, a site of some importance, owing to the fact that it is the scene of the annual meetings of the Dominion Rifle Association, and that before its twenty targets the best shots of the country compete, selecting from their number the team which is yearly sent to contest at Wimbledon with the crack shots of Great Britain. During the week of the shooting, the city is in a state of martial *furore*; coats of red, dark-green and gray, are seen everywhere; the white tents of the association and of the different competitors picturesquely

dot the ground; and the incessant crack of the rifle, the strains of military bands, the bright dresses of ladies, and the general charm of the unusual, give all the proceedings an animation for which the social world is the association's debtor. It is a widely ramified institution, practically representing all the Provinces, and is the centre of everything appertaining to military rifle practice in the country. It is also an admirable example of good organization, every detail of its work being thoughtfully brought to the highest point of perfection.



RIDEAU CANAL LOCKS.

Coming back again to the bridge, a hundred yards off on the left, with a sharp turn, runs Suffolk Street. Here we enter a section of the city almost exclusively French, with French proprietors and French characteristics; the baker becomes a *boulanger*, the lawyer is *avocat*, and *marchandises-seches* obligingly translates itself into "dry-goods," for the benefit of the un-French world. On this street is a big three-storey cut-stone building recently purchased by Government for the purposes of a Geological Museum, the materials for which were all ready to hand in Montreal. This promises to constitute a very durable adjunct to the means of information possessed by the city. Suffolk Street contains also the French Cathedral, a large and imposing building, of the local

gray-blue limestone, whose capacious interior is resplendent with gilding and wood-carving, the result of recent extensive improvements. This is the main centre of the French and Roman Catholic element. The neighbouring streets are filled with rows of small, clean and tidy cottages, whose good-natured inhabitants use the old tongue of La Belle France, and are descendants of those early *voyageurs* and *chantiers* whose traditionary pursuits on the ever-beneficent bosom of the Ottawa they still largely follow.

Beyond the French Cathedral, the road approaches the river, and runs parallel with it till the Rideau is reached at a point just above the spot where it plunges in two graceful "curtains" of water to supplement the great stream of the Ottawa, forty feet below. Here is the suburban village of New Edinburgh, and here, too, is the entrance to "Rideau Hall," the local name for Government House, of which more hereafter.

Reverting to our stand at the junction of the bridges, and still turning our backs to the Post Office, there lies, on the immediate left, the entrance to the Public Gardens—a long stretch of prettily-planned walks, grass and flower-beds, with frequent rustic seats—which, though still in incomplete form, is one of the favourite summer evening lounges of the citizens. Below, runs the deep gorge through which the waters of the canal, by a magnificent series of locks, have been led to join the Ottawa, and beyond the locks rises the precipitous wooded slope of Parliament Hill; and the vast pile of the "Buildings," whose graceful outline, sharply marked out against the bright sky of the on-coming evening and the western sun, is a never-ceasing charm to the eyes of the strollers on the garden cliffs.

Crossing the Sappers' Bridge and passing the Post Office on our right, we come upon Elgin Street—whose name, as befits the capital, is a memorial of an ex-Governor—and the new City Hall, a large building of blue limestone, containing the various city offices and the machinery for carrying out the civic system.

Following Elgin Street a few hundred paces, a fine piece of open ground is met with—Cartier Square—named in honour of the illustrious Canadian statesman under whose leadership the Conservative Government for many years held steady sway. Here is the great public meeting-place. Reviews of troops, popular gatherings, the rejoicings of festival days, foot-ball and lacrosse matches, find ample accommodation. At the far end stands an enormous red-brick building—the drill shed—under whose noble span a regiment may perform its evolutions in comfort, while commodious sections are fitted up as repositories for the several arms of the militia and volunteer force centred in Ottawa. On one side of the square stands a very extensive pile of buildings in stone, of graceful design—the Normal School—one of the apices of the Government educational system of the Province of Ontario; and close by is the Collegiate Institute. In this neighbourhood is found the rising "West End" of the community. Villa residences of fine proportions and design, surrounded by well-kept gardens, have sprung up in all directions. Streets which but five or six years ago were bare fields, are now lined



MOUTH OF RIDEAU CANAL, FROM PARLIAMENT HILL.

with handsome buildings of brick and stone, and the hitherto scattered wealthy home-life of the city seems to be adopting at last the principle of segregation, which is the feature of the greater hives in all countries.

Retracing our steps along Elgin, back to Sparks Street, we follow the course of the street railway towards the Chaudière Falls, till Upper Town is left, with its busy shop-life, and passing the water-works at Pooley's Bridge, enter upon another phase of the city—the all-important element of lumber. The air becomes laden with a pleasant, healthy smell of pine-wood, and the stores we pass are filled with materials of a very matter-of-fact character—stout woollen jerseys and shantyman's boots, notable rather for great capacity for honest work than for any extreme elegance of build; huge saws, circular monsters of brobdingagian proportions, with teeth of the most appalling dimensions, and perpendicular giants of unequalled good temper, whose ungentle mission it will be to eat their placid and indifferent way through many a stout-hearted monarch of the woods; axes of the brightest; chains, "cant dogs," peculiarly-shaped instruments for canting over logs into place, and the spike-pole, the lumberman's "best companion." These, and barrels of rough-looking but most palatable pork, his staple food, form the main contents of the stores of this quarter. Life's luxuries have vanished, its realities have full possession.

As we near the saw-mills the harsh, strident buzz of countless saws is heard. This, day and night, in the "running season," is the cry of the ruthlessly-sundered logs, or the querulous gamut, up and down, which runs never-endingly, the voice of the labouring but ever-victorious saw. Upon every point of rock near the Chaudière Falls, and upon acres of massive, wooden, stone-filled embankments connecting them, to which the upper waters could be led, there have been reared the huge mill structures of the lumber kings. Flour, cement and wool have also claimed a share of the illimitable water-power. Here, overhanging a precipitous fall—there built out on mighty piles—everywhere mills. In all directions the waters have been boldly seized, cunningly coaxed, audaciously dammed up; sluices, bulkheads, slides, everywhere, everything is chaotically watery. Yet all is the very essence of order and of nice adjustment of means to ends, a very triumph of triumphant water slavery. The result is, that the greater part of the tremendous stream—here a mile broad at least—is compelled to traverse the main fall about forty feet high, and to escape through the principal channel, about 240 feet wide, across which a light but strong suspension bridge has been cleverly thrown, connecting Ottawa with Hull—the Province of Ontario with that of Quebec.

In the construction of a bridge at this difficult point the persistency of Bruce's spider has been emulated. Fifty years ago there was no bridge, and the boiling, tumbling waters of the falls a hundred yards above rushed headlong through charming tree-covered islands, in all the picturesque freedom of undisturbed nature. In 1827, when the first steps were being taken for the building of the Rideau Canal locks, and little Bytown began to

look up in the world, the shot of a cannon carried from rock to rock across the whirling stream a small rope; this rope was the parent of much endeavour, of repeated failure, but of ultimate success. Finally, in 1843, the present stout structure was reared, and from its tremulous platform, in all the wild, ceaseless din of falling waters, rush of yellow, foam-covered waves and veil of misty spray, one looks at ease into the once mystic and awful, but now merely picturesque tumble and toss of living water, the famous Chaudière. Half a mile above, the long, graceful lines of a new and substantial iron railway bridge of eleven huge spans, give farther evidence of the mastery of man over this once wild spot.

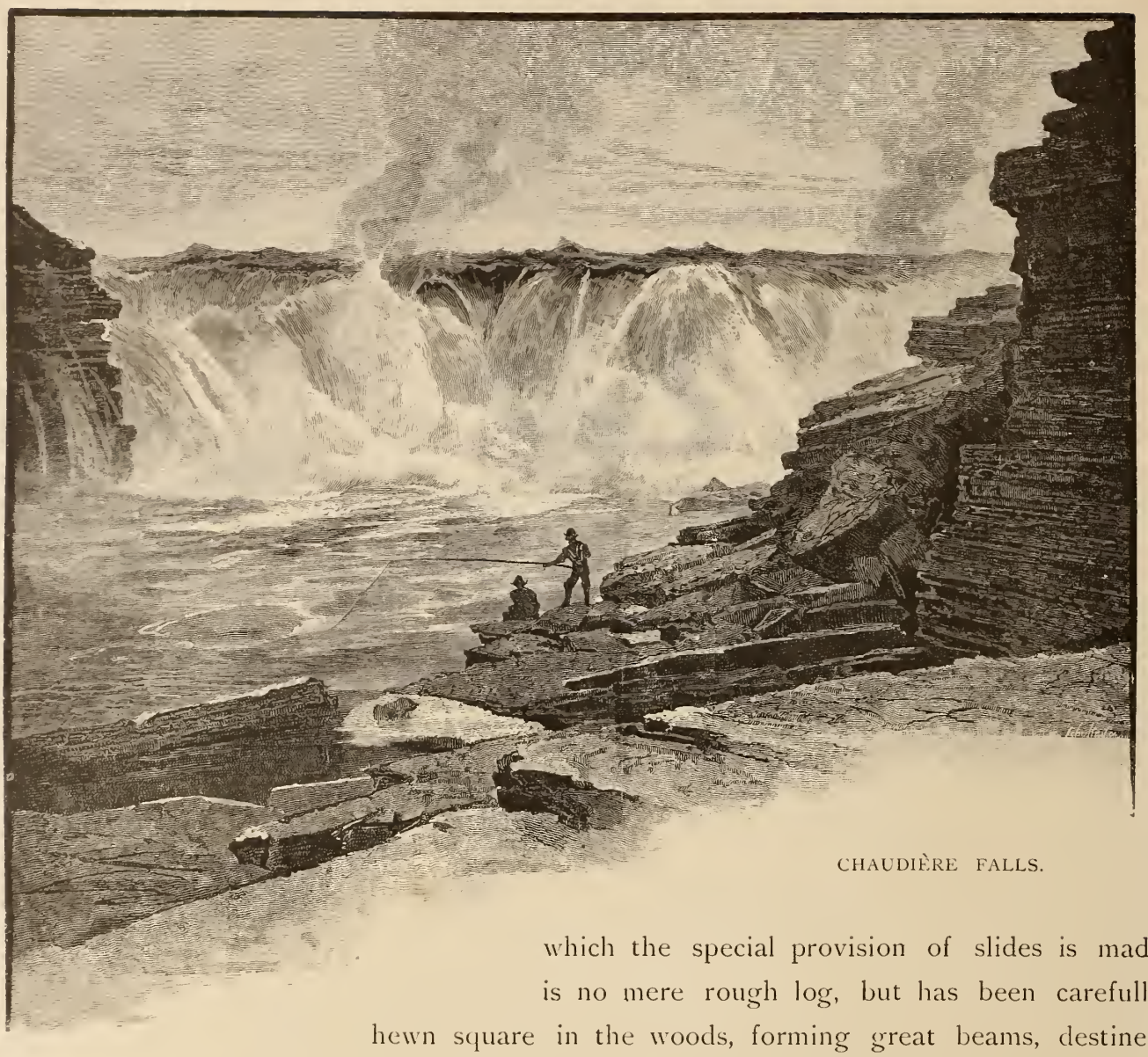
On the right, beyond a broad area of brownish, gray-coloured rock, bare in the dry summer time, but covered with down-rushing water in the river-swollen days of spring, are mills and still more mills, and an immense factory for the production of matches and pails—one of the "sights" of the locality. On the left, perched high on a labyrinth of monster piles, by which the giant force of the river has been dammed up and curbed, runs a long line of big saw-mills, and entering these, the unearthly din, made up of whirr, buzz and shriek, becomes absolutely deafening. Here is the home of the saw, and anything more curiously fascinating than the aspect of the place, with its crowd of ever-busy workers, the rapid up-and-down dance of the tremendous saws, can scarcely be imagined. Set, thirty or more, framed in a row—those terrible instruments form what is called a "gate"—and towards this uncompromising combination the logs, having first been drawn from the water up an inclined plane, deftly handled and coaxed into position, are irresistibly impelled, one succeeding the other, day and night. For a moment the glittering steel dances before the forest innocent, a veritable "dance of death;" then, with a crash and a hiss, the ugly-looking teeth make the first bite, and, for five or six minutes, eat their way steadily through the tough fibre, till that which entered the jaws of the machine a mere log, emerges in the form of sawn planks, which a few more rapid and simple operations convert into well trimmed and salable lumber, ready for the piling ground and the markets of America and Europe.

The scene at night—for work continues both by night and day—is extremely novel and picturesque. Some of the lumbering firms now use the electric light, and the effect in that pure, clear glare, is of the most Rembrandt-like character. The contrast between the darkness outside, and the weird unearthly figures of the busy crowd of workers; the dark, rough backs of the dripping logs, as they are hauled up from the water, catching the reflection, and the sharp flash of the steel as it dances up and down—all contribute to make a picture of the horrible which would captivate the pencil of Doré and give Dante a new idea for a modern *Inferno*.

Amongst the novel experiences which the city offers to its visitors is the descent of the "slides," whereby the hardships of the lumberman's life become, for a few exciting moments, the attractive sport of venturesome seekers of strange thrills. The timber for



CHAUDIÈRE FALLS, AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.

which the special provision of slides is made is no mere rough log, but has been carefully hewn square in the woods, forming great beams, destined for solid piles or massive building work. For the avoidance of the unmerciful grinding and battering on jagged rocks which passage over the falls would entail, long, smooth-bottomed channels of massive wood and stone-work have been built, leading from the high level above to the waters below, the inclination being sufficient to bring the timber safely down, carefully made up into lots called "cribs," containing some twenty "sticks" of various lengths, but of an uniform width of twenty-four feet, to fit the slide. The descent is made at a pace which, with the ever-present possibility of a break-up, gives a very respectable sense of excitement to a novice. There is but little attempt at fastening, the buoyancy of the timber and the weight of three or four of the heaviest beams obtainable being sufficient, as a rule, to hold the mass together.

Just at the head the adventurous *voyageurs* hurriedly embark, the crib being courteously held back for a moment for their convenience. Under direction, they perch themselves upon the highest timber in the rear, out of the way as far as possible of uprushing waters, and the huge mass is cleverly steered by the immense oars which are used for

the purpose, towards the entrance of the chute. Ahead for a quarter of a mile appears a narrow channel, down which a shallow stream of water is constantly rushing, with here and there a drop of some five or eight feet; the ladies gather up their garments, as the crib, now beginning to feel the current, takes matters into its own hands; with rapidly-quickening speed, the unwieldy craft passes under a bridge, and with a groan and a mighty cracking and splashing, plunges nose foremost, and tail high in the air, over the first drop. Now she is in the slide proper, and the pace is exhilarating; on, over the smooth timbers she glides swiftly; at a bridge ahead passers-by stop, and wavings of friendly handkerchiefs are interchanged. Now comes a bigger drop than the last, and the water, as we go over, surges up through our timbers, and a shower of spray falls about us.



CRIB OF TIMBER RUNNING THE SLIDE.

A delicate "Oh!" from the ladies compliments this effort. Never mind; a little wetting was all in this day's march. Another interval of smooth rush, and again a drop, and yet another. Ahead, there is a gleam of tossed and tumbled water, which shows the end of the descent; down still we rush, and with one last wild dip, which sends the water spurting up about our feet, we have reached the bottom, cleverly caught on a floating platform of wood, called the "apron," which prevents our plunging into

"full fathoms five." We have "run the slides." Now, out oars, and soon, striking into the powerful current which has swept over the falls behind us, we are lying moored by the side of some huge raft containing, perhaps, a hundred of such cribs as ours, and worth over $100,000, where the process of "re-making up" is going on, preparatory to the long, slow tow down the broad waters of the Ottawa to Ste. Anne, where the whole work of separation has to be gone over again. Again, too, at Lachine, the whole raft is dismembered, and the dangers of those terrible rapids must be run with no assistance from slides, before the calm bosom of the St. Lawrence can bear our timbers to the tall ships of frowning Quebec and the chances of Atlantic storms.

For us now, not unwilling to accept the hospitality freely extended to all visitors, there is the pleasant red fire of the raft to stand by, and the tin pannikins (carefully cleansed in our honour) filled from a huge and ever-simmering cauldron of blackest tea brew; there is bread, new and white enough, and vigour-giving pork and nourishing beans, all of which Jules, *chef-de-cuisine* of the craft, offers us with hospitable thought and a pleasant smile, showing his white teeth the while. Jules' dubiously agreeable mission is to fill the ever-empty forty or fifty hearty and healthy giants who compose the crew, and as they begin work and breakfasting at daybreak, the generous pots must always be ready to supply food till far on in the night. Such ponderous and much-worked machinery requires big furnaces, and the fuel must be at hand at all hours. We drink our tea and praise the bread—bringing thereby a glow of satisfaction to the brown cheek of our kind cook—and, if allowed, present a small *douceur;* then, with a hand-shake and a *bon voyage*, we step ashore and leave our craft to its fate.

This descent of the slides is a feature so peculiar to the city that all her illustrious visitors are introduced to its charms as a matter of course. The Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Grand Duke Alexis, Lord and Lady Dufferin, and Lord Lorne with the Princess Louise, have all undergone the ordeal with much success and amusement, and have thereby entered the ranks of the initiated into the craft of the raftsmen. Farther than this slight playful flirtation with a difficult and dangerous life, they would not probably care to venture.

A simple, kindly-hearted, easily-amused race of men are these same stalwart sons of the forest, the rapid, and the stream. Given plenty of work and plenty of food, and having unlimited fresh air and consciences the most unburdened, the labours of the day find sufficient relief in nightly gatherings round the huge fires of the raft or shanty. Some will certainly be found who can tell a good story, dance a cunning if noisy jig, or sing one of the many quaint, childish, but often touching airs which, floating down intact from the primitive days of the early French rule, still delight the *voyageurs* of to-day. Perhaps it is the story of the *trois beaux canards*, who, swimming in the pond,

are shot at by the *fils du roi*, so *méchant* with its likely but inconsonant chorus of the "rolling ball"; how the white duck fell, and

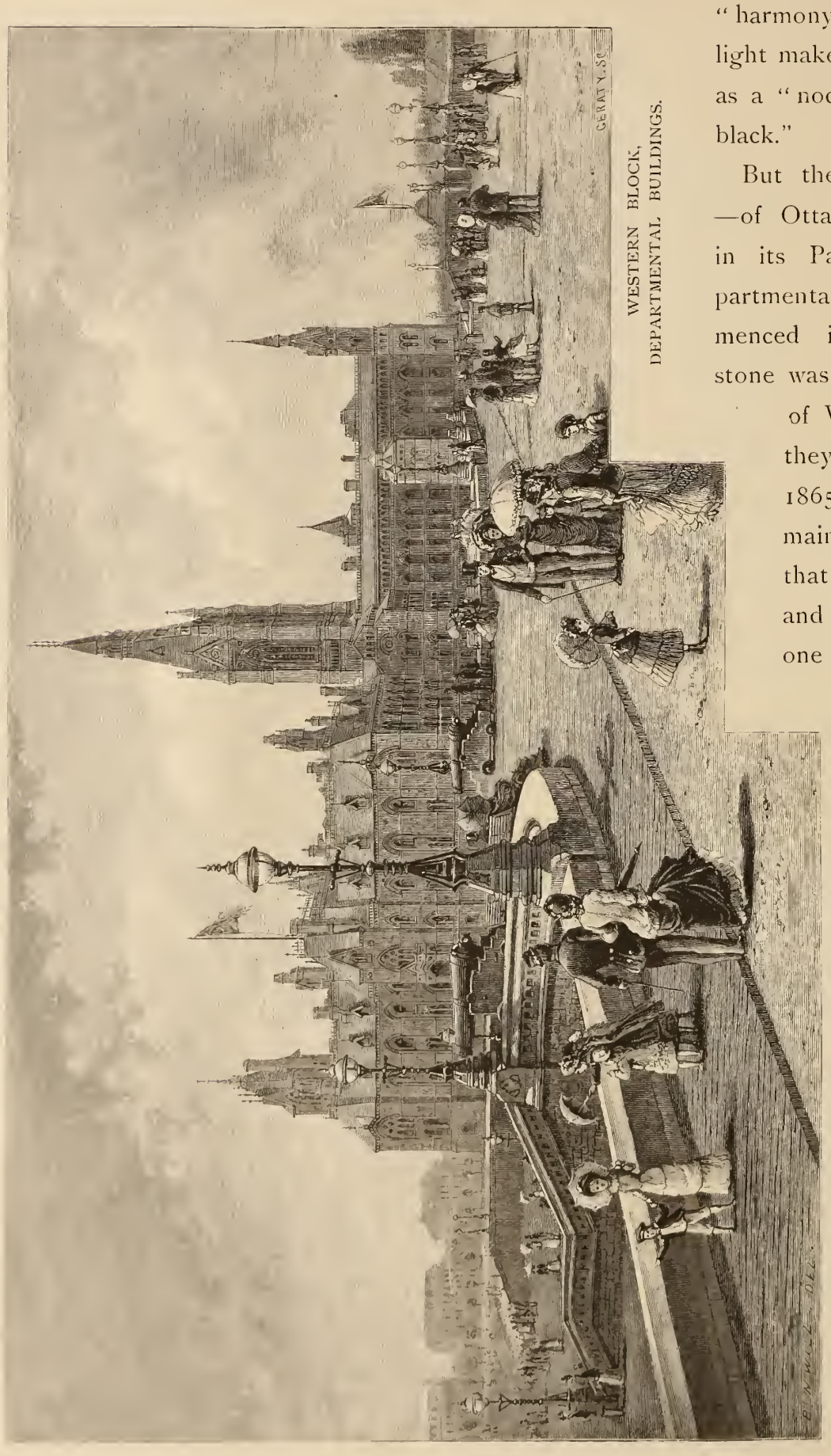
"Par ces yeux lui sort'nt des diamants
En roulant ma boule.
Et par ce bec, l'or et l'argent,
Roule, roulant, ma boule roulant;
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule,"

is a tale known wherever the shantyman has set foot. Or perhaps the praises of their snug halting place, "Bytown," are sung. Thus—

"À Bytown c'est une jolie place
Où il s'ramass' ben d'la crasse;
Où ya des jolies filles
Et aussi des jolis garcons.
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons."

Popular amongst their songs is that of the famous Marlborough, hero of *la belle nation*, by virtue of his five years' service with Turenne; and the air "*Malbrough s' en va-t-en guer-re*," queerly surviving with us as wedded to the words, "We won't go home till morning," has startled the drinking deer of many a river bend on many a misty morning. But chief of all stands the tender "*A la claire fontaine!*" with its sad lover of the weeping heart and lost mistress, which, it is said, all the Canadian world, from the child of seven to the white-haired man, knows and sings. These are the songs which can still be heard from the brow of Parliament Hill, on the warm summer evenings, floating up from the monster rafts which, ever-gathering, lie moored at its wood-fringed base; links are these songs, binding the river of the Past to the river of To-day.

Beyond Major's Hill, or rather at its extreme end, is Nepean Point, a rival to the big rocky promontory to the westward, upon which the Parliament Buildings stand. Here is the saluting battery, from which, on certain high "white stone" days, the curl of smoke and boom of big guns tells of a fresh birthday for the Queen, or for the young Dominion, or of the state visits of England's representatives to the Senate, or of the opening or closing of Parliament. From this, of all the many points from which the "Buildings" can be viewed, they present, perhaps, the most picturesque aspect. Sufficiently near to be taken in as a whole, and yet far enough off to be merged in the grace-giving veil of the atmosphere, their effect in the warm glow of the sun as it sets in the west is simply delightful to the painter's eye. Bit by bit their dainty towers and pinnacles and buttresses fade out in the subdued tones of evening, changing from the



WESTERN BLOCK,
DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS.

"symphony in red" to a "harmony in gray," till moonlight makes them all glorious as a "nocturne in silver and black."

But the centre—the heart—of Ottawa lies, of course, in its Parliament and Departmental Buildings. Commenced in 1859, the first stone was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1860, and they were occupied in 1865, though much remained to be done after that date; the library and an extension of one of the blocks, the grounds, and the surrounding walls and railings, having been subsequently added. In their present form they cost fully five million dollars, and cover an area of about four acres. They form three sides of a huge square, which is laid down in grass, beautifully kept, whose fresh, green surface,



FROM MAIN ENTRANCE UNDER CENTRAL TOWER.

crossed with broad paths, stands above the level of Wellington Street, from which it is separated by a low stone wall with handsome railing and gates. Rising above this square, on a stone terrace with sloping carriage approaches on either side, the great central block, with a massive tower 220 feet high in the centre, faces the square. This building, three storeys in height, has a frontage of forty-seven feet and, like the sister buildings on either side, is built in a style of architecture based on the Gothic of the twelfth century, combining the elements of grace and simplicity which the climate of the country seems to require. A cream-coloured sandstone from the neighbouring district, to which age is fast adding fresh beauty of colour, with arches over the doors and windows of a warm, red sandstone from Potsdam and dressings of Ohio freestone, has been happily employed—the effect of colour, apart from form, being most grateful to the eye. This building contains the two Chambers—for the Commons and the Senate—and all the accommodation necessary for the officers of both Houses. The Chamber of the Commons is an oblong hall, fitted



LOOKING UP THE OTTAWA, FROM PARLIAMENT GROUNDS.

with separate seats and desks for the members, the Speaker's chair being placed in the middle of one side, leaving a somewhat narrow passage-way from which on either hand the desks of the members rise in tiers. The ceiling is supported by graceful clus-



MAIN BUILDINGS, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ters of marble pillars—four in each—and a broad gallery runs round the Chamber which, on important nights, is crowded with politicians, ladies, members of deputations and others interested, from all parts of the Dominion. The debates would be more appreciated by the public if the speakers could be better heard, though perhaps such a statement implies a compliment that should be limited to a select few of the members; but, as with so many other buildings intended for public speaking, the Chamber was constructed without reference to any principles of acoustics. Few of the speeches delivered in the House can be called inspiring. In fact, when not personal, they are prosaic. This can hardly be helped, for a Canadian Parliament, like Congress in the United States, deals, as a rule, with matters from which only genius could draw inspiration. The French-Canadian members, in consequence, probably, of the classical training that is the basis of their education, are far superior to their English-speaking *confrères*

in accuracy of expression and grace of style. Even when they speak in English these qualities are noticeable. The Senate Chamber, which, with its offices, occupies the other half of the huge building, is of precisely the same architectural character, the colouring of carpets and upholstery being, however, of crimson, and the seats being differently arranged; the throne, occupied by the representative of Her Majesty, is at the far end, on a dais of crimson cloth; and in front of it is the Speaker's chair. Here the ceremonies connected with the opening and closing of Parliament take place—the former being an event of much importance—indeed, one of the leading incidents of the life of the capital. It is a pretty sight, with the gay uniforms of the military, the rich dress of the ministers, the scarlet gowns of the Supreme Court judges, and the varied toilets of the ladies. It is usually followed in the evening by the holding of a "drawing-room," at which the strict rules of etiquette which govern European assemblages of the kind are dispensed with, and any one who desires can, by complying with the ordinary requirements of every-day domestic life as to evening dress, be present, and make acquaintance with the representative of the Crown in most simple and republican fashion.

Behind the two Chambers is situated the Parliamentary Library, a building of exceptional architectural grace externally. Flying buttresses of great strength and beauty give a distinctive character to the structure, while its lofty dome is a landmark far and near. Inside it is fitted with all possible regard to convenience, the workmanship being of elaborately-carved wood, and comprising cunningly-devised recesses for reading purposes, with rooms for the librarian and his staff. In the centre is a noble marble statue of the Queen, executed by Marshall Wood. Marble busts of the Prince and Princess of Wales are prominent treasures of the room. In its chief librarian, Dr. Alpheus Todd, it possesses a head whose standing as a writer upon constitutional law is recognized in all parts of the world. The remaining buildings, on the east and west sides of the square, are occupied by the several departments of the Government, and are well adapted to meet the present requirements. The east block, which contains the office of the Governor-General and the Chambers of the Privy Council, possesses at its entrance a tower of graceful design, which very favourably impresses the spectator from Elgin Street, to whose eye it gives the first intimation of the vicinity of the buildings.

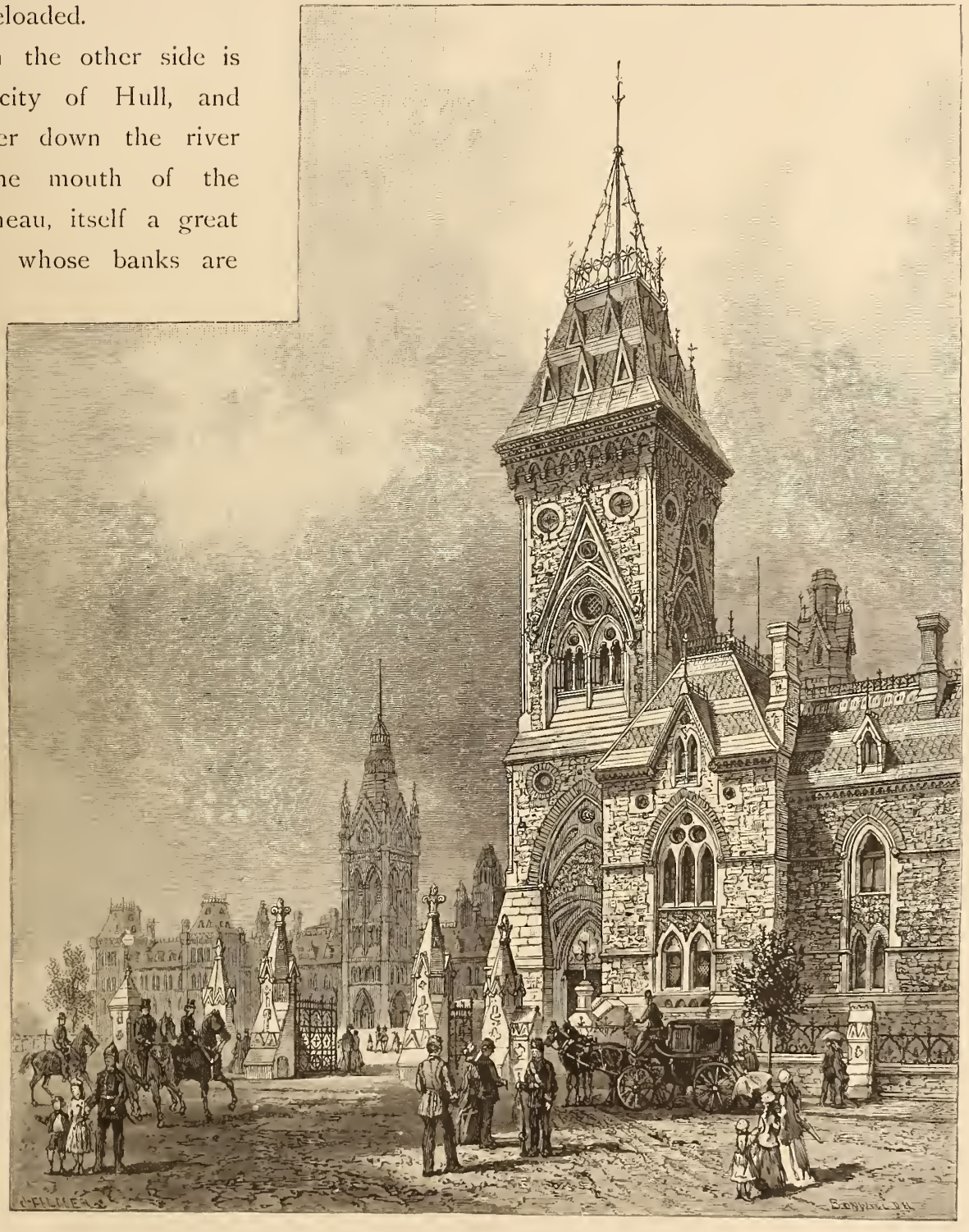
Running entirely round the three blocks of the Parliament and Departmental buildings is a broad drive, and at the sides and in rear of the library, the grounds, like those in the front, are laid out in handsome and well-planned flower-beds, with great stretches of green lawn, overlooking the cliff. Here, from a pretty summer-house erected close to the edge of the precipitous slope, a widely commanding view is afforded of the broad stream of the Ottawa to the east and west. Immense rafts are being made up in all directions; steamers and tugs ply up and down, taking big barges, laden with lumber, to the markets of the world, or toilfully working



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FROM SKATING POND.

their way up the rapid current with the burden of a long "tow" of empty ones returning to the yards to be reloaded.

On the other side is the city of Hull, and farther down the river is the mouth of the Gatineau, itself a great river, whose banks are



TOWER OF EASTERN BLOCK, DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS.

studded here and there with queer clusters of wooden cottages, which the spring freshets annually transform into lacustrine dwellings of most grotesque discomfort. Over, far away,

> "Where the sunny end of evening smiles—
> Miles and miles,"

is the range of hills, the outcrop of the old Laurentians, known as the King's

Mountain, where are all manner of delightful haunts for the artist—tiny lakes and seared and moss-grown cliffs and huge boulders—places where man is yet a stranger and the whistle of the locomotive a far-distant horror of the future. The valley of the Gatineau is marvellously rich in mineral wealth—phosphates, iron ore of the purest plumbago, mica, and almost all known varieties of minerals are found, though discovery in this direction is yet in its infancy. The first three are, however, somewhat extensively mined, and only await the advent of capital to become a source of great wealth to the neighbourhood. This is a country rich, too, in prizes for the botanist and entomologist, while the river boasts of rapids and falls which would delight the eye of the painter, so gracefully picturesque are their manifold surgings and leapings.

Besides the Gatineau and the hilly range in front, the summer-house gives a view to the west far up the Ottawa till, nine miles off, the shimmer of light shows a broad surface of smooth water. Lac du Chêne is one of the many expansions of the noble river, beside which, snugly nestled, lies the village of Aylmer, a great centre for summer excursions, being only twenty minutes' run from the city by train. Below, at our feet, there runs all the way round the steep slope of Parliament Hill, a delightful winding path—the "Lover's Walk"—cut out of the hillside. A more charming stroll for man or maid, lover or misanthrope, could not be wished for. Shut off from the city life and embowered in trees, whose cool shade makes the hottest day bearable, the fortunate Ottawaite can here "laze" himself into a state of dreamy contentment. Through breaks in the foliage the silver river gleams, busy and beautiful, a hundred feet below; the white stems of the birch gracefully relieve the sombre gleam of hemlock and the fresher tints of the maple, all for him. Birds talk to him, sing to him. The oriole, with its uniform of black and orange, pauses a moment to wish him well, and a bright gleam of greenish-blue shows him the kingfisher, far too busily engaged for talk. Perhaps the momentary hovering of a tiny ball of emerald and sapphire and opal, and a sound as of an overgrown bumble-bee, shows the presence of a humming-bird; while from some near bough the "Canada bird" repeats its tenderly sympathetic note—"Poor Canada, Canada, Canada!" with most evident irrelevancy and possible chaff. From the mills of the Chaudière come the faint buzz of the saw, and the noise of the "Big Kettle," which is well seen from the "Walk." All this in the golden haze of a summer's afternoon! Who shall say that Ottawa is not beautiful?

But when the summer has worn away, and the frost in the chilly autumn nights has "bitten the heel of the going year," and the sensitive leaves of the maples, stricken to death by the first breath of winter, end their brief lives in an exquisite fever flush, making wood and hillside a very painter's feast of rich colour, Ottawa begins to prepare for the second phase of her existence, her merry winter season. Then comes the first snow fall, and soon the cheery ting-tang of sleigh-bells makes gay music for a gay white world, and the rumble and dust of her summer streets have gone for a five

months' spell. Steamers and tugs and barges are laid up in her once-busy stream, and the sluggish waters thicken with the increasing cold till, bit by bit, the tiny ice crystals knit themselves into a solid coat two feet in thickness, and the Ottawa is bridged from shore to shore.

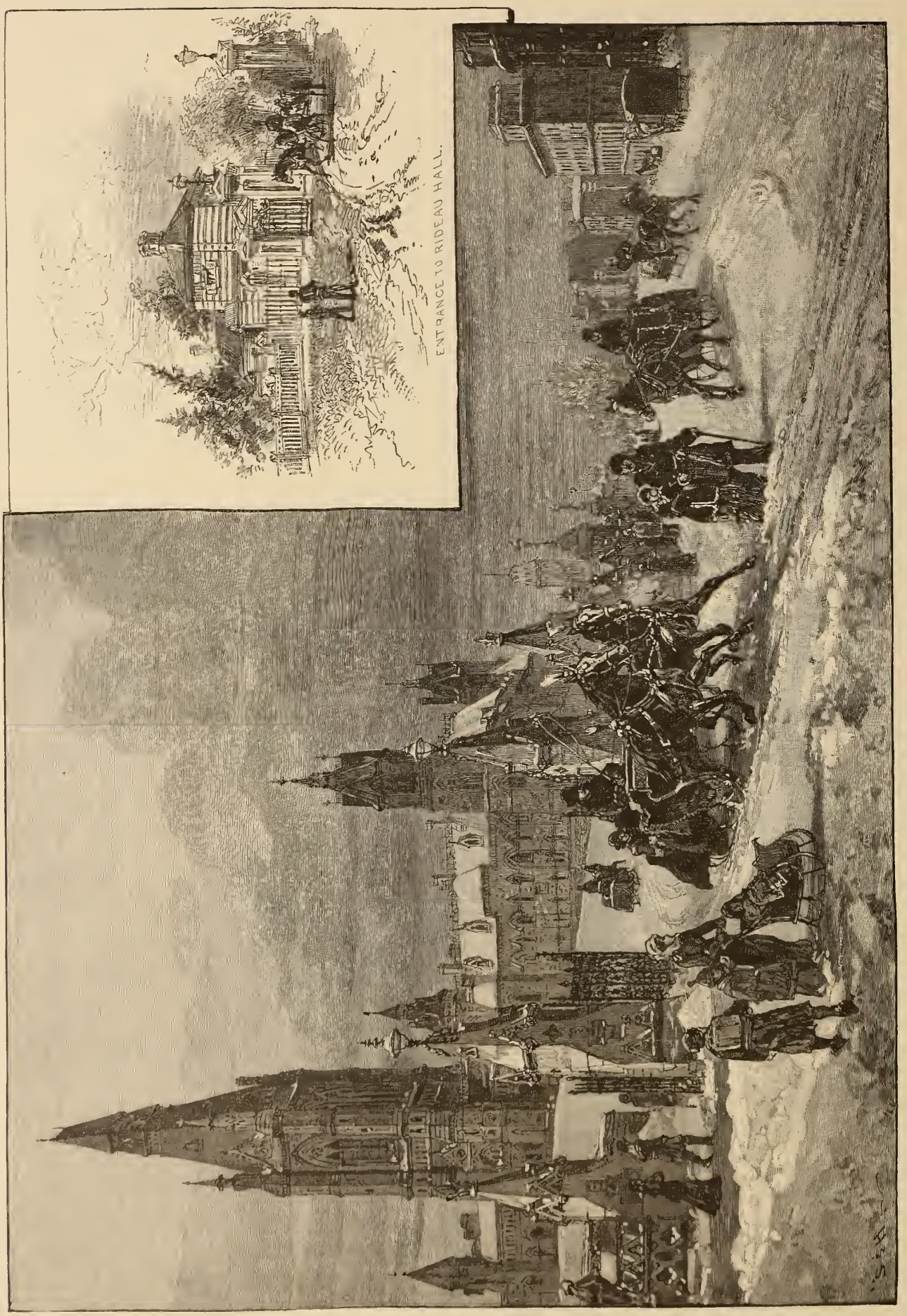
That the winter in Ottawa is emphatically *winter*, and no half-hearted compromise, there is not a shadow of doubt, and therein lies its charm. No vacillating slush and half-melted snow in the streets, no rain and fog in the air—all is hard and white and clear underfoot, while overhead there is the purest of blue skies, which night transforms into the most glorious of diamond-studded canopies.

Here now flock from the shores of the Atlantic, a thousand miles away; from Manitoba, the hopeful centre of the Dominion; from beyond the towering barriers of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast, three thousand miles distant; and from many a city, town, village and homestead between—the legislators of the land. The ordinarily quiet streets are busy with life, the hotels are all crowded, and the lobbies of the Parliament Buildings are haunted by those peculiar gentry who gather together round dispensers of patronage. Dances, dinners, balls and theatricals follow in quick succession. Visitors on business and visitors on pleasure come and go, and the work and play of a whole year is compressed into three stirring months; the noble piles of the public buildings are brilliant with light, while far into the night the many-coloured windows of the "Chambers" throw gay reflections on the snow outside.

The chief centre, as is fitting, of all winter hospitality, is Government House; and in the occupants of the "Hall" Canada has long had representatives of her dignity, who have worthily maintained her character as a generous and hospitable country, and the care which grudges no pains or cost to give pleasure has its own reward in the kindly feeling which invariably follows acquaintance with the simple-mannered, self-forgetting lady and gentleman who stand at the head of Canadian society.

Government House is about two miles from the city. Past the Rideau Falls, the road leads on through the village of New Edinburgh to the lodge gates. Down this road, in the winter of 1880, the horses attached to the sleigh which was conveying H. R. H. the Princess Louise, to hold a drawing-room in the Senate Chamber, bolted, overturning the sleigh, dragging it a considerable distance along the frozen ground. This accident resulted, unhappily, in severe injury to the illustrious lady. Once through the gates, a drive of a few hundred yards through a pretty bit of native woodland leads to the house. Half way up this drive the Princess has caused an opening to be cut in the woods, known as the "Princess' Vista," through which a lovely view is afforded of the broad stream of the Ottawa and the shore and distant hills beyond.

Utterly devoid of any attempt at architectural style—a piecemeal agglomeration of incongruous brick, plaster, and stone, "Rideau Hall" or Government House is at once one of the most unpretentious and disappointing yet comfortable of residences. Set in



ENTRANCE TO RIDEAU HALL.

WELLINGTON STREET IN WINTER.



THE PRINCESS' VISTA.

a delightfully varied area of grass, garden, and forest, comprising nearly ninety acres of land, the building presents an aspect the most commonplace to the visitor, who sees only the bare wooden porch of the doorway, flanked on the right by the tennis court (which by a charming transformation does duty as a supper-room), and on the left by the ball-room. But the pleasantness of the place lies in the yet unseen. Away back from that unprepossessing central doorway stretches a long, gray-stone, two-storied building, whose rooms look out upon flower-gardens and conservatories, and which has all those delightful surprises in the way of cosy, oddly-shaped apartments, such as buildings which have grown, bit by bit, from small beginnings so often possess.

Besides the never-ending round of balls, dinners and general entertaining, for which Government House is famous, there is the range of out-of-door fun; and here come in

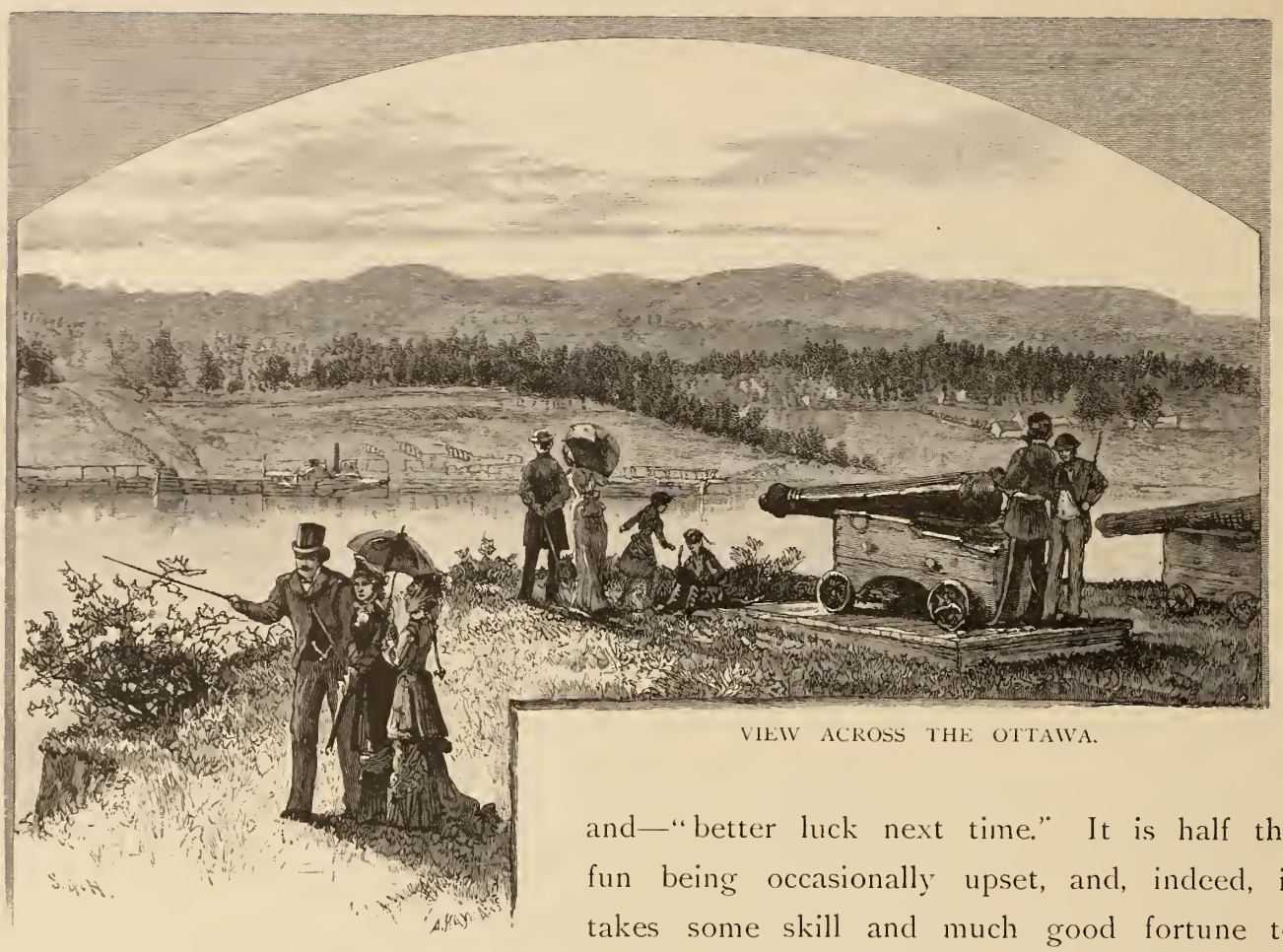
skating, curling, and above all, the toboggan. Out of Canada or Russia, the delights of the toboggan slide are but matters of imagination. Nowhere else can the swift downward rush into the strong, healthy embrace of the frosty air, over the glossy, white surface of the hardened snow be enjoyed; and the very best of Canadian slides—barring the somewhat dangerful Montmorency, and perhaps the glacis of Fort Henry at Kingston—is at Government House. Here, in the grounds, reared on a high mound, there rises far above the tree-tops all through the summer a huge bare structure of stout timbers, from the summit of which descends, at a steep angle, a boarded trough, ending with the foot of the hill, which winter sees snow-covered and the centre of laughter and most hearty, healthful fun. This, and two fine, smooth areas of well-kept ice, and a long, covered rink for the benefit of curlers, are among the attractions to hundreds of guests of the House through the winter season. It is a merry, jolly scene, when the rinks are crowded with skaters performing all manner of intricate figures and dances, while the sharp hiss and clink of the steel forms a cheery accompaniment to the roar and rush of the toboggan as it sweeps down with its laughing load and vanishes far away under the distant trees.

To the Canadian the toboggan is as familiar as a household word: but for the benefit of the uninitiated, it should be explained that it is a thin strip of wood about two feet wide and six or eight feet long, curled up in front to throw off the snow, the "form" being maintained by thongs of deer's sinew. Upon this a well-padded cushion or buffalo-skin is fastened, and the result is a toboggan of luxury. To be comfortable, one should be prepared—the object being to keep out the fine snow from a too intimate relationship with the body. A pair of thick woollen stockings and moose-skin moccasins over the feet, a blanket-coat of white or blue, and a tuque (or *habitant's* long cap) on the head, or one of fur well jammed down over the ears, with long, fur gauntlets, makes a capital costume. The ladies are charming in gay blanket coats of red or white or blue, or warm fur mantles, with snug white "clouds" wound coquettishly over their fur caps. Most bewitching is this Canadian tobogganning dress, bringing such piquant effect to a pretty face touched with the ripe, rich glow of health, as makes mere ball-room beauty commonplace. The toboggan is a most accommodating vehicle. Charming as a carrier of two, it is delightful with three, and four can go down on it with comfort. Having climbed to the top of the slide by a series of steps, the party prepares to descend. The garments of the gentle freight are carefully tucked in and, seated one behind the other, the steerer last, ready either with hand or with foot outstretched behind to guide the erratic craft. Letting go their hold, with the swoop of an eagle and a harsh, grating, crash and crackle, down they rush at the rate of twenty miles an hour, cutting the sharp, keen air which, in return, almost takes their breath away; bounding headlong over any irregularities in the road, past the foot of the hill in a twinkling, where a crowd of spectators stands ready to applaud success or laugh at



TOBOGGANNING AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

and, indeed, frequently enough, there is a spill; the toboggan is ill-balanced, some one moves to right or left, or the preceding toboggan has scored too deep a curve in the snow, and in a moment the whole party is sent flying at all manner of queer tangents, but no harm is done. There is a good deal of laughing, much brushing off of the snow-dust, mishap, and flashing along the smooth white track beyond for a quarter of a mile or more till the speed slackens, and they spring up hurriedly, to leave the path clear for the next jolly party which is close on their heels. Sometimes



VIEW ACROSS THE OTTAWA.

and—"better luck next time." It is half the fun being occasionally upset, and, indeed, it takes some skill and much good fortune to ensure a successful run. Lord Lorne, besides building a second and loftier slide, has introduced a new charm—tobogganning by torchlight—and a more quaintly fairy picture could not be desired than this affords. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns dot the trees or hang in festoons, while the long course is outlined with flaming torches, and a monster bonfire throws a ruddy glow over everything. Hot mulled wine and coffee and the music of a military band make the charm complete, and supper puts the perfecting touch to Canada's great winter pastime.

Into this merry sport, as into all others which the bright Canadian winter offers, the Princess enters with the hearty zest of her simple, unaffected, womanly nature, laughingly beguiling her more timid guests into essaying the descent with her, and successfully "taking them down." Both the present Governor-General and his predecessor, throwing the same energy into their play as into their work, have been the life and soul of rink and slide; and the natural, home-like life of the "Hall," which so many hundreds have shared, is at its brightest in these constantly-repeated gatherings.

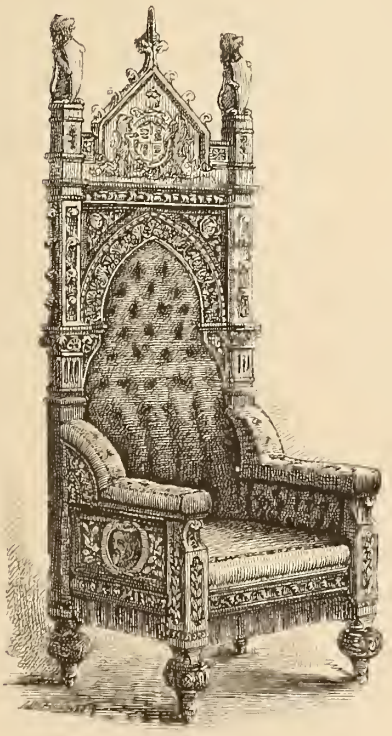
Such, then, is Ottawa in its several aspects of social, political, and business life—the

"Fair city with its crown of towers,"

as Lord Dufferin happily styled her. Picturesque she cannot fail to be, for nature has made her so; a power she must be for good or bad, throughout the land, for her

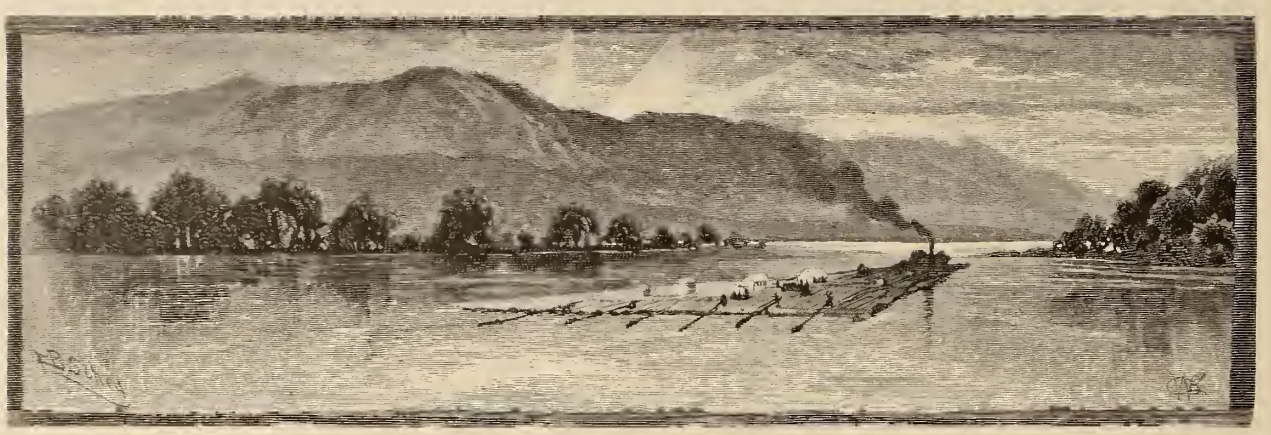
fortunes have so willed it. Holding in her midst the centred force of a whole people, and being, by virtue of her strange wild past and noble present, the link that binds the old to the new—the experience-taught, sober Old World across the sea to the fresh energy and restless vitality of this great young continent—may she prove worthy of her honours! May the bells of the capital of the Dominion ever—

"Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws."



VICE-REGAL CHAIR, SENATE CHAMBER.

THE UPPER OTTAWA.



THE attractions of the city to which the Ottawa River has given a name, its political, social, and commercial importance, lead many to limit their interest to that part of the river which lies below the Chaudière. Yet the Upper Ottawa presents an unbroken panorama of scenery scarce to be rivalled in Canada, if on the American continent; scenery that changes from the pastoral calm of unruffled river and lake, fit mirror and bath for the yet unscared Dryad of the woods, which alternate with wheat-field, farm, and village—to the torrent, whirling trees like play-things; the cascade leaping in silver shaft from the precipice; the archipelago of five hundred islets; the still, dark depth of current under Oiseau Rock; the broad, navigable stream between mountains clad with primeval forest,—to where the locomotive of the new-built railway outscreams the eagle amid the lonely hills of Mattawa. The scenery of the Upper Ottawa is, perhaps, the least known in Canada. It is still in very many places as wild, as unmarked by the presence of man, as when Champlain discovered it. Yet it is full of promise for the wealth and civilization of the future; unlimited wood-supply and water-power; land that bears the finest of cereals; marble that already decks the Chambers of our National Parliament; with hills and cliffs in whose womb lie, awaiting birth, the most useful of the economic metals. Such are but a few of the natural advantages of this part of our country.

Nor is the scenery without historic associations of interest. From the earlier times it was the great water highway of the Indian race, who knew no better road for their hunting expeditions. Its true Indian name was the "Kit-chi-sippe," of which the French

"Grande Rivière" is a mere literal translation; "sippi," or "sippe," meaning water, as in "Mississippi," and many other Indian names.

The name "Ottawa" was, according to the best Indian authorities, the appellation of a tribe of Algonquins whom the French *voyageurs* met on the river, although their real home was on Lake Michigan—the word signifying "the human ear," a tribal title. A portion of this tribe occupied the territory near Calumet and Allumette.

The modern history of the Upper Ottawa begins with the illustrious discoverer who first led the way on its waters to the great lakes of the West—Samuel de Champlain—of whom mention has elsewhere been made in this work as the Father of New France and the Founder of Quebec and Montreal. An embassy from the Algonquins of the Ottawa had asked his aid in their war with the Iroquois, who, inhabiting what is now New York State, were a kind of pre-historic Annexationists in their desire to add to their own country what is now Canada. It was, all through, Champlain's policy to make the Algonquins subjects, converts and soldiers, against the Iroquois heathen. And when a Frenchman of his party, named Vignan, who had passed up the river in the Algonquin canoes, returned, after a year in the Upper Ottawa region, with a wonderful story of a great lake at the source of the Ottawa, and of a river beyond it that led to the ocean, Champlain was captivated by the tale. All the gold of India and the spice islands of the Orient seemed brought within the reach of France. On Monday, the 27th day of May, 1615, he left his fort at Montreal with a party of five Frenchmen—including Vignan—and a single Indian guide, in two small canoes. Carrying their canoes by land past the rapids, they glided in the tiny egg-shell ships that were freighted with the future of Canada's civilization, over the tranquil depth of Lac du Chêne, till the cataracts of the Chats, foaming over the limestone barrier stretched across the lake, confronted them as with a wall of waters. Undaunted by a scene still, as then, terrible in its wild sublimity, they pressed on, toiling with their canoes over the portage to where Arnprior now stands; thence over the Lake of the Chats to what is now Portage du Fort. Here the Indians said that the rapids—those of the Calumet—were impassable. They entered the broken hill country through a pine forest where a late tornado had strewn huge trees in every direction. In the painful toil of crossing this *debris*, they lost part of their baggage. Long years afterward a rapier and an astrolabe, or astronomical instrument for observing the stars, were found in this region; the date on the astrolabe, corresponding to that of this expedition, showing it to be a veritable relic of Champlain. Past the perilous impediments of this portage, they crossed Lake Coulange to the island of the Allumette. There a friendly chief named Tessonet received them. While at his camp, Champlain discovered that Vignan had deceived him, and had never been farther up the river than the camp of Tessonet. Champlain pardoned the impostor, whom his Indian allies wished to kill with torture. He then returned to the fort at Quebec, and in his frail vessel once more

crossed the ocean to France. Here he met with some encouragement, and returning with supplies and missionary priests, Champlain set out a second time on the Upper Ottawa with a single Frenchman and ten Indians, till he reached the Indian camp at Allumette. Thence, twenty miles of navigable river stretched before him, straight as the bird flies, between the sombre hills. Passing the rapids—the Joachim and the Caribou, the Rocher Capitaine and the Deux Rivières—they reached the term of their voyage on the Ottawa at its junction with the Mattawa. Thence they made their way to Lake Nipissing and the great Western Lakes. A score of years afterwards, successful in all the great exploits he had undertaken, this strange compound of adventurer, statesman, soldier, saint and scholar, died at Quebec, on Christmas Day, 1635.

To Champlain, discoverer of the Upper Ottawa route, traders and mission priests succeeded as civilizing agents. A fur-trading company was formed by merchants in France, whose *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* penetrated far up the river among the friendly Algonquins. Important mission stations were formed in the Huron and Simcoe regions, the road to which was by the Upper Ottawa. It is impossible to read of the marvellous labours and sufferings of those missionaries without feeling the admiration due to brave men. One missionary died at a slow fire, his neck circled with hot axes, his head in mockery baptised with boiling water, praying for his torturers to the end. Father Jogues, having survived torture and mutilation, returned to France, where he was greeted as a martyr for the Faith. All Europe rang with his praise. In the Royal Palace the Queen—Anne of Austria—kissed his dismembered hand. But he would not be stayed from returning to his work in the wilderness. Another was found dead in the woods. He was kneeling; his hands clasped—frozen while he prayed! Apostolic devotion met with Apostolic success. The blood of the Jesuit martyrs has been the seed of the Roman Church on the Upper Ottawa. In every town and village, even to far-off Mattawa, the Roman Catholic church is one of the largest; the Indians continue firm in its fold. Regular visits are paid each winter by mission priests to the shanties; few Christian congregations are more devoted to their clergy or more attentive to religious worship, than these rough, French-speaking lumbermen, many of whom are of half-Indian descent.

To the fur-trade of the French merchants succeeded, after the English Conquest, the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose forts and outposts have been receding, as a higher form of industry supplants the traffic of the hunters. Now the trade, *par excellence*, of the Upper Ottawa, is that of lumber, for which the river is the main artery in Canada. In fact, this industry has assumed a first place in our commerce; the vast forests along the river margin are peopled every season by armies of lumbermen; and the Ottawa floats the wealth thus secured on to the sea-ships that bear it to every haven in the world.

For nine miles above the Chaudière the Ottawa is so broken by rapids as to be



TIMBER BOOM, FITZROY HARBOUR.

unnavigable. A steamer plies between Aylmer and Fitzroy Harbour, on the Ottawa side of the Chats rapids. The passage along the expansion of the river, called Lac du Chêne, affords a view of the pleasant village of Aylmer. On either shore the country side betokens advanced civilization—gardens and farm-lands stretching far and wide. On the Ottawa side a quaint old wooden church marks, in the township of South March, the settlement of descendants of military officers of the Anglo-American War of 1812–15. On the Quebec side is the village of Quio, at the mouth of the river of the same name, where the steamer calls. In the background are the dark outlines of the Laurentian Mountains, their nearer slopes covered with dense woods. The scenery now is as wild as when Champlain first adventured on these waters. Landing at Pontiac, from a group of log-houses whose primitive roughness is not ill-matched with the scenery, we

see in the distance the gigantic limestone barrier which here crosses the river, and the far-off column of cataract-spray from the largest of the Chats rapids. The steamer touches, at Fitzroy Harbour, a point in the scene well worthy of study, and where we get one of the best views of the Chats. The little village is out of sight—insignificant and poverty-stricken—but from the hill which hides it we see the walls of precipice, island and cataract, which stretch across the entire Ottawa, like the bridle of stone with which the genii in Eastern fable were bidden to curb some mighty river! At the left side, on the Fitzroy shore, is the mouth of the River Carp, which winds its tortuous way from the pleasant pastures of Hazeldean, near Ottawa; and a semi-circular strand, strewn with logs, ends in a point covered with dense, low verdure.



THE CHATS, FROM PONTIAC.

Near us, two fishermen are shoving off a boat; it is of the kind called a *bonne*, or "good girl." These boats are much used by lumbermen. Flat-bottomed, invariably painted red, and shaped something like a "scow." It is well to hire one of them and push into the lake so as to get a thorough view of the waterfalls. These are generally counted as sixteen; in reality, we observe many more, and as we get nearer, realize the fact that the entire strength and stress of the Ottawa is bent on forcing its way over this barrier of limestone precipice. Sometimes it takes the opposing rampart by storm, surging over it in a sudden charge, foamless and sprayless, an unbroken dome of water; then, as its first force is spent, and it has lost its spring, it begins to plunge, surging and seething round the rocks that interpose to break its course, and hurling downwards the logs it has carried in its current, like missiles against a foe. Or, as we glide beneath the overhanging cliffs, we see how, from some narrow opening at the summit, a rocket-like, lance-shaped shaft of clear white water leaps alone into the abyss below! Between the cascades, the rocks appear like separate islands, where the thirsty cedars and willows cling with serpent-like



THE CHATS FALLS.

roots to the water-hollowed stone; maple and birch brightening the sombre pines, and veteran firs, gaunt with years, keeping guard. And through all, in a thousand unseen channels, we feel that the river-flood is spreading the secret of its fertilizing power. Most remarkable of all, however, is the largest of the "chutes"—or waterfalls; it is that whose white spray, rising high over the outline of the wood, we saw from Pontiac—a pillar of mist, which but for its purer whiteness, might be mistaken for one of the columns of bush-fire smoke in the country around.

On a closer view we discern, on either side, the shelving or sharpened masses of bare brown rock, to whose sides and summits the cedars cling as for dear life, clutching with their spreading roots all available vantage-ground. Far above, where the wind wafts aside the curtain of dim-blue vapour, we can see the torrent sweep, at first without impediment or break. But in the centre, black against the snow-coloured cataract, rises a mass of rock—a miniature fortress—secure in the midst of the turmoil. Breaking upon this, like cavalry against an army it cannot shake or shatter,

the pride of the cascade is humbled. It divides into two torrents, in whose career all shape and outline is lost in a fury of foam, in waves that hurry they know not whither, turning to and fro the logs that fleck their course, and fully realizing the grace and bounding ease of the tameless wild beast from which these waterfalls were not inaptly named.

As a means of direct communication between the portions of the river above and below the Chats, a slide has been constructed at considerable expense by the



QUIO, FROM THE CHATS.

Canadian Government. Beside this the slide-master's house is built, a good view of which may be seen from Fitzroy Harbour. After examining the waterfalls, and especially the largest chute, the Niagara of the Chats, it is pleasant, while close to its reek and rout, to look towards the Quebec side from the strip of waters to the "Everlasting Hills" in the far distance; the charm of the perspective is enhanced by jutting point and island, beyond which are the church-towers and house roofs of the French village of Quio.

The origin of the name "Chats" is doubtful. Some say it is a translation of the Indian appellation, it being a habit of the early French *voyageurs* to adopt the Indian designations; others, that it was so called from the number of wild-cats found in the neighbouring woods; while a resemblance that might well have suggested the name is seen in the cataracts with extended claws, in rifted rocks like the fangs of the *felinæ*, in the hissing, spluttering and fury of the descending cascades. But above that region of noise and terror, the "Lake of the Wild-Cats" is tame, with talons sheathed and tempestuous passions hushed. Through the clear, exhilarating air, the sun is strewing

gold upon the stirless water, except where the steamer glides with a track of swaying jewels. The sky is imaged in the ultramarine of the lake, or rather, of the river, which here expands so broadly that a faint blue mist veils the woods on the Quebec shore. This expansion extends nearly to Portage du Fort. Arnprior, on the south shore, is a place of some importance, from its lumbering establishments and its quarries of beautiful marble, of which the shafts of the columns in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa are formed. Beyond and above us, wind, with slope ever-changing, never monotonous, the dark-purple undulations of the Laurentian Hills.

Near the end of the lake we notice an enormous boom stretching across the river. On the Quebec shore is the dwelling of the boom-master, whose duty it is to see to all things pertaining to the effective working of that important key to the lumberer's treasury. The boom seems closed against us; but as our steamer, the "Jeannette," approaches, the boom-master's assistant, who has been on the look-out for us, walks airily along the floating boom, narrow as it is, and opens a kind of gate. We pass through, and steam onward under the shadow of a steep hill covered with forest, the haunt of bears and lynxes. Here the river parts into several narrow channels, which run between small islands of white stone. The current is very rapid; at the high water of spring no steamer can breast it, but now our little craft makes way gallantly. As we pass close beneath the miniature cliffs, we remark how their rocky sides are scooped and tunnelled, sometimes in the most curious shapes and mimicries of human art. As a rule, the markings are longitudinal, and resemble those which a comb would make if drawn along the surface of a fresh-plastered wall. The farthest of these islets is called Snow Island. To the river-drivers descending the stream in the spring, the mass of white rock looks like a huge drift of snow.

The steamer lands us at the little village of Portage du Fort, at the foot of the series of rapids down which, from over the falls of the Calumet, the Ottawa thunders. The road, up hill and down gully, which replaces the portage path of ancient days, even now suggests the difficulties which caused this carrying-place to be called "Portage du Fort." Before the construction of the railway, this bit of stage-road was an important link in the chain of Upper Ottawa communication; but now it is little used except by the river-drivers and the few inhabitants of the villages at either end. We pass a pretty little Gothic church perched on the hill which overlooks the Portage du Fort rapids. It belongs to the Episcopalians, and is built in rigidly-correct early English style; there are some good memorial windows, gifts of the Usburne family who owned the mills, which have since been transferred to Braeside, near Arnprior. The river between Portage du Fort and the Calumet is only navigable by the lumbermen's boats descending the current in the high waters of spring-time. Even to these, this part of the Ottawa is dangerous, and is the scene of many fatal accidents. Where the river winds under the Portage du Fort church, its course takes a sudden

turn, at the northern angle of which there is a projecting arm of sharp-pointed rock, partially submerged by the spring flood-tides. Woe to the birch canoe or even the stouter-ribbed *bonne* carried, by incautious steering, too near the "Devil's Elbow." Over nine miles of uninteresting hilly road we drive to Bryson, a thriving village close to the Calumet Falls, where we hire a canoe with an Indian—or rather, half-breed—to propel it. He is most painstaking in his endeavour to carry us to every point of interest. Strangely insecure as these most capsizeable of craft appear on first acquaintance, one soon gets to like them. The motion is gentle, and they glide over the water like a duck. The canoe brings us to a point where, by ascending a portage track up the hill, we get close to the Grand Chute. This track is much worn. As we reach the summit of the hill, the guide bids us pause beside a mound covered with stones and fenced by a rude railing. The railing and a rough attempt at a memorial cross have nearly all been cut away by the knives of visitors—not in desecrating curiosity, but in veneration for the sanctity of him who sleeps beneath! It is the grave of Cadieux.

In the days of the early French explorations of the Upper Ottawa, there came to this region of the Allumette and Calumet, where Champlain himself had been so kindly received by the chiefs of the Ottawa Indians, a French *voyageur* named Cadieux. No one knew why he had quitted Old France; but though he could fight and hunt as deftly as the oldest *coureur de bois*, Cadieux also knew many things that were strange to these rough children of the forest. He was highly educated. Especially could he compose both music and poetry, and could sing so that it was good to hear him; and he wooed and won a lovely Indian maiden of the Algonquin Ottawas. Their wigwam, with those of a few of her tribe, stood near this very spot, close to the Great Fall of the Calumet. Once upon a time, they were preparing their canoes to go down with their store of winter furs to Montreal. All was peace in their camp when, on a sudden, the alarm was given that a large war-party of the dreaded Iroquois were stealing through the woods. There was but one hope left. Cadieux, with a single Indian to support him, would hold the foe at bay, while his wife and her friends should launch their canoe down the rapids. It was quickly done. The canoe was committed to the boiling waters of the cataract, the skilful Indians paddled for their lives, and the wife of Cadieux, who was a devout Catholic, prayed Ste. Anne to help them. From eddy to eddy the canoe was swept, and still, as she bounded on, the Indians saw that a figure seemed to move before them to direct their course—a form as of a lady in mist-like, white robes. It was Ste. Anne, protecting her votaress! And so they all made their way safe to Montreal, thanks to the good Saint.

But poor Cadieux did not fare quite so well. Instead of invoking a saint, he was carefully taking up his position behind one tree after another, every now and then shooting an Iroquois. These subtle warriors, not liking to fight what they supposed to be a considerable force, withdrew. But the comrade of Cadieux was slain, his home

destroyed, and after some days Cadieux himself died of exhaustion in the woods. Beside him was found, traced by his dying hand, "*Le Lament de Cadieux*," his death-song, which the *voyageurs* have set to a pleasing but melancholy air. It is much in the style of similar "Laments," once common in Norman-French, and is still a favourite at the shanties and on the river. Our guide, who did not look on the above-given legend from the point of view of "the higher criticism," and who had a pleasing voice, sang the song as we stood beside the grave. The French lumbermen and Indians still come here to pray—to do this brings good luck on forest and river—and the trees all around are carved with votive crosses, cut by the pen-knives of the devout among the lumbermen.

We descend through the wood, observing, as we pass, another enormous timber slide. Again we take our way through the woods and down to the beach, where we hear the roar, before indistinct, of the rapids. A little farther on we reach the spray-drenched, slippery rocks, and the greatest of the Upper Ottawa waterfalls, the Grand Chute of the Calumet, is before us.

Those who have most fully analyzed the impression made by such cascade scenery as the Chats, will feel that it is made up of many distinct impressions of the various forms of falling water. In observing this, the largest of the seven chutes of the Calumet, one is struck with the unity and breadth, as well as the sublime beauty, of this cataract. To those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel, it is true with regard to the beauty of form in falling water, as in all other aspects of scenery, that Nature never repeats herself. Her resources are inexhaustible. It is only the incurable cockney who can say, "Sir, one green field is like all green fields!"

In the background is a semi-circle of dark cliffs, gloomy with impending pines. It is cleft in the centre, where, from a height of sixty feet, through foam and spray, and echo of conquered rocks, the main body of the river rushes down. At its base a promontory of black and jagged granite throws into relief the seething mass of whiteness. At some distance to the left of this, and nearer to where we stand, a second torrent of volume equally vast, dashes, white as a snow-drift, through veils of mist. To the right, where the wall of cliff approaches us, a single thread of silver cascade, as furious in its fall, circles and pulsates. In the centre is a vast basin—the meeting of the waters—which rush and drive hither and thither, as if they had lost their way and did not know what to do with themselves. It is a spectacle not to be paralleled in any other waterfall we know of, not excepting Niagara: this vast sea of cataract, this lake of foam, with its setting of cliff, brown in the shadows, purple in the light, and parted in the foreground by the immense masses of ribbed and stratified rock over which the mad passages of water triumph with a supreme sweep and a roar that scares the solitude, as, free at last, they madly career along the lesser rapids to the deep below. Wild and desolate, indeed, are these black and foam-sheeted rocks amid which we stand; no living presence near, but the fish-hawk hovering, with hoarse scream, over the torrent.



FALLS OF THE CALUMET.

Above the Calumet Rapids, as the steamer is no longer running and there is no marked feature in the river scenery to repay canoeing, it is best to drive back to Portage du Fort and proceed by stage to Haley Station, on the Canada Pacific. The country is exceedingly broken and hilly—the same geological formation that we see at the Calumet Falls. Over this country Champlain toiled in what he has described as the most trying part of his Upper Ottawa expedition. The natural difficulties of the rugged hillside track were then enhanced by pine forest, impenetrable on either side of the narrow portage path, which was in many places blocked up by fallen trees, the *debris* of a late tornado. But like the Prince who made his way through the enchanted forest to the "*Belle au bois dormante*," Samuel de Champlain pressed on through all obstacles to where the Future of Canada called him. His journals record the loss of some portion of his baggage at this part of his route. As we have mentioned, an astrolabe has been found in the neighbourhood, no doubt a relic of this memorable adventure. A journey of thirty miles brings us to Pembroke, the county seat of Renfrew. This thriving town is not yet half a century old. Its founder, "Father" White, came to the place in November, 1825. Its prosperity was secured by the growing lumber trade. It is now a progressive but by no means picturesque semi-circular array of buildings in the rear of the railway bridge, and at the confluence of the river Muskrat with the Ottawa. On all sides are piles of lumber, and Pembroke is scented afar off by the odour of fir, pine and cedar, as surely as Ceylon by "spicy breezes." There are no buildings worthy of remark except the Court House and the Catholic church—a large but unornamented structure of cold-gray stone, which stands on the highest ground in the centre of the town. Presently we start in a small steamer, similar to that in which we travelled on the Lake of the Chats, noticing the vast quantities of timber afloat in a boom at the mouth of the Muskrat, and a large wooded island near the town, used only as a pleasure resort. With woods and villages indistinct in the distance, Allumette Island lies on the opposite side of this expansion of the Ottawa, which takes the name of the Upper Allumette Lake. We pass on the Ontario side the mouth of Petawawa River, one of the largest lumbering tributaries of the Ottawa, by which some of the best timber is floated down. Its length is one hundred and forty miles, and it drains an area of two thousand two hundred square miles. The Upper Allumette presents much the same features which have been described in the Lake of the Chats, an equally beautiful expanse of water, fringed with dense woods of oak, poplar, birch and maple, while the tall pines everywhere lift their rugged tops above the sea of verdure. The land on either side is said to be excellent and fairly settled, producing quantities of grain and cattle for the use of the lumber shanties. Formerly pork was the staple food of the shantymen, but fresh beef is now found to be healthier for the men, and the cattle are easily driven over the portage, where to carry barrels of pork was endless labour. The Allumette Lake terminates at the Narrows—so called not because the river is narrow, but because there is but

a small channel navigable. In this, as we pass, soundings are taken with a pole, the steamer stopping while it is being done. Here we enter an archipelago of seemingly numberless islands covered with beech, birch, poplar and cedar; and, in the fall season, the pleasantest time of year to make this expedition, lit with lustre of the regalia which the woods assume, to wave farewell to departing summer. It is pleasant to sit on the steamer's deck and watch her glide, with her boat duly in tow astern through these bright waters, "from island unto island," each rising around us in turn, the fresh green of its cedars nestling on the water and contrasting with the scarlet of the soft maple, the yellow of the birch, the young oak's garnet and the larch's gold. Though but little known in comparison with the Thousand Islands, the Narrows of the Upper Ottawa are, in the opinion of most who have visited both, far the more beautiful. And the Narrows has the advantage of being as yet unprofaned by the noise and *impedimenta* of vulgar tourists

At the end of the Narrows is Fort William, till lately a Hudson's Bay Company post; the steamer stopping here, we land. The building formerly occupied by the Company is now a store, supplying a large extent of farm country. As we stood watching the entrance of a very primitive road through the bush, and mentally wondering what manner of horses or vehicles could adventure therein, the question was solved by the appearance of a farmer's wagon on its way to the Fort William store, which is also Post Office and commercial centre to the region. The horses were as fine, large-built and strong as one could wish to see; the driver quite at his ease in managing them, and with ample leisure to pay attention to the rosy-cheeked, laughing-eyed lasses who sat with him. One of these lasses will probably, at no long time hence, keep house through the winter months, while that young man and that team are away in the shanties, earning good pay for the dear ones at home.

From this point, that part of the Ottawa called Deep River begins, where, pressing against the base of the mountains on its northern side, the stream stretches on for twenty miles—deep, dark and navigable. The bluff of this mountain range which we first encounter is called the Oiseau Rock. The front is precipitous; a plumb-line could be almost swung from the summit to the base, where, as the steamer passes quite close, we see the dark openings of caves, said to have been used by the Indians as places of sepulture, which have never been explored. The name "Oiseau Rock" is taken from a legend, common to the folk-lore of every nation, of an eagle having carried off a papoose from an encampment to its eyrie on the summit, whence it was rescued by the mother. These cliffs should be seen by moonlight, which may easily be done by any one inclined to take boat on a fishing excursion from Des Joachims. Then it is that, gliding beneath the cliff which rises sheer above us with its gray lights and sable shadows, we learn to know the giant precipice, where nothing that has not wings has climbed.

The mountains, after leaving Oiseau Rock, are of a more convex shape, and are



SCENES ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

covered with woods. The pines and firs become more frequent. Dark patches of umber-coloured verdure formed by them alternate on the hillsides with the gayer array with which the forest-nymphs have vested the trees as a farewell tribute to summer. At no time in the year can this scenery look so lovely, and nowhere can the matchless beauty of Canadian autumn forests be seen so perfectly as where these hills are mirrored in the river.

At the head of the Deep River, and under the shadow of these wood-covered mountains, is a wharf with a cluster of outbuildings, and on the slope of a neat



OISEAU ROCK.

green-swarded ascent, a house, something like a Swiss chalet, with a double veranda running all around it. This is our destination—the Hotel Des Joachims. Here it is well to rest awhile, to be lulled to sleep by the roar of the rapids close by;



DES JOACHIMS LANDING.

to be waked by the sunshine lighting up the green, gold and scarlet of the Joachim forest-hills.

As the Joachim rapids are impassable, we drive by stage over the portage to the river-bank above the rapids, where a canoe may be hired to Mackay, a station on the Pacific Railway. Though inferior in beauty to the Deep River scenery, the stream here is over 300 feet wide. The aspect of river and banks is of the same character, and the swift, silent canoe voyage has its charms. At Mackay's the bank has a lower level, and is covered with boulders great and small, of water-rounded gneiss. The name Mackay is taken from a farm-house near by, the only habitation until the Pacific Railway station was built. Here, we find the place positively crowded with lumbermen and railway labourers. All day they swarm to and fro, gang after gang arriving by the incoming trains. All night they sing, shout and dance.

The best way to see the Upper Ottawa scenery from this point is from the cars of the Pacific Railway, which for some distance here run along the summit of a steep hill sloping directly down to the river. The scenery is much the same as at Deep River. We pass the Rocher Capitaine and the outlet of the Deux Rivières, and early in the afternoon are landed at the Pacific Railway station at Mattawa. Nothing could be more wildly desolate than the aspect of this village. In the shadow of silent hills the Ottawa widens beside it, to receive the waters of the river which gives the place its name. This was the goal of Champlain's explorations of the Upper Ottawa; by yonder dark stream he turned his dauntless course to the westward lakes. The village of Mattawa is the most primitive, perhaps, to be seen in Canada. The

people have no taxes, no politics, no schools; all these blessings, no doubt, will be theirs in time.

It is easy to get a large canoe and go up the river to one of the beautiful lakes that form part of it. These are of small width and great depth of water. The banks are of steep and dun-coloured granite. Here in these dense shades of impenetrable verdure—here, where even the lumberman never comes—all is desolate as when Champlain found it; desolate as it was, before civilization commenced with the first savage who invented a stone-hatchet; as it has continued since the mysterious era when life began, when the first fish shot through these dark waters, when the first wolf howled for food within these forest solitudes.

Mattawa will always be a depôt for the lumber trade, and probably, as the shanties move farther on, may to some extent take the place of Pembroke, and a more distant Ultima Thule, that of Mattawa. The streets are irregular, blocked with huge granite or gneiss boulders, causes of stumbling and offence to man and beast. But there are several merchants with good supply of wares, who certainly have no reason to complain of hard times.

Mattawa is the nearest to civilization of the Hudson's Bay Company forts. We were shown their stores, where are treasured a goodly stock of valuable furs and skins, from that of the silver fox, most rare and valuable of all, to those of the mink, lynx, and muskrat. The supply of furs, we were informed by the Company's agent, is at present very great. This is because of the thriftlessness of the present race of the young Indians, who kill the animals required for breeding. He thought the fur-trade was not likely to last above a century as a traffic on any considerable scale. The Indians too, he thought, were not likely to last much longer. In former times the Hudson's Bay Company would not traffic with them for liquor; but now all sorts of unprincipled traders bring the fire-water for which the Indian hunters are sure to keep up the demand—till death enforces prohibition.

From its far-away sources in the chain of lakes and swamps which feed also the Saguenay, the St. Maurice and the Gatineau, the Ottawa comes, bringing through the deep waters of Lake Temiscamingue the spoils of great forests of pine, which for years to come will keep up the supply of those vast rafts of spars, logs and timber, which have been meeting us all the way from Quebec. The Pacific Railway from Mattawa will continue its construction westward by the old Trapper's route, past Lake Nipissing and north of the inland seas of Huron and Superior.



LUMBERMEN'S CAMP.



LUMBERING.

NO phase of life in Canada is more characteristically picturesque than that of the lumberman, identified as it is with all that is most peculiar to Canadian scenery, climate and conditions of living. Woodcraft, indeed, has the charm of having been associated with the youth of every race and civilization. The Psalmist compares the dispersion of scattered Israel to that of chips that fly "when one cutteth and heweth

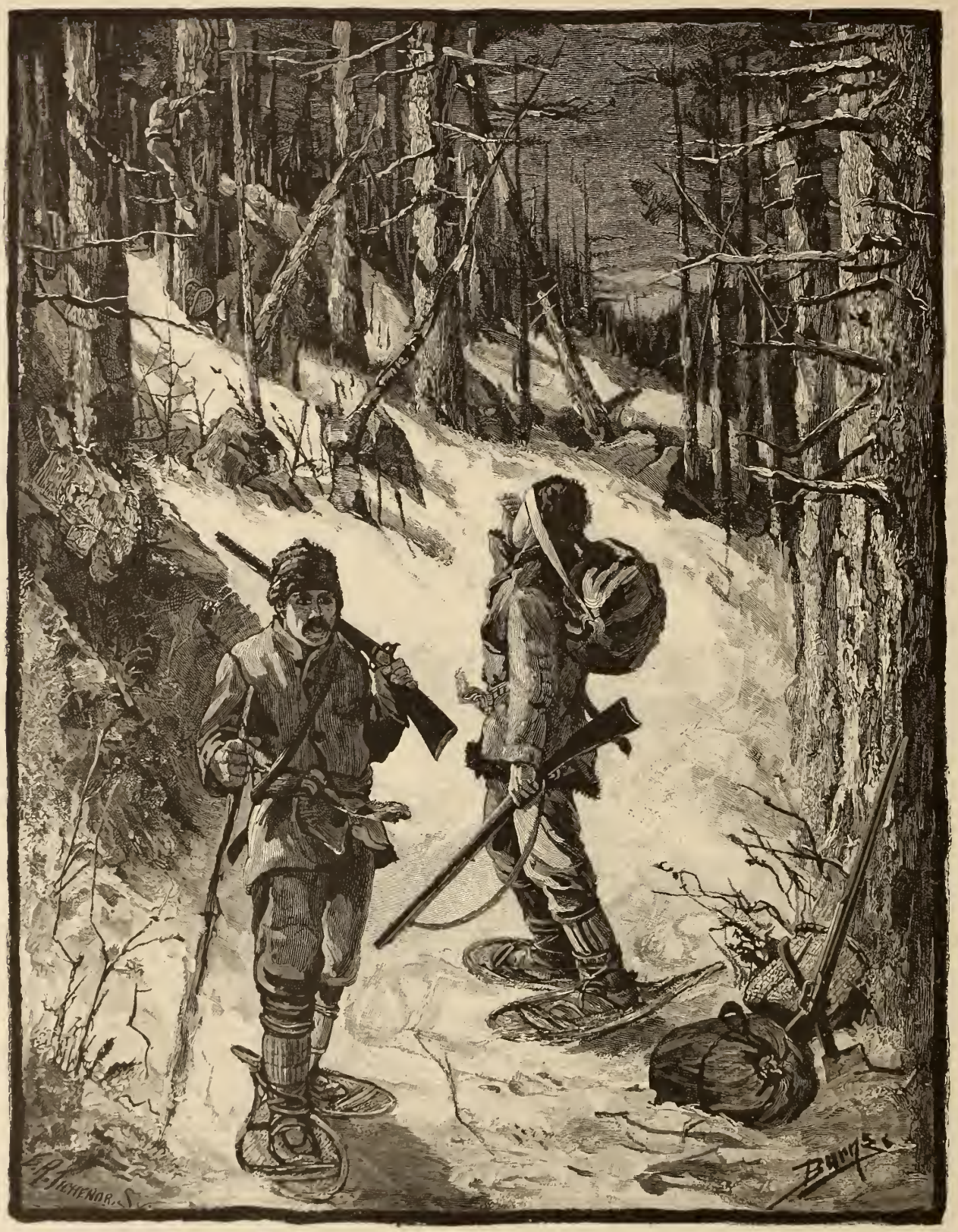
wood upon the earth;" and Virgil, describing the sudden overthrow of one of the towers of Troy, has a beautiful simile from the cutting down of a forest tree.

But special and most interesting features distinguish the lumberman's craft in Canada; and these call for some detailed notice in a Work like the present. A practically boundless wealth of woodland stretches from our frontier to the Pole, and almost from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard. The regions of an all but Arctic winter are made endurable, if not a source of actual pleasure, because the youth of our country are enabled to engage in an industry manly, healthful and remunerative. The accompanying features of that industry—the sleigh, the snow-shoe, the rifle—the fish drawn in profusion from beneath the thick-ribbed ice—the trapped bear, the huge caribou shot down near the settler's door—all have attractions for the artist, the sportsman, every one with an adventure-loving spirit. A life like this gives our youth the excitement, the manly self-reliance, the spirit of mutual good-fellowship, which are the best lessons of a military life, without its risks or evil passions.

Not less picturesque is the "shanty" itself—that peaceful *Commune* of the lumberman's life, with its routine of duty, healthful food and sleep, varied by the *chanson de bois* or tale of woodcraft adventure, told amid the fantastic shadows and flickering blaze of the shanty fire. Or when the first birds of spring have broken the charm of silence in the winter woods, the hardy exploring party penetrating in their birch-bark canoes by devious streams, to climb the tallest tree and determine, with a skill that seems preterhuman, the nature and value of the forest-growth far and wide around them; or the perilous river-rapids, where the heaped logs in a "jam" need the precision of an expert to disengage the tangled pile, and often the graceful footing of a ballet-dancer to stand on the rapidly-revolving surface of the log as it floats down the swollen stream; or the navies of huge rafts towed or floating seawards on wide lake or expanse of river; all have a distinctive artistic interest. Unlike the national industries of many other lands, they blend with, instead of destroying, what is picturesque in Nature. But they have a deeper interest for the student of our national life. For the "Choice of Hercules" is presented to nations in their youth, as well as to individual men; and some have chosen pursuits that enervate instead of strengthening, or industries that separate into two camps of mutual hatred the lords of capital from its serfs. To Canada's lot has fallen, as her two staple industries, pursuits which most of all others tend to form in her young men a simple, manly, honest nature: agriculture in the first place, lumbering in the next. The physical benefits of lumbering can be estimated best by a glance at the stalwart yet graceful figures of our river-drivers in the streets of Ottawa, sash and top-boots gay with scarlet, and sun-browned faces set off by the coquettish white 'kerchief! There is a moral benefit, too, in the total abstinence from intoxicating liquors for long periods, which is one of the conditions of shanty life. Nor is religion forgotten. Nowhere are the occasional visits of a clergyman more welcome.



LUMBERING ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.



EXPLORING FOR NEW LIMITS.

The Roman Catholic shantymen in particular set an example worthy to be followed, in their regard for ministers and reverent participation in Divine service.

The lumber trade has an organic place in the development of Canada's resources, in the growth of towns and cities, in the general increase of wealth, and in the evolution of literature and art which, as Mr. Buckle has pointed out, always occurs at periods

of commercial prosperity. In the epoch of Canadian history, between the French *régime* and the Union of 1840, the increase of our population was slow. During that long period the lumber, too often cut and burned to clear the land, was at best consumed for the most part by the home market. True, mention is made of shipment of Canadian timber to England as early as 1808. In 1819 New Brunswick began to export the products of her pine woods. But it is between 1840 and 1858 that we find the lumber exports from Canada grown to vast proportions. Everywhere northward and westward from the frontier, the lumber mill, the lumber depôt, and hamlets connected with them pierced the unbroken forest, and led the steady advance of civilization. Lumber operations were everywhere the nuclei of improvement. Villages arose, and became towns and cities, while the continual recession of the trade northward developed in its wake the growing resources of the country.

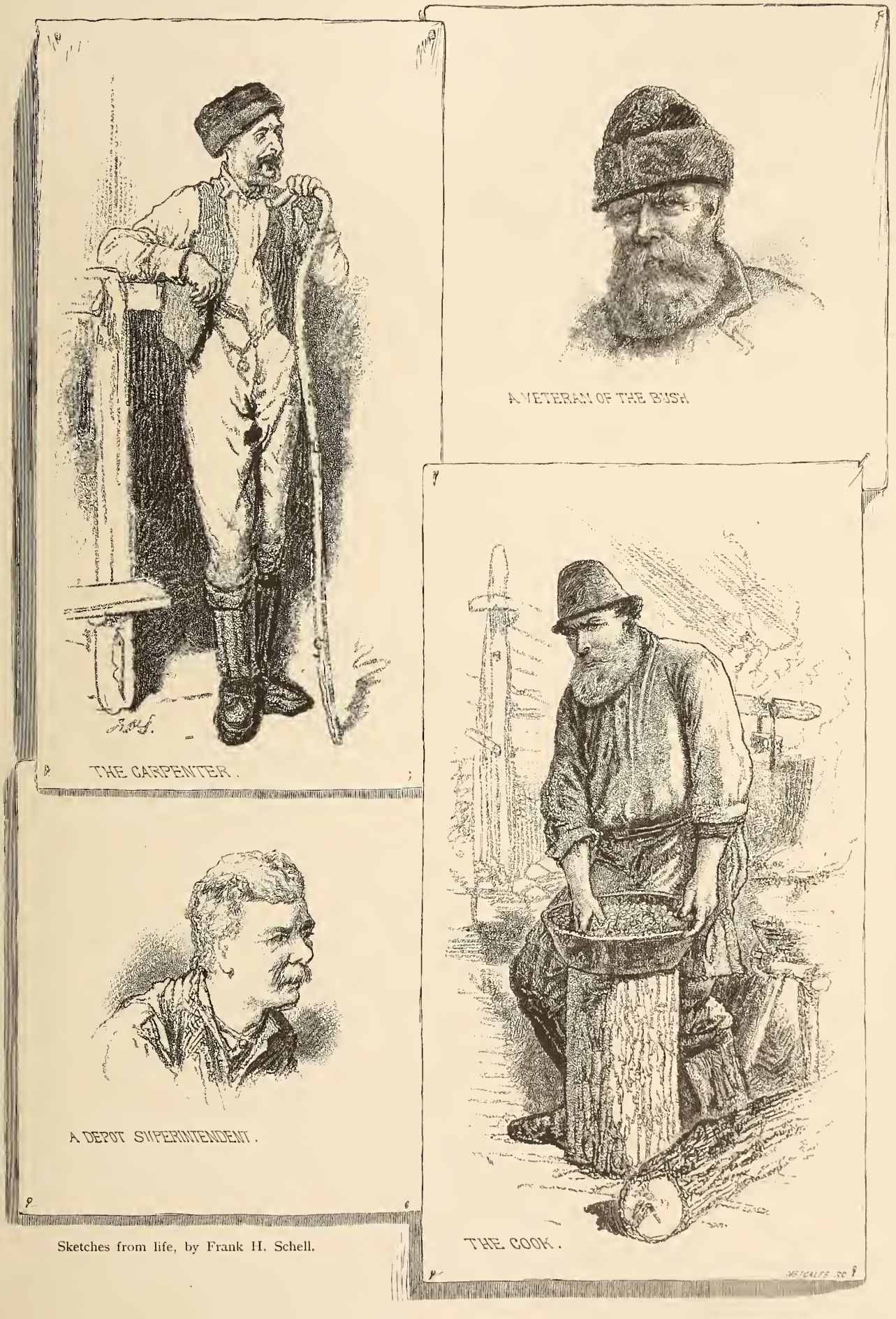
The Dominion Government retains control of the public domain in the Northwest Territories, including Manitoba; but in all other Provinces the land is held by the several local Governments who own and dispose of the uncleared and unsold tracts which form the great lumber areas. In these what are called "timber limits" or "berths" are opened to lumbermen by yearly licenses, or leases for a longer period. In theory these limits are ten miles square, but owing to the peculiar conformation of the ground in some places, they range from ten to a hundred square miles. Besides the payment for his annual license, a fixed duty, varying in amount in the different Provinces, is paid by the lumberman on all logs cut.

A berth secured, the next step is to send an exploring party to "prospect," that is, to ascertain the value and variety of the timber, and also to find suitable sites for camps for the next season's operations. The exploring is generally done in the spring or fall, as in summer the thick growth of leaves makes it hard to take extensive observations. An exploring party usually consists of five or six. They carry with them food, blankets and cooking utensils—a leather strap supporting the *impedimenta* at the back—the band, or "tump-line," passed across the chest or forehead. In traversing the forest it is difficult to get at a "point of vantage" whence to gain a wide-extended view. Whenever practicable, therefore, one of the party will climb a tall pine, generally on a hill-top. From thence, looking forth among the still leafless trees, such is the effect of long experience that an old observer of forest life will be able to tell from the general aspect of the country, what the trees are, and of what value, over an extensive area. This is comparatively easy in the case of pine if it grows mixed with hard wood. It is not so easy where pine and spruce grow together. The explorers also ascertain the general topography of the limits—particularly, how far the lakes or rivers can be utilized for lumbering. They seek out sites for lumber camps, and for "landings" where the cut logs may be stored till spring; and mark a road thence to the scene of operations. They also mark or "blaze" the trees with their

axes at various points for the guidance of the workmen. An experienced explorer, capable of determining the worth of the limits, and of mapping out the plan of the approaching season's campaign, is well worth the best wages. The explorers are equipped as lightly as possible. They are armed with rifles, and enjoy several weeks of rough pic-nic life on "the cruise."

During the fall months the lumbermen are sent into the woods with horses, sleighs, lumber-boats, and everything necessary for the season's operations. All is bustle on the lines of railway and on the roads leading to the lumber district. Swart and sunburnt gangs of young Frenchmen, not a few of them with a slight tinge of Indian blood, derived from days when a grandfather or great-grandfather married an Algonquin or Huron bride, congregate at every well-known rendezvous. The noisy fun and universal chaffing would exorcise the melancholy of a Grimaldi. These fine fellows have the strength and graceful bearing of the Indian, and the garrulous good-humour of the Frenchman; their rough dress is appropriate and quaint, and is generally lit up coquettishly with some bit of bright colour in necktie, vest or scarf. In the English-speaking settlements within reach of the lumber limits, equally gay is the exodus. Most of the young farmers in these regions take their teams to the shanties. Summer is the working time for farmers in Canada, and they are glad to earn money in winter with teams that would otherwise be idle. They go forth, gaily shouting to one another, though none will see the face of wife, child, or sweetheart, till the spring brings them home rejoicing, with their earnings to add to the family purse.

Each gang is under the direction of a foreman, who follows the plan laid out by the explorers. The first duty is to build a shanty for the men, and stables for the horses. Logs are cut, notched at the ends and dove-tailed together, so as to form a quadrangular enclosure. On the top of this, from end to end, two large timbers are laid, each several feet from the centre. On these and on the walls the roof rests. It has a slight pitch, and is formed of halves of trees hollowed out, and reaching from the roof-top downwards on each side, so as to project a little beyond the walls. These "scoops," as they are called, are placed concave and convex alternately, so as to overlap each other. Fitted logs are then placed between the gable walls and the apex of the roof; all chinks and openings are filled up with moss or hay, and the rude building is made quite warm and weather-tight. In the end wall is a large doorway with a door of roughly-hewn lumber; the floor consists of logs hewn flat; and the huge girders of the roof are each supported midway by two large posts, some four or five yards apart. The space between these four posts, in the genuine old-fashioned shanty, is occupied by the "caboose," or fireplace, substantially built up with stones and earth. Within the shanty there is no chimney, but an opening in the roof has a wooden frame-work round it which does duty for chimney; so wide



Sketches from life, by Frank H. Schell.

MEN OF THE BUSH.



SHANTY AT EAGLE'S NEST.

is the opening that the inmates, as they lie in their bunks at night, can look up at the sky and stars. This primitive mode of construction secures perfect ventilation, but makes a large fire necessary for comfort.

At two corners of the hearth are fixed strong wooden cranes—which the cook can adjust to any position for the various pots and tea-boilers. On three sides of the shanty are rows of bunks, or platforms, one above the other, along the entire length. On these the lumbermen sleep, side by side, in their clothing and blankets, their heads to the wall and their feet to the central fire, which is kept well supplied with fuel all night. A better class of shanty is now built, of oblong shape, with bunks along one length only, and a table at the opposite side; with such luxuries as windows, and even lamps at night; with box-stoves instead of the central caboose; and at the rear end a foreman's room.

A picturesque sight on a winter's moonlight night are the bright windows and smoking chimney of a lumber shanty; over the ice-road of the lake a belated teamster drives his weary horse; beyond, in black shadows, are the pines; above, in chequered light and shade, is the brow of a mountain explored as yet only by the eagle; below, and full in the moonlight, is the shanty, bright with warmth and rude good-cheer, the snow banked high against its walls, the noise of its song and merry voices echoing from within through the sombre wilderness.

The primitive "jobbers' shanty" is of a smaller and rougher class. The jobbers are a new race who have arisen in the forest, subsequent to the epoch of the



A JOBBER'S SHANTY.

old lumber Kings who reigned in all the grandeur of undisputed ownership. Settlers followed in the wake of lumbering. At first, they were content to minister to the necessities of the Kings and their subjects. They charged their own prices for everything their farms yielded, and no one objected. But as new settlers came in, many of the young farmers were ambitious to take a hand in a business that combined the attractions of forest life with the hope of large gains and the excitement of speculation. Perhaps there was good timber on their own farms, or two or three would combine and commence work on strips of land between or beyond the great areas occupied by the regular gangs. Sometimes, they made a contract with a large operator to deliver so many logs, or to work during the season for him. At other times, they cut, and—with the help of a yoke of oxen—rolled their logs on "skids," and when the snow fell, the horses

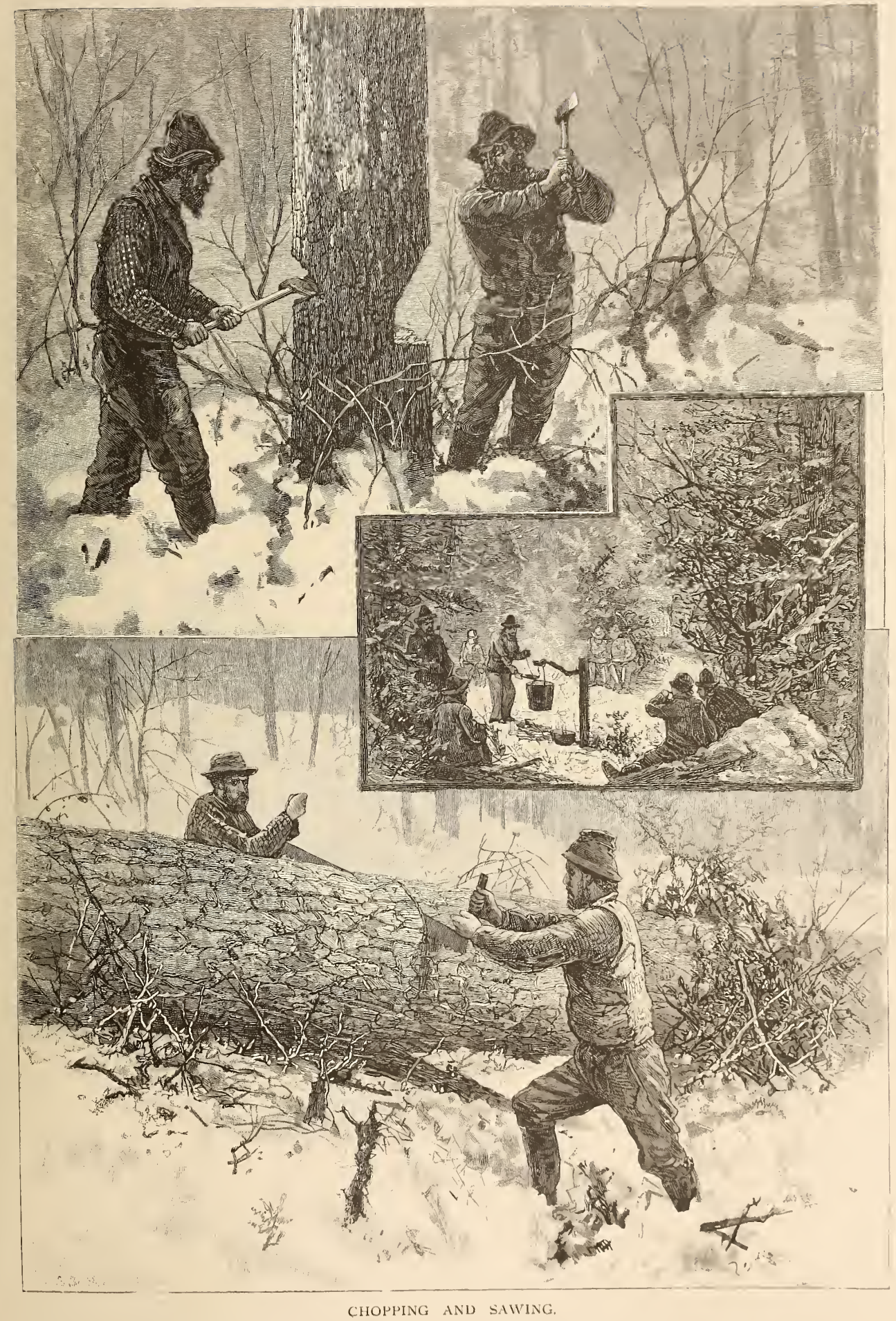


MARKING LOGS AT SKIDWAY.

hauled them to the "roll-way," where the jobber got his price according to the quality of the logs. Backwoods farmers could put up a rude shanty in a day or two, and they were content to live roughly, knowing that the winter's work would probably bring in more money than the summer's farming. Besides, every man had his rifle; and an ordinary Briton or Canadian thinks it worth while to endure all hardships for the sake of getting a shot at a bear, or bringing down a red deer or the stately moose. Jobbers, though a new race, are becoming more and more important in lumbering operations. For the principle of division of labour triumphs even in the backwoods.

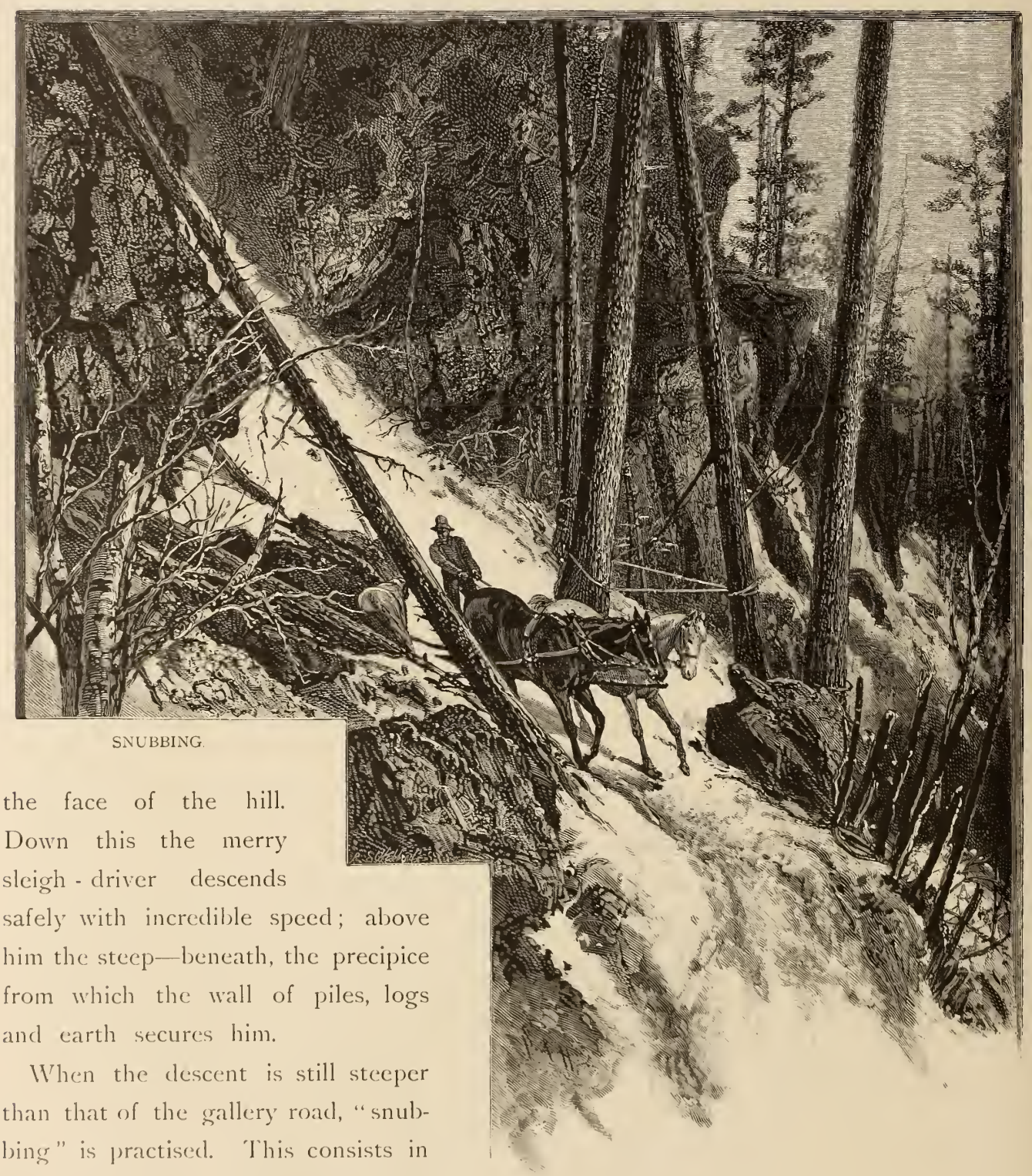
When shanty and stables have been built, the next work is to construct the "landing," or roll-way, on the shore of river or lake. The roll-way is usually on the slope of a hill, and must be carefully cleared of all obstructions, so that the gathered piles of logs may roll down easily in the spring. From the roll-way, the "head-swamper," or road-maker, extends the road into the forest as the lumbermen advance. The members of a gang average over twenty, but sometimes amount to eighty or more. The several shanties in the limits are visited by the "bush superintendent," who drives in all weathers from one gang to another, supervising their work. At the head of each gang is the foreman, who calls the men every morning, directs, and records on a rude slate or shingle the work done. The cook, and his assistant are important functionaries; so are the carpenter, who repairs the sleighs; the leading teamster, who directs the hauling of the logs; and the "sled-tender," who sees to their loading. There are, too, the "head-chopper," with his three assistants, who fell the trees; the two sawyers, who cut them into logs; the "scorers," who remove "slabs" and branches from trees meant for square timber; and the "hewer," who with his broad-axe squares the "stick," as the huge length of timber is called. A gang such as this, with ten or twelve horses, will bring to their landing 4,000 to 5,000 saw-logs in a season.

When the axemen go into the woods, the head-chopper chooses the tree. The axes begin to notch from opposite directions, sometimes two striking alternate blows at each side; the nimbly-plied steel quickly bites through the solid wood and the chips fly fast till the trunk is nearly severed. The tree-top bends and rocks, slowly at first, and then, with a crash, the patriarch of the forest falls prostrate. Next come the sawyers, whose "cross-cut," drawn swiftly through the trunk, severs it into logs, which are then hauled to the "skidways" and receive the "bush-mark." Each log is generally a fair load for a sled; but sometimes two or three are bound on by a strong chain. Long pieces of timber are drawn by a double sled—two short "bobs," or pairs on runners, united by an adjustable bar; or a single "bob" is used, on which one end of the stick is raised—the other dragging in the snow. To haul a very heavy piece of timber eight or ten horses may be required, and rollers, or "skids," are placed under it, at intervals, to lessen the friction.



CHOPPING AND SAWING.

The road to the landing is often far from level; when the descent is dangerously steep, what is called a "gallery road," is constructed by driving piles into the hillside and excavating earth, which is thrown on the artificial terrace thus carried round



SNUBBING.

the face of the hill. Down this the merry sleigh-driver descends safely with incredible speed; above him the steep—beneath, the precipice from which the wall of piles, logs and earth secures him.

When the descent is still steeper than that of the gallery road, "snubbing" is practised. This consists in securing a rope at one end to the sleigh and at the other to a tree at the top of the hill, whence it is paid out slowly as the sleigh descends. The logs unloaded at the landing are marked on the end with the trade-mark of the owner; also with another mark indicating their value.

The gang works from dawn till dark, with an interval for dinner. This is often

brought to them, ready cooked, into the woods. The men sit round a fire, over which boils the fragrant tea. They despise milk and sugar, but the tea must be strong. After dinner and a few minutes smoking, work is resumed; the axe swings, the saw is plied, teams drive their loads to the landing till after sunset, when they are driven back, and the weary horses stabled and fed. Then, after a hasty wash, the men enter the shanty, where, close to the central fire, is a boiler nearly



MASS IN A LUMBER SHANTY.

full of strong tea, fresh made, flanked by a huge pan full of fat pork, fried and floating in gravy. There is also a dish, equally large, of cold pork. On a corner shelf is a mammoth loaf of bread, than which all Canada can provide no better; with a large knife, and a pile of basins stacked together. With admirable unanimity of purpose the men, one after another, select a pint basin and a huge slice of the hot, fresh bread. Passing to the caboose, they fill their basins with hot tea, and secure as much of hot or cold pork as they desire. Then, seated on benches beside the fire, each with the help of his case-knife discusses the pork and bread, washing the solids down with copious draughts of tea. The only light is that of the caboose fire, gleaming on swart faces and stalwart forms, and reflected from the tin vessels



RAT RIVER LANDING.

in their hands. Cattle are sometimes driven to the shanties that the men may have fresh beef for a change.

After supper the lumberers lounge about in various directions; some hang up socks, mittens, or moccasins to dry by caboose or stove—some sharpen their chopping-axes—others engage in conversation, or chaffing, which, if sometimes broad, is always good-humoured. Singing and spinning yarns of past adventure are as popular as with sailors. Often a fiddle is produced, and dancing of the kind which Effie Dean's father would not have disapproved is kept up with spirit. But soon all are ready for sleep; rolled in blankets, each in his bunk, they settle down for the night. Shantymen are healthy, and they should be millionaires and philosophers, for they are certainly "early to bed and early to rise." Called by the foreman before daylight, after a hasty breakfast they hitch their horses to the sleigh in the cold light of the winter's dawn, and begin again the routine of work. Game of all kinds—even the larger species of deer—is often sighted by the men when at work, and the rifle is kept in readiness. Bears are also trapped now and then. The trap is a strong enclosure of stakes firmly driven into the ground; a heavy log is suspended above,



BEAR TRAP.

propped up by a stick, to which the bait is attached. The bear enters to get at the bait. Seizing it, the log falls upon his back and he is unable to release himself.

A considerable number of the lumbermen are French; many with Indian blood, the descendants of the converts of the Jesuit Missionaries. These are visited by a priest of the Church at least once during the season. He drives from shanty to shanty, over narrow and almost impassable forest lumber-roads; on arriving, he is received with reverence by his co-religionists and with respect by all. After supper the small portable altar which he brings is set up, the crucifix in the centre, the mystical lights burning on each side. Short vespers are said. Then the priest hears confessions, often far into the night. Next morning Mass is celebrated, and after the final benediction the men resume work; while the priest, having taken a brief repose, departs on his round of laborious duty. In the Ottawa district, the lumbermen who are not French are largely Scottish Highlanders. Long ago in the Old World, the two nationalities were allies. They fought then against men. They fight now side by side against the giants of the forest.

As the shanties are generally remote from settled districts, their supplies of provisions have to be transported long distances from the nearest point attainable by rail or steamboat. Such a point becomes, therefore, an important "depôt" of supplies. From it there is a constant dispatch of sleighs loaded with provender for the horses, and pork, molasses, potatoes, peas and beans for the men. These sleighs travel in trains, and as far as possible on the ice. Lest the track should be lost under snow-drifts, it is marked by a line of small evergreens. When the teamsters turn aside to the land, it is generally to reach another river or lake. Should an upset or other accident happen, they rush through the snow to help their unlucky comrade with never-failing good humour. A jollier crowd does not exist. They turn out into the deep snow to make way for a train of sleighs coming from the opposite direction as cheerily as they drive off the river road to one of the numerous stopping-places provided to supply passing trains with food or shelter. These stopping places are welcome breaks in the long journey to the depôt. The average depôt is a primitive building, much like a shanty, but larger, furnished with windows, and divided into rooms. It is the lumberman's headquarters for news as well as supplies. Our illustration shows the arrival of a train of sleighs. The horses drag their way, with drooping heads, to the large range of stables. It is a wild snow-storm; the dark clouds are driven before fierce gusts of wind; thick snowdrifts shiver around the side of the depôt, but within all is warmth and good-cheer for the weary teamsters. Notwithstanding the wild weather, one of the depôt hands is driving a sleigh, with water-barrel, to the river, and the proprietor or superintendent, wrapped in fur coat and cap, has come over to take stock of the newly-arrived supplies.

The great expense of transporting for long distances large quantities of provisions



ARRIVAL OF SUPPLY TRAIN AT LUMBER DEPÔT.

has led some operators to establish farms on arable lands close to their limits. Thus they have a supply of farm produce ready at hand in the fall, when, as the snow-roads are not yet formed, transport is most expensive. The farm hands and horses are employed during the winter in the woods, so that men may pass years in these regions without visiting a city. Blacksmith and carpenter shops for repairing sleighs, and other tradesmen's shanties, gather round these centres, and a village grows up. As other farms are cultivated near it, or a saw-mill is established to manufacture lumber for local uses, the village often becomes the nucleus of a town or city. It often happens, too, that the good prices and ready market of a lumber depôt induce the hardy settler to build his log-house and clear his patch of ground in the woods near it, and here he lives his rough life—jobber, farmer, and pioneer. Thus our Canadian civilization has advanced in the wake of the lumbering trade.

When the sunshine at the end of March melts the snow, or just before the roads break up, the teamsters return in long trains, with empty sleighs, to their far-off homes. Soon after, about the middle of April, when the warm rains have ruined the snow-roads, when the ice has gone down from the swollen streams and the lakes are clear with blue spring water, a new phase of the lumbermen's life begins—the exciting, but dangerous work of getting the logs down the roll-ways into the river, and guiding

them by stream or lake to mills or market. To facilitate this, the landings or roll-ways, when not on the river ice, have been constructed on a steep declivity. Consequently when the lower logs are loosened and thrown into the river, those above them follow from their own weight. Should any obstacle have been allowed to remain on the roll-way hundreds of logs may be arrested and so huddled together as to make their extrication most dangerous. In one instance, a hardy river-driver, who went beneath such a hanging mass of timber or "jam," and cut away the stump which held it suspended, saved his life from the avalanche of logs only by jumping into the river and diving deep towards mid-stream. Such an exploit is merely one of many instances of cool courage displayed constantly by the river-drivers, as these lumbermen are called. The logs that remain on the landing must be removed with picks, bars and hooks, with more or less risk to the workmen, till all are afloat. Once afloat, they are carried on by the current, while the river-drivers, armed with long poles, follow them along the shore, to prevent any from stranding. When the stream is navigable for the light, flat-bottomed boats used by lumbermen, they follow the "drive" in these,



A SETTLER'S SHANTY.

running the rapids, and often exposed to great risk, as the swollen stream carries them against projecting rocks. Often, too, the logs will be caught by some point of land, whence they have to be rolled with "cant-hooks"—a work of much labour.

The river-drivers are usually accompanied as far as possible by a scow with a covered structure, like a Canadian "Noah's Ark." The scow serves all the purposes of a shanty. The greatest danger is when logs are caught mid-stream, especially above a rapid. Then it is necessary to disengage the "key-piece"—the log which, caught by rock or other obstacle, causes the jam. The precision with which experienced river-drivers will ascertain the key-piece of a jam, is no less remarkable than the daring and skill with which they escape the rush of the suddenly-liberated logs down the rapids. They leap from log to log, and maintain their balance with the dexterity of a rope-dancer. Still, scarce a season passes without loss of life from this cause during the drive. The men, therefore, do all in their power to prevent the occurrence of a jam. Pike-poles in hand, they shove onwards the logs that seem likely to cause obstruction.

When the force of the current is insufficient as in small streams or at the outlets of lakes, dams are used in order by accumulating the water to float the logs thither, and carry them forward with a rush when the gates are opened. The dams are built of timber deep-fixed in the bed of the stream, so as to resist the great pressure to which they are often subjected. They are furnished with gates by which the amount of water to pass through can be regulated, and sluice-ways—one broad and in the centre. To this the logs are directed from the water above by a boom. Sometimes there are as many as a dozen dams in the course of a stream, and frequently four gates to a dam. The logs are thus carried by each of these operations, not merely past one point of obstruction, but over a considerable portion of a stream otherwise too shallow. Even with all these appliances, after a winter of little snow, and when the ice has gone out of the lakes, there is often not enough force of water to carry down the logs. In that case, they are left till the following spring.

On rivers down which square timber is brought, and where, as in parts of the Upper Ottawa, cataracts occur of such magnitude as to injure the pieces by dashing them with great violence against rocks, resort is had to contrivances called "slides." These consist of artificial channels, the side-walls and bottoms lined with smooth, strong timber-work. At the upper end of this channel are gates, through which the pent-up water can be admitted or shut off. In the large slides this is attended to, and the duty on down-bound timber collected by a Government official—the "slide-master"—who resides on the spot. Through these slides, built by Government on the most important rivers, pass the "cribs." These are constructed of a regulation width, so as to fit the passage-way of the slide. The crib is about twenty-four feet wide; its length varies with that of the square timber. The lower part generally consists of about twenty pieces, bound firmly together, and secured by shorter pieces, called "traverses," strongly pinned down. On the traverses are laid lengthways, four pieces of square timber, firmly fixed. The crib is often furnished with a frame house for the raftsmen, with long oars as "sweeps," and with a mast and sail. Frequently the



THE ROLLWAY.

Ottawa river-drivers take tourists or others as passengers, to give them the sensation of "shooting a slide." We embark on board a crib above the slide-gates at the falls of the Calumet. The raftsmen bid us take firm hold of one of the strong poles which are driven between the lower timbers of the crib. Above the slide the waters of

the Ottawa are still and deep; at the left side, through the intervening woods, we can hear the roar of the cataract. The slide-gates are thrown open; the water surges over the smooth, inclined channel; our crib, carefully steered through the gateway, slowly moves its forward end over the entrance; it advances, sways for a moment, then, with a sudden plunge and splash of water, rushes faster and faster between the narrow walls. The reflow of the torrent streams over the crib from the front; jets of water spurt up everywhere between the timbers under our feet; then dipping heavily as it



TIMBER SLIDE AT THE CALUMET FALLS.

leaves the slide, our crib is in the calm water beneath, the glorious scenery of the cataract full in view. Without knowing it, we have got wet through—a trifle not to be thought of, amid the rapture of that rapid motion which Dr. Johnson considered one of the greatest of life's enjoyments. He spoke of "a fast drive in a post-chaise." What would he have said to a plunge down the slides of the Ottawa!

When there is a formidable rapid on which there is no slide, the crib has to be taken asunder and the separate pieces sent down, to be gathered by a boom below, and put together as before. Over a lake or broad river, the crib advances by means of an anchor carried out some distance, the rope from which is wound up by a capstan on board. When possible, a sail is hoisted; at other times, the crib is propelled by long oars, or sweeps, in the hands of the raftsmen, a tedious and laborious process.

The immediate destination of the square timber conveyed by water or railway is the "banding ground," where it is formed into the immense rafts that are such a distinctive feature of our lake and river scenery. A raft is composed of from ninety to a hundred cribs, "banded" together by "wythes," or twisted saplings, of hard, tough wood, and joined at the ends by "lashing-poles," which are fixed to the end traverses by chain wythes. In place of these, "cat-pieces" are sometimes used—that is, lengths of strong scantling, stout enough to bear a considerable strain, and long enough to reach easily from crib to crib. Thus the cribs are kept close together, yet are allowed sufficient independence of motion up and down to lessen the strain on the huge raft. The raft can be readily taken apart and put together again; as each part is passed down a rapid, the men return overland to the part not yet sent down, carrying their gear in wagons.

Like the separate cribs of which we have spoken, the raft is propelled ordinarily by sweeps or, weather permitting, by sails. Often a steam-tug is employed, a curious variety being the "fiddle-boat"—that is, two long boats, or sections of boats, with the paddle-wheel between them. The crew consists of from forty to fifty well-built and skilful men, who live—sometimes with their wives and children—in little wooden houses on the raft. The strange craft presents the appearance of a village, progressive enough certainly, and in America that is the ideal of perfection. The chief danger to be avoided is falling through the openings between the ends of cribs of unequal length. These water spaces become filled with floating foam and chips, so as to be almost indistinguishable from the solid surface of the log. On the rivers the greatest danger to rafts and raftsmen is from the rapids; on the lakes, from storms; yet owing to the skill of the pilots and the efficiency of the crews, accidents are rare; and these timber islands, after a journey from the remotest parts of Canada, float down the broad St. Lawrence, sound as when first banded together, to their destination in the coves of Quebec.

At these coves the rafts are finally broken up, and from the acres of timber thus accumulated, the large, ocean-going ships are loaded. Near the vessel men run actively over the floating timbers, and with the help of pike-poles select the cargo. Each stick or spar is lifted by means of a chain slung from a spar on deck, and brought to a level with the large receiving-port near the vessel's bow. It then rests on a roller, and is easily shoved in, and stowed away. "Deal" planks are brought alongside the timber-ship in large barges moored fore and aft of the ship, and the deals thrown in through the ports. When the steadily-increasing load within the hold sinks the vessel to its lower ports these are closed, and the loading is resumed at those immediately above. The scene is a striking one. In the foreground the dark ship, contrasting with the gay motley of the lumbermen's costume; farther off, the coves, with the miles and miles of booms, and millions of feet of timber; in the distance,

the ancient city and its historic hill. Here the wealth floated to-day from the virgin forest, greets the walls and spires of the Middle Ages.

Saw-logs are not usually floated as far as square timber, because saw-mills are built on the streams. But on some rivers several hundred men are occupied in "driving" for over two hundred miles. Some of the Laurentian rivers, again, have a course so difficult and dangerous that driving is not attempted on them. The logs are committed to the river, and those that come down the falls and over the rapids uninjured are gathered at the mouth. Many logs are so battered as to be useless; many are stranded, or caught by rocks or eddies, and must remain till the next spring freshet dislodges them. We have seen how settlement in the new country, north and west, is following in the wake of the lumber traffic. The same process is being repeated before our eyes which, two generations ago, gave the first impetus to the vast agricultural settlements of Ontario. The mill-villages and lumber depôts are the flourishing towns and cities of to-day. The second stage is the construction of railways. When the country is sufficiently settled, it pays operators to convey their square timber by rail, so as to be earlier in the market. Saw-mills are built farther up the stream, to obtain the raw material near its source and transmit by rail the manufactured product. Still, for a long time to come, there will be a continuance of river-driving, to supply existing mills nearer the frontier. Most of these are so complete in their arrangements, so furnished with expensive machinery, as to make removal impossible without heavy loss; besides, the expense of river-driving from a distance is balanced by greater proximity to the centres of trade, and by direct access to the markets for manufactured lumber. And yet there are few districts, even of the newest and least-settled country, into which lumber operations have been pushed, where the saw-mill, of a much ruder and simpler type than those in more settled districts, may not be hailed as the pioneer of advancing civilization. Somewhat unpicturesque, indeed, is the tall tower of open framework, yet it is a welcome neighbour to the farm-house sheltered by the snow-covered hill. Through the deep ravine among the dark pines, flows a stream that now, for the first time, does its part in concert with human industry.

Along the river, above any large mill in the more settled country, will be seen a mile or more of booms enclosing logs that have been floated down for the season's supply of the saws. In such mills is found every appliance of labour-saving machinery, and generally the works are arranged to utilize much that in the more primitive saw-mill of the backwoods went to waste. Nothing is lost except the sawdust, and even that is sometimes used to feed the engine furnace. There are often forges, and carpenters' and machine shops, that machinery out of gear may be repaired on the premises. The logs are drawn into the mill by a car which is lowered by the steam-power along an inclined tramway to the water, where it sinks sufficiently to allow a couple of logs,



THE DRIVE.



DAM ON TUQUE CREEK.

guided by pike-poles, to be placed upon it. These are held fast on the car by sharp spikes, on which they rest, as it is drawn from the water up the inclined plane to the mill. Arrived at the top, the car is unloaded, and lowered again. The logs which are brought up are rolled off upon a movable truck, by which they are carried to the "gangs." These consist of rows of keen-toothed saws, set side by side in a powerful frame. Held fast by the remorseless grasp of the machinery that carries them on, the saws crunch, with apparent ease, through the logs from end to end. If the mill be driven by steam, the sawdust and other refuse is carried to the engine-room to feed the furnace, or in the case of a water-mill it is thrown in the stream to kill the fish, or spoil the river! Ingeniously-contrived machinery takes the lumber from the saws to the yard, where it is piled, or dropped into a sluiceway, and floated to a piling ground.

Multitudinous piles of symmetrically-arranged lumber form a peculiar feature in the outskirts of many Canadian cities. The forest products exported from Canada during the last ten years, have amounted to over twenty millions of dollars annually. These have consisted almost entirely of square timber, and the more marketable sizes of sawn lumber, called deals. Nearly one half goes to Great Britain. No other country, by itself, receives so much. Next to Great Britain come the United States, which take the greatest part of the Ontario export. British Columbia sends to South America, China, Japan, and the Pacific Islands. The Atlantic Maritime Provinces send to Europe, Africa and the South Atlantic States. Almost equal to this vast export is the amount consumed for domestic use. The traveller in Canada cannot fail to be

struck by the way in which lumber is used, for the bridges on our rivers, the fences that divide our fields, the side-walks in our villages and cities, and for almost every conceivable purpose. In the country, and in many towns, the buildings are of wood; the country roads have their foundation of wood, and the newest method of paving our city streets is with wooden blocks. And in nearly every part of Canada, outside the towns, wood is the only material used for fuel.

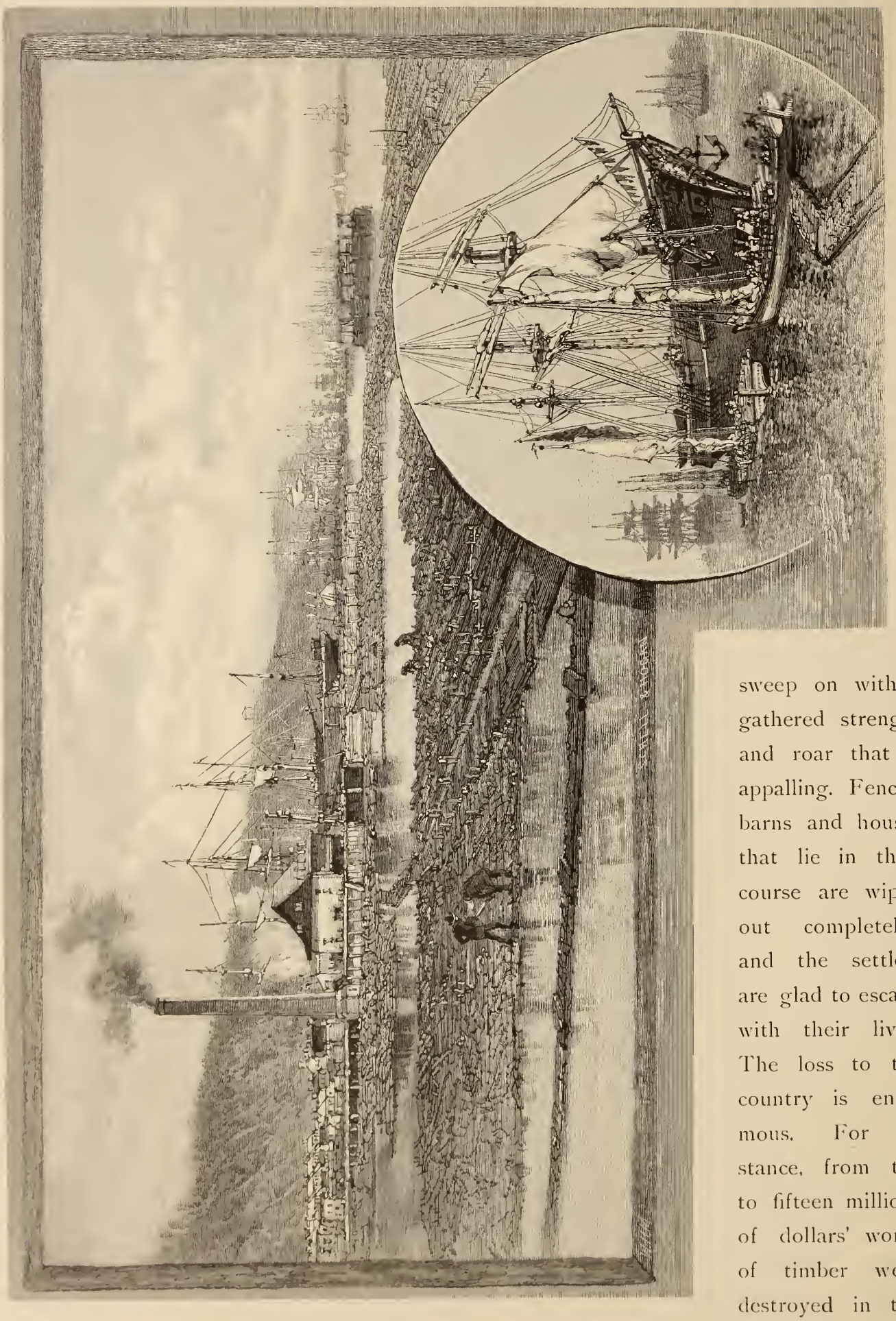
In view of the prodigious consumption for the home and foreign market, the all-important question comes to be: How long can we go on at this rate? Is our forest wealth exhaustless, then? Enthusiasts talk in an airy way of the woods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, of boundless wildernesses to the north of the Ottawa, of untouched districts between Peterborough and Lake Nipissing, and along the north shores of the Georgian Bay and Lake Superior, of the passes of the Rocky Mountain and Cascade ranges, choked with the Douglas pine and other monarchs of the forest. And doubtless a supply almost beyond computation remains to feed this greatest industry of Canada for many a year. But, in every Province, practical lumbermen hold very different language from that of the enthusiasts. Go to the great centres, to the mills on the Miramichi, the lower St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Trent; to the Muskoka and Parry Sound district, or farther west—and talk with the men who have ranged the woods for half a lifetime, and one and all may be heard sounding the note of alarm. They point out that many of the areas, boasted of as yet untouched, contain no pine of commercial value; that lumbermen are obliged to be less particular about the quality every year; that the farther they are forced back, the greater is the difficulty of getting the logs and sticks forward to shipping ports; and that already they are very near the line on the other side of which profits cease and work must stop. Many of the first authorities declare that, under the present system, the lumber business of Canada will be a thing of the past in twenty years.

To turn a deaf ear to such warnings would be folly. It is abundantly clear that if more wood is annually destroyed than the amount benignant Nature adds to our national store, we are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, or acting like the spendthrift who draws upon a capital that he cannot replace. We must consider what are the chief causes of waste, and how we can best guard against the destruction or reduction of our splendid capital. We need not take into account what is lost by the advance of settlement. Farmers are of more value to a country than any other class. But, within our Laurentian ranges, there is little encouragement for farming. There are, it is true, river bottoms, and large patches where the limestone has been triturated and washed down into a sharp and generous soil. But, by far the greater part of those regions must be abandoned to the miner and the lumberman, especially to the latter; and if he is driven away, much of our national domain will be useless as Sahara.



A SAWMILL IN THE BACKWOODS.

Forest fires are the chief cause of waste, and these are generally produced by want of thought. Tourists and pic-nic parties seldom extinguish their camp-fires or cover the embers with earth. Backwoods farmers are accustomed to clear their land by setting out fires; and though this is usually done when there is a prospect of rain, they sometimes mistake the signs of the sky. In a warm and rainless season the fires find material to feed upon everywhere; they spread along the ground to the forest; and should a gale arise, they



TIMBER COVES, QUEBEC.

sweep on with a gathered strength and roar that is appalling. Fences, barns and houses that lie in their course are wiped out completely; and the settlers are glad to escape with their lives. The loss to the country is enormous. For instance, from ten to fifteen millions of dollars' worth of timber were destroyed in the



ON THE UPPER ST. MAURICE.

Province of Ontario by autumn fires in 1881; that is, a sum equal to half of our revenue, was burnt as so much old paper, and the public seemed to care little. Forest fires, too, are not like those that sweep over the prairie and add to the vegetable mould. They often burn into the ground, eat up the little earth there is, and leave the stones mossless and hungry. When the tall pines are left standing, scorched, blackened, and discrowned, an insignificant insect, rightly called Great—one of the Capricorn beetles—completes the work of destruction. It bores through the outer bark, and deposits its larva between the bark and the wood. The larva feeds on the woody fibre, and gradually bores its way to the heart of the pine. These "borers" are almost as much dreaded by the lumbermen as grasshoppers by a prairie farmer. In travelling through a burnt district, their presence is sufficiently attested whenever there is a high wind. The air is filled with innumerable particles of woody dust, and the scene resembles a snow storm more than anything else.

Replanting has been suggested to counterbalance the loss caused by fires and reckless cutting. Such a remedy is practically impossible. It would be too costly, and there would be great difficulty in preserving the young trees from fires. Besides, a pine takes one hundred and fifty years to reach maturity.

One or two measures may be suggested. The Government should, by a commission of experts and scientific men, take stock of our forest wealth. This done, the annual increment presented to us by Nature could be estimated. And then, on no

account, should more than this increment be cut in any year. This is the law in Norway and Sweden, and it is a good law. The demand for lumber will increase. Already, instead of selecting only the best trees, as was the custom a quarter of a century ago, the forest is being cut down as a wheat field is mowed. Let us not forget that they who waste shall want. Our form of government makes it difficult to pass or to enforce laws to curb greed. But the call for immediate action is loud. One or two wise laws, and the employment of the best men obtainable as "bush-rangers" to take care of Government timber limits, would preserve to Canada an income from her wildernesses for centuries.

We owe much of our wealth and development to the lumber trade. It has been one of the great instruments of our self-expansion during the past forty years. But the anxieties for a nation's future increase with increasing wealth and population. Civilized men cannot live in the fool's Paradise of the present.





SUNRISE ON LAKE SUPERIOR.



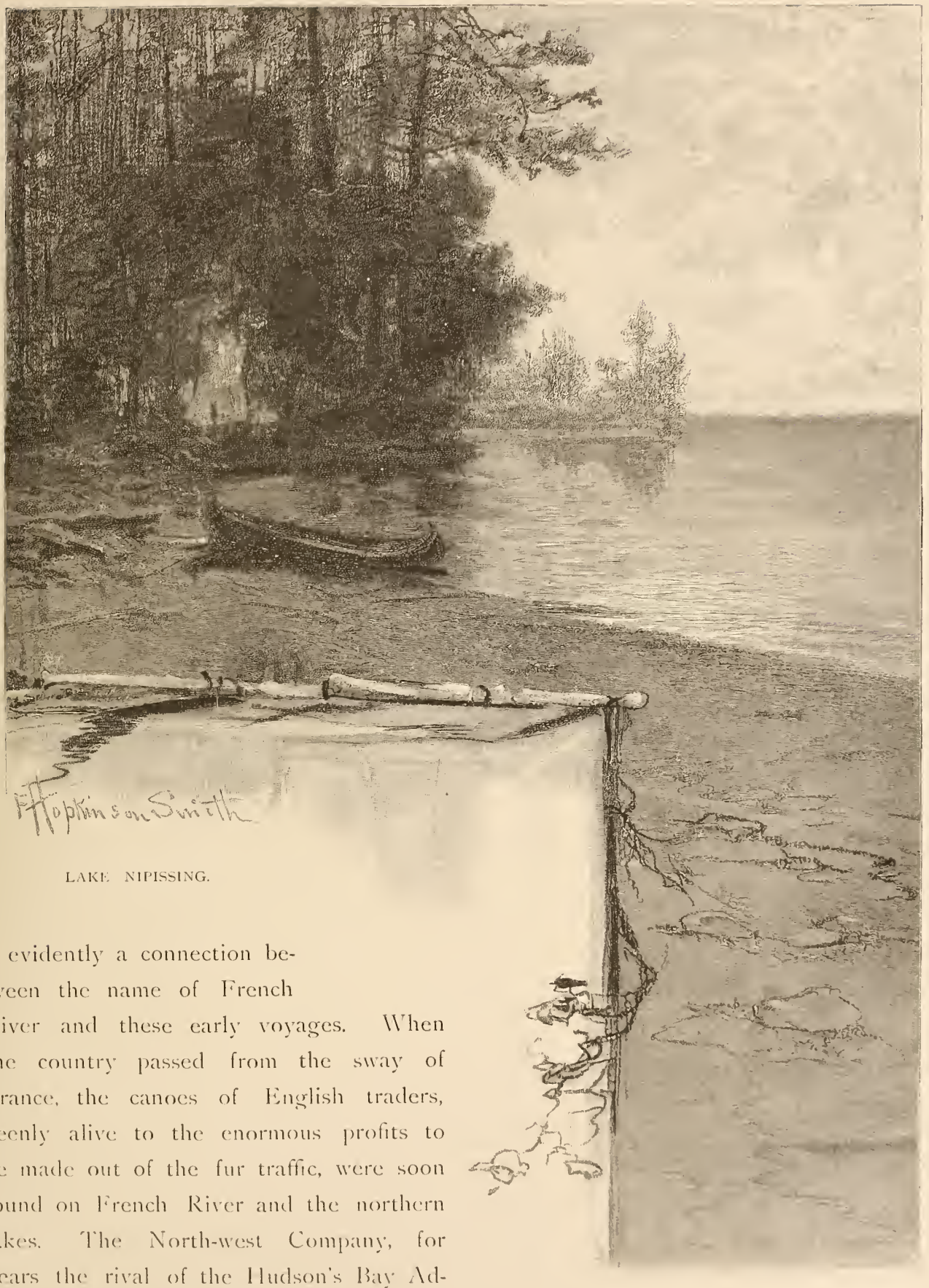
THE UPPER LAKES.

THE route to the upper lakes by the Ottawa, the Mattawan, Lake Nipissing, and French River, has historic, as well as picturesque, interest. For more than two hundred years before whistle of locomotive awoke the echoes of the northern woods, commerce used these beautiful water-stretches as a highway to Lake Huron. The Hurons came down by this way to trade with the French at Montreal, avoiding the more direct route from their villages, through dread of their hereditary foes, the Iroquois.

By this way, as long ago as 1615, went Samuel de Champlain to the Huron country. His immediate object was to lead a small force, whose arquebuses might turn the scale in a proposed foray of the Hurons upon the Iroquois; but we may be sure that the north-west passage to the Indies was not absent from his thoughts. Champlain was not the first white man to navigate French River and gaze upon the *mer douce*, or great fresh-water sea of the Hurons. One Joseph le Caron, a friar of the Récollet order, had made the journey in the previous summer, his mission being to plant the cross in Huron soil. Le Caron was one of four priests who had come from the town of Brouage, in France, to Christianize the savages. They were the forerunners of those Jesuit Fathers who have peopled the woods and fields of parts of Canada with memories of a heroism as disinterested and devoted as any that history has to record. In a letter to a friend, Le Caron tells how he was tired out by paddling all day with all his strength, wading the rivers a hundred times and more, through mud, and over sharp rocks which cut his feet, carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid rapids and frightful cataracts, a little pounded maize and water his only food. Not an imposing figure this Récollet friar, as he wields a canoe-paddle, or stumbles over the portages, in coarse gray gown, peaked hood, and bare, sandalled feet; and yet, in the judgment of the "eyes that regard us in eternity's stillness," his journey does not compare ill with the triumphal progress of an Alexander or a Napoleon.

We may easily to-day follow the course by which Le Caron passed to Lake Huron. We may even yet tread portages beaten by the moccasined feet of his rude companions. After the bluff from which the towers of the Capital now spring is passed, the two lakes of the Allumette are gained; "and now for twenty miles the Ottawa stretches before him, straight as the bee can fly, deep, narrow and black, between its mountain shores. He passed the rapids of the Joachim and the Caribou—the Rocher Capitaine, where the angry current whirls in its rocky prison—the Deux Rivières, where it bursts its mountain barrier—and reached at length the tributary waters of the Mattawan. He turned to the left, ascended this little stream forty miles or more, and crossing a portage track, well trodden, stood on the margin of Lake Nipissing. The canoes were launched again. All day they glided by leafy shores, and verdant islands floating on the depth of blue. And now appeared unwonted signs of human life, clusters of bark lodges, half-hidden in the vastness of the woods. It was the village of an Algonquin tribe, called by courtesy a nation—the Nipissings—a race so beset with spirits, so infested by demons and abounding in magicians, that the Jesuits in after years stigmatized them as 'the sorcerers.'" Out of Lake Nipissing the current of French River, broken by numerous falls and rapids, bears the traveller to the vast bay to which the loyalty of Governor Simcoe gave the name of the third George.

By the route thus first explored soldiers and priests, trappers and traders of the French race, found their way to the upper lakes for a hundred and fifty years. There



LAKE NIPISSING.

is evidently a connection between the name of French River and these early voyages. When the country passed from the sway of France, the canoes of English traders, keenly alive to the enormous profits to be made out of the fur traffic, were soon found on French River and the northern lakes. The North-west Company, for years the rival of the Hudson's Bay Adventurers, but now merged with them into one great corporation, for a long time used the French River route as the shortest practicable line of communication between Fort William, their headquarters in the

interior, and Montreal. For many years the forests echoed to the song of the *voyageur* and the splash of his paddle, as the fleet of canoes made the annual voyage to or from the east.

Derrièr' chez nous, ya-t-un étang.
En roulant ma boule. (*Chorus*),
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant (*Chorus*),
En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant
En roulant ma boule.
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant.
En roulant ma boule.

Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, under whose rule the amalgamation of the two corporations was effected, describes the trip by the Ottawa and the French River in his "Journey Round The World." Following the tracks of these early navigators, we are in the heart of that remarkable region of broken, rocky Laurentian country, so called from the Laurentides, or Laurentian Hills. Rising on the Labrador coast and forming the northerly wall of the St. Lawrence valley; withdrawing from the river some miles below Quebec, and passing north of Ottawa; sending down a spur to cross the St. Lawrence near Kingston into the State of New York, where it towers into the Adirondack range; continuing their progress in Canada to the Georgian Bay; thence around its shores and the north shore of Lake Superior; leaving Lake Superior to take a majestic sweep northward and westward and sink into the icy sea—the Laurentians form a mysterious mountain chain whose age and origin are wrapped in obscurity. And in this Laurentian country is found what is distinctive in the scenery of the eastern half of the Dominion. The crag, hewn and planed into every romantic shape; the fir rooted in the crag; the stream pursuing its way between walls of living green, now foaming down a boulder-strewn bed, now widening into a tranquil lake; the island-rock clothed with verdure, and surrounded by

countless companions—these characteristics of Canadian scenery belong to the Laurentians. Broken up into astonishing diversity, the Laurentian tract abounds in the picturesque, and affords the people of Quebec and Ontario opportunities for pleasant and healthful summering which few countries enjoy. Hence, also, come the vast supplies of timber which create the greatest of Canadian industries. Stores of minerals of incalculable value lie in the bosom of the hills, and extensive tracts of good land in the river valleys and other depressions. True, the tiller of the soil has a hard fight with nature before she yields a fair return, but such struggles produce men of strong wills and earnest natures. "What do you raise here?" asked a stranger, with something of a sneer, as he surveyed a stony field in New Hampshire. "We raise men, sir," was the proud reply.

Lake Nipissing is in the centre of one of the most promising tracts in the Laurentian district. Until lately, but little has been known of the character or capabilities of this unoccupied region, but the active explorations of the government of Ontario have brought to light much important information. The total area of unsettled Crown lands between the Ottawa and Georgian Bay, south of Lake Nipissing, is little short of twelve million acres, or more than half the area of Ireland. At least half of this is well suited for settlement, a country capable of sustaining, at a moderate estimate, a hardy population of five hundred thousand souls. Of the three sections into which this region is divided—the Red Pine, the White Pine, and the Hardwood country—the latter is much the best adapted for agriculture. This tract, commencing at the headwaters of the Mattawan, and extending sixty miles to the west, contains some seven thousand superficial miles. It is a singularly isolated region. Between it and Lake Huron, and bordering French River on both sides, lies an expanse of barren country, terminating in bare rock towards the shore of the lake. On the south, also, along or near the division of the waters of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, it is girded by a belt of rugged, stony land, about twenty miles in breadth, utterly unfit for settlement. To the east it is separated from the inhabited country on the Ottawa by the timber district. Within these boundaries, for the most part in primeval solitude, is an extensive tract of excellent farming country. Here are found, also, numerous water-powers of value, and timber of the finest description. The forest is full of game—moose, cariboo, red-deer and bears, of the larger sort; and of smaller game—hares, swans, geese, ducks, wild turkeys, partridges and quail. Of fur-bearing animals, there are the silver-gray, red, and black fox, the otter, marten, mink, and beaver. The lakes and rivers swarm with fish. The climate is clear, bracing, and healthy.

There is no testimony to the character of this region more interesting than that of the German-Swiss delegates, who visited it and have already promoted thereto a Swiss immigration. One describes the soil on the slopes of the South River of Lake Nipissing, as much resembling that of the vine-growing hills encircling the lakes in the



ON FRENCH RIVER.

French cantons of Switzerland. It is his conviction that in the course of time vine culture will be successfully carried on in this part of the Nipissing district. "The striking resemblance which that district bears to the north-west cantons of Switzerland, with its numerous fine lakes, the mildness and great wholesomeness of its climate, and the extraordinary fertility of its soil, would make it a splendid new home for Swiss immigrants to Ontario, in whose hands would soon flourish a 'New Helvetia' in Canada."

A visitor from Würtemburg to the "Free Grant" territory, pleasantly relates his experience of "the Bush." He travels on the colonization road from Rosseau to Nipissing. To the right and left of the road there are thousands of acres of the best land. The soil improves as the lake is approached. Now and then a log-house is passed, erected a few months ago, but even now surrounded by a "clearing" of ten or

twelve acres, with splendid potatoes, wheat and oats, corn and vegetables. Wherever a stoppage is made the settlers are able to offer a good meal. The cattle are in excellent condition, pasturing partly in the woods, and partly in the fenced lots. In the midst of the forest a cart is met, the farmer walking behind it. He stands still, with the words, "You are surely also a Swabian?" "Yes, and whence are you?" "Half a mile



KILLARNEY.



from Oppelsbohm is my home;" and the visitor listens to an encouraging tale of contented industry.

North and west, also, of Lake Nipissing the land is good. The agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, the only white residents, have seen an unwonted sight, the surveyor, with his theodolite, making townships in the wilderness. There is reported to be more fertile, arable land on the west bank of the Ottawa, above the Mattawan, than on the banks below it. A line drawn from Lake Nipissing to the lower end of Lake Temiscaming, with the Ottawa to the north and west, and the Mattawan to the south, forms a rough triangle, within which is a large area of hardwood land. It is in every way well adapted for settlement. On one side it touches a great navigable reach of the Ottawa, and on the other a large lake, which, at a small cost, could be rendered easily accessible from Lake Huron, and on the very route which must be used for the timber trade, now extending to Lake Temiscaming. North of this tract to Lake



A LAURENTIAN BLUFF.

Abbitibee, a distance of eighty miles, soil for the most part favorable to cultivation is found to exist, being a level alluvial over a limestone formation. The timber is a heavy growth of beech, maple, elm, and pine. Where these woods grow, wheat will also grow well. The climate will not be an obstacle to settlement. It is certainly not as rigorous as that of the North-West.

Already the shores of the Lake of "the Sorcerers" are awaking to the sounds of a new life. The lumberman, pioneer of settlement in the bush, has invaded the forest, and set up his saw-mills and shanties. The farmer has followed his steps, opening up tracts for cultivation; and for the produce the lumberman pays well. Government roads

make access easy for the settler. Steam-power has disturbed the waters which floated Champlain's canoe. The Canadian Pacific Railway commences its course westward from Callendar, on the north-east shore of the lake. The work of construction has begun, and goes actively on, bringing settlement and civilization along with it. It will not be long before thriving communities spring up throughout this great "Free Grant" district, which will be the nurseries of men such as New England has furnished to the United States.

Though the railway has reached the Mattawan and is skirting the shores of Nipis-



THE SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS.

sing, commerce does not yet make its way to the upper lakes by the route which Champlain followed. For the present, communication is by rail to Sarnia, Goderich, Owen Sound, Collingwood, and Midland, from which ports the steamboat commences the circuit of the inland seas.

At Killarney, a fishing village on the northern shore of the Georgian Bay, modern travel first comes in contact with the old *voyageur* track. An expedition of two, in search of the picturesque, approached this place by steamer one August afternoon. On the west rose the wooded bluffs of the Grand Manitoulin Island, and on the east and north the Laurentian Hills, which are to be our companions for the greater part of our journey. The neat houses of the hamlet were clustered on the edge of a plain which extended to the base of the mountains, and through which forbidding patches of granite, planed into curious shapes by glacial action, protruded. In the narrow chan-

nel, formed by parallel lines of picturesque rocks, and apparently closed altogether at the upper end by a blue wall, fishing-boats with bright-red sails, scudded before the wind.

The upper lakes teem with fish. Salmon-trout and white-fish are the most important varieties. These are caught in large quantities and shipped to Toronto and the United States. The old method of salting has been to a great extent superseded, now that speedier transit is obtained, by packing in ice. The large boxes, or "fish cars," running on wheels, which are seen at Killarney and other fishing stations, carry each from ten to twenty-five hundred weight of fish to the market.

White-fish, salmon-trout, and cranberries are the staple products of Killarney—Indians and half-breeds the staple population. Not feeling moved to linger, we proceeded westward on the quiet waters of the Northern Channel, with the soft outlines of the Grand Manitoulin on one hand and the grim Laurentians on the other. Manitoulin Island is not, geologically, akin to the north shore of the mainland; it is rather an extension of the peninsula of Ontario. It is laid out into townships, and, like St. Joseph's island farther west, is a flourishing agricultural settlement.

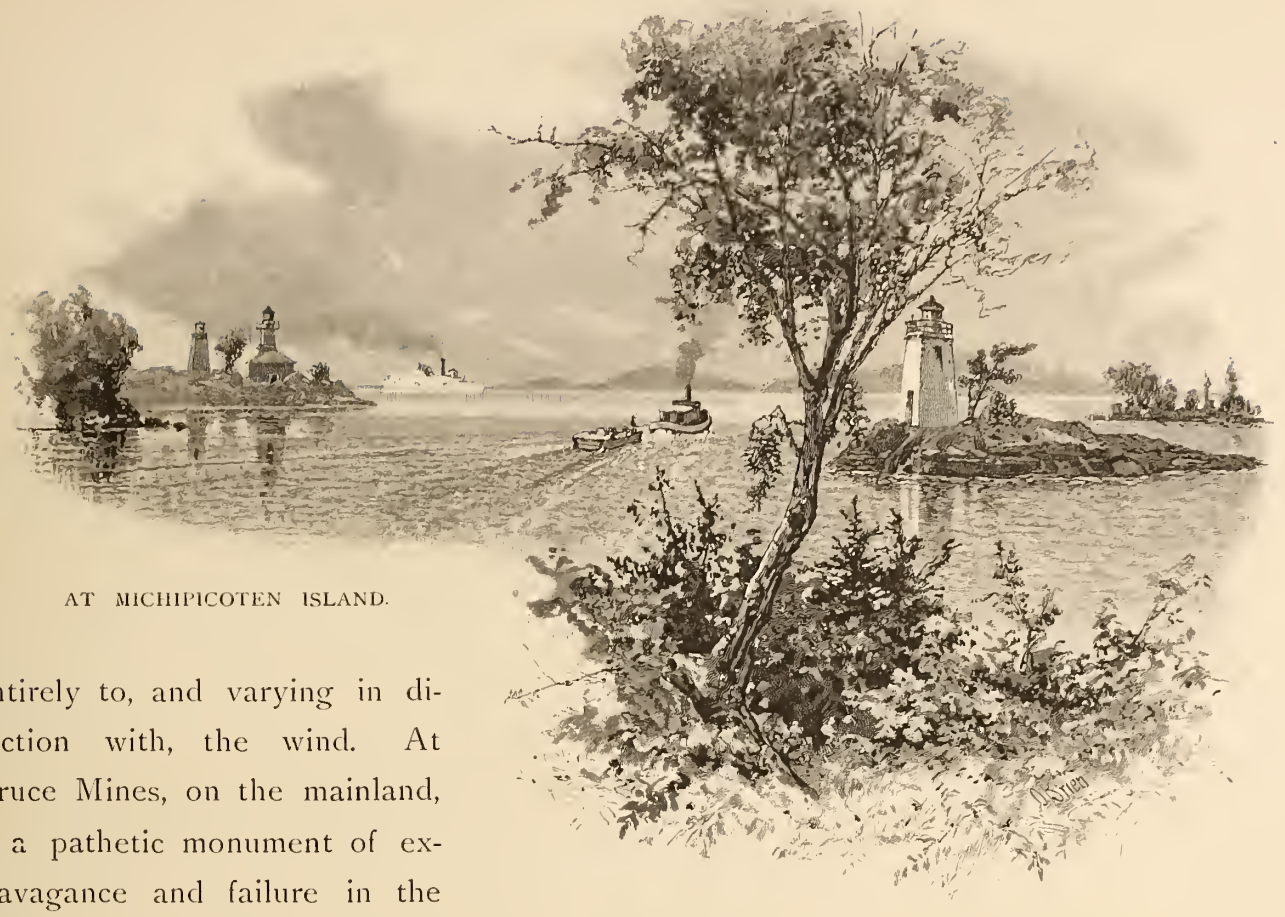
There is nothing particularly striking in the Northern Channel above Killarney. In places the Laurentians are broken up into islands, as they are where they cross the



VILLAGE OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

St. Lawrence. Below Killarney, the rocky fragments are scattered along the coast in picturesque profusion.

At Little Current, on the Manitoulin side, we encounter a strong current, due



AT MICHIPICOTEN ISLAND.

entirely to, and varying in direction with, the wind. At Bruce Mines, on the mainland, is a pathetic monument of extravagance and failure in the shape of great ranges of skeleton machinery, rusting and decaying around the shafts of an abandoned copper mine. Our next resting-place is Sault Ste. Marie.

Originally a Nor'west Company's post, "the Soo," as the place is called, has expanded into a village of five hundred inhabitants. Its importance will shortly be enhanced by the construction of a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to cross the strait at this point. We walked to the old trading-post, which has long lost all signs of commercial activity, and thence made our way to the Indian village. Here we met the hereditary chief of the Chippewas, a hard-featured, spectacled old gentleman, engaged in building a boat. Two of his retainers undertook to take us down the rapids. Poling their canoe to the head of the current by a comparatively quiet course, we descended swiftly, but without danger. The river falls eighteen feet, in some places with much fierceness, but the descent is made by a course which can be run without excitement. Indians were catching white-fish at the foot of the rapids. One man holds the canoe with wonderful skill in the swift current, and another stands in the bow with a large scoop-net some three and a half feet in diameter. This he drops over the noses of the fish as they swim up stream. Drawing the scoop-net towards him, the fisherman, by a dexterous twist, closes the mouth of the net and hauls his prize aboard. In the spring and fall large quantities of fish are captured in this way. To the peculiar excellency of the rapids white-fish we bear cordial testimony.

It is nearly two centuries and a half since the Sault Ste. Marie was first visited by white men. In 1641 two Jesuit missionaries—Fathers Raymbault and Jogues—pushed their explorations as far as this place. They found an Indian village of two thousand souls where the small city opposite the Canadian town now stands. On the 14th of June, 1671, a grand council assembled here, in which fourteen Indian tribes were represented, four ecclesiastics represented the Church, and one Daumont de St. Lusson, with fifteen of his followers, represented the Government of Louis the Fourteenth. A large cross was blessed by one of the Fathers and erected on a hill, while the Frenchmen, with bare heads, sang the *Vexilla Regis*. After certain other ceremonies, M. de St. Lusson stood forth, with upraised sword in one hand and a clod of earth in the other, and in somewhat bombastic language claimed the Sault, as also Lakes Huron and Superior, the island of Manitoulin, and all countries, rivers, lakes, and streams contiguous thereto, as the sole property of that most high, mighty and renowned monarch, His Most Christian Majesty the King of France and Navarre.

In a few hours after leaving the Sault we are on the bosom of Lake Superior. When the surface of the water is stirred by a light breeze, just enough to give it life and energy, when fleecy masses of cloud float over the sky and draw lines of purple across the deep, it is delightful to sail upon the mighty lake, in its broad, mysterious expanse worshipped by the aborigines as a god. Much of such delightful sailing the traveller in July and August may enjoy. But in any season on the upper lakes, light breezes have a tendency to swell into what landsmen consider gales. Stiff nor'westers frequently make the progress of the steamboat slow and laboured. At such times the invitation of the dinner-bell meets with no response from two-thirds of the passengers; social intercourse languishes, and one is thrown upon his own reflections for entertainment. And food for reflection the prospect of sea and sky affords. What beauty there is in it all! though by sea-sick or half sea-sick passengers for the most part unregarded. The rainbow springing from the prow; the dark-green waves overlaid with glances and flashes of blue; the fantastic shapes, the mysterious shadings and colourings of the clouds—as restless as the waters below—proclaim that even in the midst of an uncomfortable gale, we are surrounded by infinite forms of divinest beauty. The limit of our knowledge limits our appreciation of these things. If we could trace the cause of each change in the ever-changing heavens, marking the invisible ministers of God's power as they "post o'er earth and ocean without rest," what a book of inexhaustible interest would lie always open before us!

Michipicoten House, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, is almost the only bit of life on the desolate northern shore of Lake Superior between the Sault Ste. Marie and Nepigon River. At Michipicoten Island, opposite the mouth of the river of the same name, the steamer makes a short stoppage. Nine miles from the land-locked harbour are mines of native copper, worked by a wealthy partnership of English

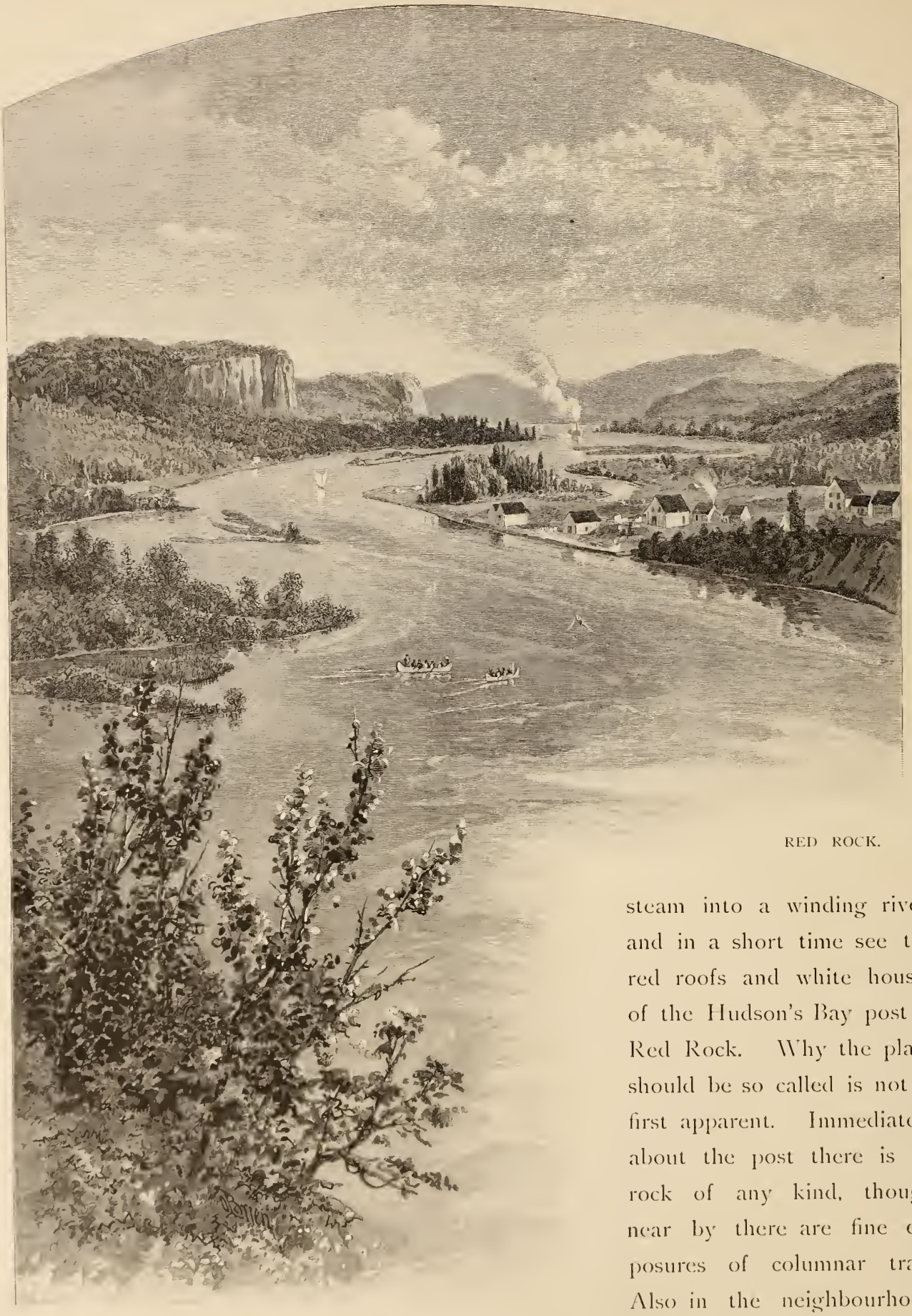
capitalists. A large and profitable yield, comparing favourably with that of the famous Hecla and Calumet mines on the south shore, is looked for.

The existence of minerals on Michipicoten Island was known to the savages who lived about Lake Superior, as appears from the records of the Jesuit Fathers, the first European explorers. The working of the mineral deposits, however, was not begun till two centuries after the Jesuits announced their existence. Stranger than this, there is evidence that a race far older than the savages with whom the Fathers conversed—a race of which little more is now known than that it existed—must have been extracting copper from the mines of Lake Superior long before Columbus set forth to discover a new world. These people are supposed to be the Mound Builders. In the mounds, which are their only memorials, copper ornaments have been found. The Indians of the days of Jesuit exploration had no knowledge of mining nor skill in working metals.

We are beginning to realize that we have a respectable sea-voyage on hand. The steamer has already made some 460 miles; Duluth, at the end of the lake, is 350 miles farther, so that those who take the round trip—Collingwood to Duluth, and return—travel in all about 1600 miles by water. There is plainly a demand upon the cordiality of fellow-passengers. "We hadn't a nice crowd on board, outside ourselves," remarked a tourist, "but we amused ourselves by *satirizing* them all the way down." A method not to be recommended, if the voyage is to be a pleasant one.

Every one who has heard of Lake Superior has heard of the Nepigon. "It is the finest trout-stream in America," as an enthusiastic New-Yorker, who met us on the pier at Red Rock, declared. A strait, bay, river, and lake, on the north shore of Superior, about midway between the Sault and Duluth, all bear the name of Nepigon. In the strait the tourist makes the acquaintance of the trap, the characteristic rock of this northern region. Thrust up from the interior of the earth in a molten condition, and cooled in perpendicular lines or columns, it forms a massive sea-wall on the north edge of Lake Superior—lofty, abrupt, and indented. A huge mass of trap fifteen miles long, and in places more than a thousand feet high, cuts off, with some smaller islands, Nepigon Bay from the lake, and bears the name of St. Ignace.

Entering Nepigon strait to the west of St. Ignace, we passed between frowning walls of columnar trap, recalling the familiar pictures of Fingal's Cave. For two or three hundred feet at the top the rock presents a precipitous face; below this, the *débris* of broken trap, torn down by the action of frost and time, a confused pile of titanic blocks, slopes into the pale-green waters. Under the cliffs, ranged like battlements on either side, we passed into Nepigon Bay. The bay, some thirty miles long and twelve miles wide, is one of three estuaries in this irregular coast lying in close proximity to one another. Black Bay and Thunder Bay, both of which run inland for some forty miles, are the other two. Out of the north-west corner of the bay we



RED ROCK.

steam into a winding river, and in a short time see the red roofs and white houses of the Hudson's Bay post at Red Rock. Why the place should be so called is not at first apparent. Immediately about the post there is no rock of any kind, though near by there are fine exposures of columnar trap. Also in the neighbourhood there is found a soft, red sandstone of which the Indians make their pipes, and this gives its name to the station.

Here we bid good-by to steamboat navigation, and prepare to take to the canoe and tent. It is no more possible to see the north shore of Lake Superior from a steamboat than it would be to see the Alps from a railway train. John Ruskin says that travelling by rail is not travelling at all—it is simply going from one place to another. As compared with canoeing, we are compelled to pass a similar verdict upon travelling by steamer. Many people who have heard beforehand of the picturesque shores of the upper lakes make the round trip, and come back with the conviction that the scenery is overrated. An endless sky-line of inhospitable cliffs, viewed over seas uncomfortably rough, varied once and again by a closer glimpse of some commanding headland, does not afford an exciting panorama. But these same coasts, visited at leisure in a small boat—the bays and islands explored, the rivers followed up—reveal scenes of surpassing loveliness. If there is disappointment when the north shore is visited in this way, the fault lies with the traveller, not with the country.

The Nepigon has become of late years a resort for sportsmen. The trout are magnificent, and in the early part of the season—June and July—are caught in astonishing numbers; six and seven pounds are ordinary sizes. There is, too, a peculiar delicacy in a trout caught by your own rod, and cooked before the fire on sticks—spatch-cock fashion—within ten minutes after it has left the water. The fish bite best when the flies do, and neither flies nor fish at this late season were lively; though the latter would have been considered so in any less famous stream.

Though our visit to Nepigon was not for fish, we had the satisfaction of landing some five-pounders, and our table was always sufficiently supplied. The trout are caught at the foot of any swift rapid, but there are certain large "pools" where rare sport may always be relied upon. The pool is a good-sized basin, below a strong rapid or fall. The water rushes over the fall and across the basin with great violence; it then turns back and swirls around the edge of the pool to the foot of the fall in a strong eddy. In the eddy, under logs half hid in creamy foam, or in holes over which the current runs swiftly, lie the big trout, ready to dart like lightning at the gaudy fly, or later in the season at the shining spoon or minnow. The latter method is of course voted unsportsmanlike; but sportsmen have to adopt it in August and September. In the decline of the fur-trade in these parts the Hudson's Bay Company do a large business in supplying fishermen with stores and tackle.

"*A. B. & C. D.:*

"*In account with*

"*THE COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS OF ENGLAND TRADING INTO HUDSON'S BAY.*

"To One Can of Peaches, . . . $0.40."



A TROUT POOL ON THE NEPIGON.



SPLIT ROCK.

It struck us that this would have looked impressive ; but in rendering their accounts the successors of Prince Rupert and his gentleman associates do not use their full corporate title.

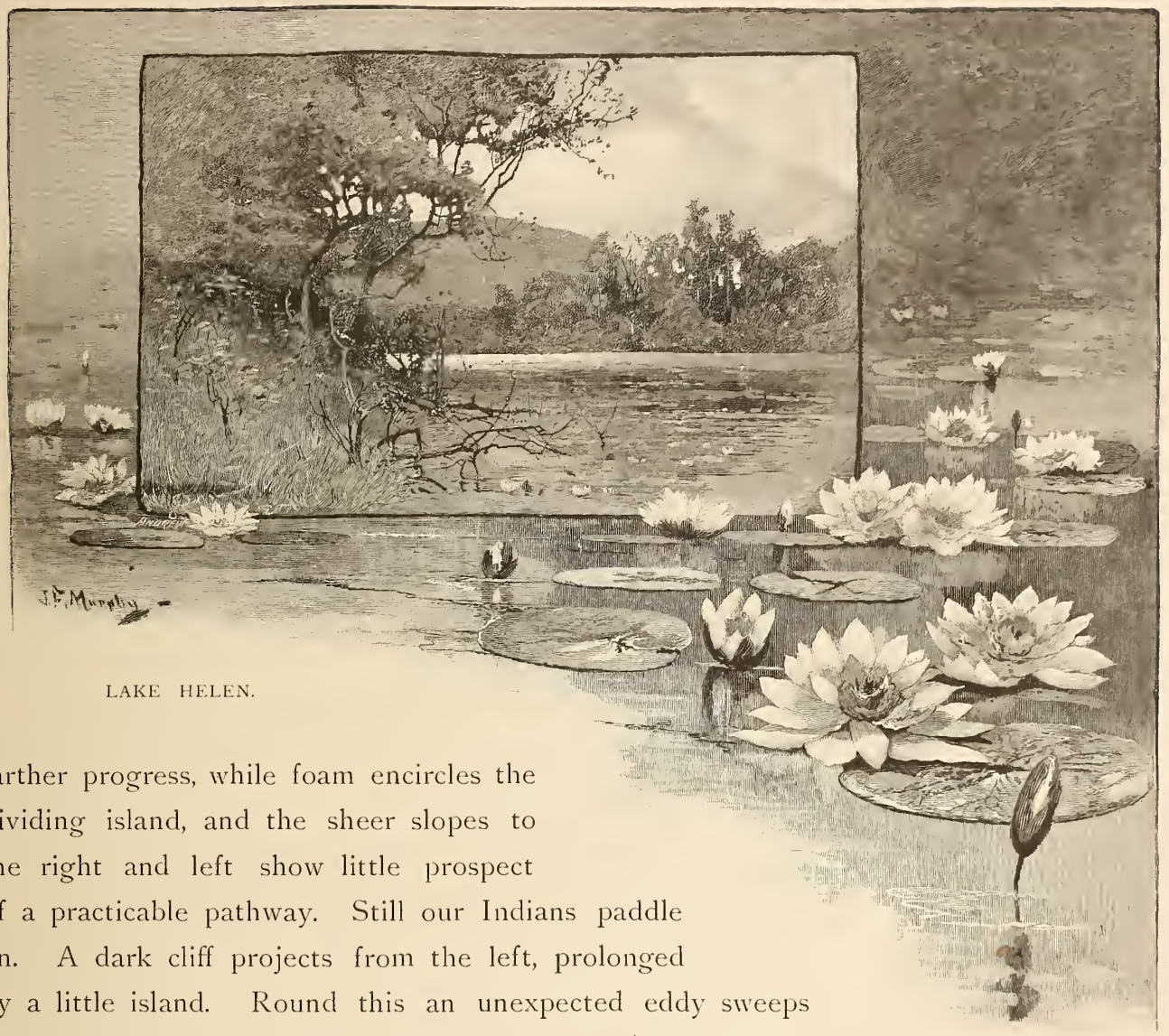
Having secured a canoe, a sufficient store of provisions and camping utensils, and two half-breeds—the pure aboriginal seems still to avoid the borders of civilization—

we commenced our progress up the river. Along the lakes and streams which from time immemorial have been his highways, the red man of the woods has wandered from early spring to late autumn, hunting, fishing, loitering, fighting, bearing with him his family and household gods, and setting up his wigwam wherever for the time it suited him to dwell. Upon these waterways his conveyance has invariably been the birch-bark canoe, and nothing has ever been constructed by man more perfectly adapted to the purposes required. A skin of the tough outer bark of the white birch, sewed together with the fibrous roots of the spruce, tightly stretched over a thin lining and ribs of cedar, the seams daubed with the resinous gum of the pine or tamarack—such is the Indian canoe, light, strong, and buoyant, simply constructed and easily repaired. Modelled somewhat after the fashion of a duck's breast, it floats like a bubble on the water, and, if not too deeply laden, will ride safely over seas sufficient to swamp an ordinary boat. Astonishingly easy to be upset by a novice, it is, in experienced hands, the safest and most stable of crafts, and it is, of all, the most picturesque. Exquisitely graceful in form and curvature, the varied orange and brown of its exterior contrasts brightly with the transparent reflections of the river. Stealing noiselessly along by the banks, under the overhanging branches, or appearing unexpectedly round a point, it forms just the spot of colour, and touch of life and human interest, which make the wild and lonely scene a picture.

Between the great Lake Nepigon—*Annimibigon*, "lake that you cannot see the end of"—and the post at Red Rock, there are four lesser lakes bearing the commonplace names of Helen, Jessy, Maria, and Emma. Till we reached the head of Lake Jessy the scenery was not what our imagination had conceived. From this point there is no room for disappointment. Passing through the narrow gate by which the river flows into Lake Jessy, we enter an enchanted land.

We are amongst the trap again, having for some time been in the region of the tamer granite. The stream is deep and swift, flowing in a narrow channel of rock, untainted and clear. The lofty walls on either hand undulate, and, jutting out into headlands, overlap each other, so that we seem to be travelling, link by link, a chain of beautiful lakelets. The colours of the rocks are most vivid. At a short distance they are suffused with a haze of rose-pink; on approach we distinguish the different lichens which deck their hard features in gay colours—orange and yellow, green and gray, in every shade. The exquisitely pure water, the splintered crags lichen-painted, the silver-stemmed birches, aspen-poplars, and balsams crowning the banks conspire to make ideal scenes.

At Split Rock a mountain of trap rises from the centre of the river-bed, splitting the stream into two branches, for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The water, crowded into two narrow channels, pours down on each side of this huge wedge in impassable torrents. As we approach the foot of the rapid the way seems barred to



LAKE HELEN.

farther progress, while foam encircles the dividing island, and the sheer slopes to the right and left show little prospect of a practicable pathway. Still our Indians paddle on. A dark cliff projects from the left, prolonged by a little island. Round this an unexpected eddy sweeps our canoe into a tiny bay, with a quiet landing-place.

The portage path winds close to the brink of the rapid, around trees, and over rocks. Along it, with cautious tread, our guides move lightly, under loads which, to an unaccustomed eye, would seem incredible. We linger, for this rippling pool, partly shaded by thick foliage and just flecked with sunlight, must be the lurking-place of trout. From a stone of vantage a fly is cast, well out on the stream. A quick flash, a little whirl on the water, and the reel flies round. A big trout, in search of a dinner, dashes off in short-lived triumph. Finding himself a captive, he darts to and fro in terror. Turning on his side he bends double, and strives again and again to leap from the merciless line. A cruel sport, after all, we cannot help feeling, as with a passing sense of pity, we hold the bending rod firm, and wait till the death-struggle of the beautiful creature is over.

Meanwhile a couple of canoes of Lake Nepigon Indians, on their way home from Red Rock, the metropolitan centre of this region, have landed. Most carefully the canoes are beached, and their contents lifted out. A strapping young fellow, with copper-coloured face and long black hair, takes the first load. A large box is first



ABOVE SPLIT ROCK RAPID.



CAMPING GROUND AT THE PORTAGE.

swung at his back, by a broad leather strap which crosses his forehead. This serves for a foundation. Upon it his comrades lay a bag of flour, one hundred weight at least. Next comes a roll of blankets, and a miscellaneous bundle on top of all. An axe is put in his belt, he picks up his gun, and off he goes contentedly, traversing without a stumble the rocky path which we find it hard enough to pass unincumbered. All the party, men and women, are also laden; the canoe, turned bottom up and poised upon his shoulders, forming the last man's load.

As a matter of convenience the portages are usually selected as camping-grounds. At the upper end of this one we pitch our tent in a rarely beautiful spot. The rocks rise high about us like the walls of a mountain cañon. Through our tent-door we gaze upon a placid pool, in strong contrast with the cataract hard by, whose voice,

subdued to a murmur, intensifies the sense of utter stillness suggested by the pool. The busy river seems to have turned aside here for a few moments' meditation, as a Londoner might turn into St. Paul's Cathedral. If this be a church, those little emerald islands are two kneeling maidens, and the gaunt pine which just looks in at the entrance is a storm-beaten prodigal, in whose heart the resolve is dimly forming to arise and go to his father.

Up stream we make but slow way against the strong current of the Nepigon, now helped by the eddies which sweep us up below the bends, now shooting into the current and plying the paddles with quick muscular strokes till we pass the jutting point, and regain our breath in the quieter pool above. Down stream we have less work and more fun. Out in mid-channel, courting instead of dodging the current, we glide smoothly down the rippling waters, now swiftly, now slowly, pausing to throw a fly to a big trout in an eddy, or lazily watching the panorama of rock and foliage, moss and lichen, fern and flower, endless in variety of colour and endlessly varied in the mirror below. Lulled by a low roar, like the sound of the distant sea, which, growing louder, warns us of a cataract not to be too closely approached, we scan the shore for the familiar signs of the portage landing.

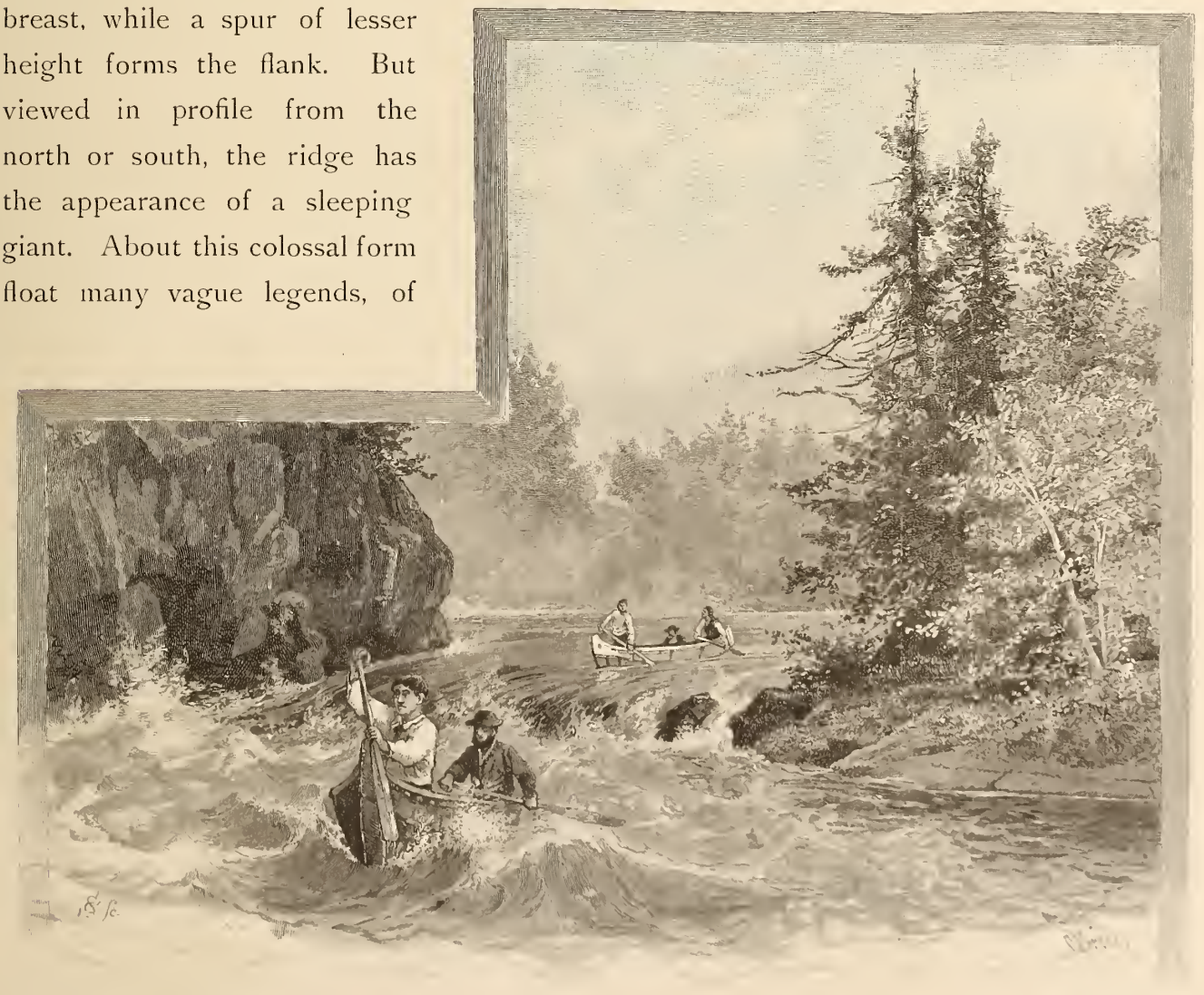
Over a mile and a half of bare, burnt granite ledges, in the blazing noonday sun, the heavy packs and canoes have been carried; a mile and a half farther across a high hill the portage still stretches its weary length. We reach a small stream which leads into the river proper at a point where, after tossing and tumbling for a mile or more in foaming thunder, it is comparatively quiet. Below are two smaller rapids, over which we are tempted to run the canoe and save the rest of the portage. The Indians, who are cautiousness itself, consent to go down light; the packs must be afterwards carried by the path. The canoe is launched again. The first rapid is intricate, and dangerous from the sunken rocks and startling passages through which the canoe is guided with unerring skill. Then a wide still pool, a sharp turn, and a long dark slope, with a white fringe, as to the meaning of which there can be no mistake, at the bottom. The bowman, who has not been here before, looks at it with some dismay, but it is too late to draw back. He whips off his jacket, quickly unwinds and regirds his sash, and is ready for a swim. "Sit down low!" is his warning shout. With bated breath we are glancing down the swift incline; with poised paddles we reach the great curls which lift their crests where the dark purple water breaks into white. In mid-stream they are highest, flashing up in great masses of spray, but with a few dexterous side-strokes of the paddles, they are avoided, and almost before we know it, we are tossed safely into the eddy far below the fall. "Very big water" is the pithy remark of the Indian as he looks back at the great white waves, already small in the distance, and points the bow to the beach at the lower end of the portage.

Gladly would we have lingered in summer idleness upon the lucid stream of beau-

tiful Nepigon, but other scenes called us westward still. Steaming out again between the walls of trap, we passed over the rough billows of Superior to Thunder Bay.

Thunder Bay is the most westerly of the great inlets which have been mentioned. At its entrance Thunder Cape, the extremity of a long, rocky peninsula, rising abruptly to a height of thirteen hundred and fifty feet, is the eastern janitor of what the Marquis of Lorne has named the "Silver Gate of Lake Superior." To the west, eighteen or twenty miles across the water, the dark mass of McKay's Mountain looms up. Pie Island lies in the mouth of the bay, like a huge monitor at anchor. These three gigantic upheavals dominate the scene. They sit in massive dignity, superior to all surrounding objects, like the three emperors, each with a cloudy crown about his brow. As we entered the bay on a gloomy and tempestuous morning, Thunder Cape stood out against a fierce red sky. Ragged clouds out of the north-west trailed across his forehead. A fit abode it seemed for the storm-spirit, this cloud-canopied bay, with its three grim sentinels half wrapped in creeping mists.

Thunder Cape from the south-west has the outlines of a couchant lion, the highest elevation forming the head and breast, while a spur of lesser height forms the flank. But viewed in profile from the north or south, the ridge has the appearance of a sleeping giant. About this colossal form float many vague legends, of



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.



THUNDER CAPE.



THE SLEEPING GIANT.

which it is almost impossible to obtain from the Indians a connected account. It is agreed that the giant who lies there with his face to the sky, like a marble knight upon his tomb, is one Ninnabijou—the Nanabush or Manabozho referred to in the introduction to the "Jesuits in North America"—an Ojibway Hercules who performed, before his lamented demise, many remarkable feats of prowess. As to how he came to make Thunder Cape his last resting-place, the authorities differ. However that may be, the giant who there sleeps the sleep which the sun rising over him each morning will never disturb, will remain to the citizens of the town which is growing up on the shore of Thunder Bay, a memorial of the race who once held undisputed sway over forest and stream.

McKay's Mountain, though not so lofty as the Cape, is quite as prominent a feature in the landscape. It lifts its huge bulk into the sky, from the right bank of the Kaministiquia River, like Behemoth coming out of the water to sun himself. We rowed some distance up the bay from Prince Arthur's Landing, to the mouth of Current River, and took a good look at McKay, ten miles off. How solidly he stands, immovable as one of the pillars of the earth; and yet McKay and all this iron-ribbed coast were once a mist as impalpable as the level plain of clouds above. Even now the mountain slowly but certainly moves to dissolution. The very cloud which he himself begets feeds upon him; every rain-drop helps to eat away some particle; the winter-frost delights in the sport of gnawing big fragments from his sides. The lesson of these mighty rock-masses is, after all, not one of permanence, but of decay.

They all proclaim that the true substance is not that which meets the eye and hand. These things are shadows, all in their time to melt into "thin air," until at length,

> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind.

Prince Arthur's Landing, so named by the officers of Colonel Wolseley's expedition to the Red River settlement in 1870, is a town of twelve hundred people and large hopes. Between the Landing and the town plot of Fort William, once intended for the Lake Superior terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, there exists a deadly rivalry. The former stands on the north shore of Thunder Bay, on ground that rises gradually, and offers an excellent site for a city. What there is of the place is business-like. The six miles of railway which connect it with the Canadian Pacific road at the Kaministiquia, were originally built by the people of the town. The Landing will probably become one of the chief summer watering-places of the people of Manitoba and the West—a spot where they may meet, amid beautiful scenery and bracing air, their fellow-countrymen of the East.

One forgets that the Landing is within the limits of Ontario, over 700 miles from the capital of the Province, as it is. The ideas of the people are not those of Ontario. Mining is the chief topic of conversation, and the expected source of wealth. Just outside of Thunder Cape the traveller sees a few wooden structures standing on a pier or crib about a mile from the shore. This is the famous Silver Islet, originally a few feet of rock above the surface of the lake, offering the only avenue of approach to vast stores of hidden wealth. Ten years ago an excavation was made in the little protrusion of rock, which disclosed a rich pocket of silver. The lumps of quartz first taken out, seamed with silver ore, served, for the time, in the construction of cribs, to protect the mouth of the shaft from the inroads of the waves. Farther mining revealed the fact that, under the water, there was a silver mine of unknown extent and value. Three million dollars in silver came out of it in the first ten years, though the expenses of working and protecting the mine are said to have about equalled that sum. To-day the roof of the mine contains a fortune in silver, which—oh, bitterness to the cupidity of man!—cannot be touched without admitting the waters of Lake Superior, to the conclusion of all farther operations. Mining locations and prospectings, quartz and blende, amygdaloid and mica, occupy a large space in the thoughts of most of the Landing people. We found three silver mines in active operation, with any number of abandoned shafts. What the extent of the silver deposit on the



THUNDER BAY.

north shore may be it is impossible to guess. The world may be dazzled some day by the discoveries of sanguine "prospectors" whom one is sure to meet in the country. Up to this, however, the universal experience has been that there is nothing truer than the Spanish proverb, "It takes a mine to work a mine."

From Prince Arthur's Landing west to Pigeon River—the boundary between our own country and the United States—the coast is particularly bold and irregular. One

afternoon we steamed away westward in one of the tugs which afford the speediest means of local transit in this region. Our way led us first to Pie Island, a chain of unshapely trap upheavals, increasing in height till, in the Pie proper, 900 or 1,000 feet are attained. To those who connect the idea of "pie" with the flat and somewhat deleterious construction held in esteem by our American kinsfolk, or the "deep" apple pie whose recesses the Englishman explores with zest, there is at first a difficulty in tracing any identity between a pie and the cistern-shaped mass of rock in Thunder Bay. But in time it dawns upon us that the mutton or pork-pie is that variety of the species which led the French to name the Island "Le pâté," and the English to adopt the present title. At a distance the base of Pie Island seems to be thickly clothed with brushwood. On approach we find this to be a dense forest of birch and poplar. The vertical columns of rock rise sheer for a height of four hundred feet, out of the usual confused mass of *débris*. A gray cloud suddenly



THE DESERTED MINE.

wreaths itself about the summit, and almost as suddenly vanishes away. The trap up to the top is of a dark gray colour, with reddish stains like spots of iron rust. These are really the colouring of the tiny orange lichen which ekes out a humble existence on the rocks on all sides. We know that the great spots of red which brighten the sombre face of the Pie nine hundred feet from its base, are constituted of myriad tiny



CAMP ON VICTORIA ISLAND.

plants, shaped like coral, each one displaying inimitable workmanship. How wonderful is this exquisite particularity and finish in every detail of nature's work, though eye of man may never rest upon it; and how vain to imagine that man's delight alone is consulted in the glory of creation! This tiny plant that clings to the dark rock so far beyond our reach, teaches us that the realm of nature ministers not only pleasure to created beings, but to the Creator that joy which the artist feels in his work when he sees that it is good—that joy which would never have been in the mind of Raphael and Turner had it not first been in the mind of God.

Steaming away from the Pie, and looking back, we see it turbaned again with gray cloud, though the sky is quite clear above. In a few moments there is a shift in the sun's rays, and an immediate change passes over the mountain. The gray cloud becomes pure white; the rock from green and gray becomes a sombre black. Another shift, and in an instant the green and gray again appear; the effect is just that which

is produced by placing glass slides of different colours between an object and the electric light. It is a fascinating occupation to watch the play of the sunlight on any one of the three imperial guardians of Thunder Bay. We have seen McKay standing a uniform mass of deep purple against the sky; through a sudden rent in the clouds a stream of sunlight is poured upon his forehead; here and there bits of gray rock, with the vertical lines distinctly traced, shine out, and gray and black take the place of the purple; the sun at length draws near his setting, and dyeing the mountain in rose pink, causes him to mingle with the golden curtains which minister to his pomp as he retires to rest.

Leaving the solemn Pie to enter with such serious decency as it may into the sportive intentions of the sun, we proceed under precipitous forest-clad shores and by numerous beautiful bays to Victoria Island, a few miles from the boundary. Here, at nine o'clock at night, transferred from tug to canoe, we grope our way into a quiet inlet, at the end of which the wash of the water has deposited a sandy beach. The canoe is drawn ashore. Jean Pierre, our guide, and his faithful assistant, an Indian lad of phenomenal ugliness whom we have named Orson, search for some birch-bark and soon kindle a fire. It crackles and blazes merrily, deepening the surrounding darkness and thereby intensifying the comfort of its own cheerful glare. The shivering alders seem to gather in closer to warm themselves at the pleasant blaze. A level space is selected for our tent; the hatchets ring, as the tent-pole and pegs are cut. When the tent is spread how bright the interior, with the firelight glancing through the canvas walls! and what a bed for a king the twigs of the aromatic balsam make! We are truly sorry for the man who has not the opportunity of spending a fortnight in "camping out," that he may get a taste of that life "under the green-wood tree" which the good duke in the forest of Arden commends so feelingly.

At the mouth of the bay where we are encamped, there is an island more beautiful than anything we have seen on the north shore, and yet there are doubtless many like it in this endless panorama of beauty, defying descriptive capacity of pen or pencil; awakening thoughts that lie too deep for tears; filling the mind with thankfulness, humility and awe, as they suggest infinite design, and power, and goodness. This island is a ruin. The deep gashes in its sides; the huge boulders strewn in the water at its feet, or clinging loosely about its summit, threatening to tumble at a breath; the uprooted trees entangled one with another, and hanging headlong down the cliff, all speak of ruin. But it is ruin softened and silvered by the hand of age. Gray mosses droop from the boughs of the dead cedars, and lichens silver-gray and pale gold, deck the rock in mild splendour. Mosses cushion every jutting point and promontory. And out of the decay, like the new life from hopes that are dead, a bright young vegetation springs. The mountain ash and spruce lift a glory of tender green above their fallen companions; the alder thrives in the fissures, and a modest

blue floweret here and there finds a home, where it blooms contentedly, on the hard surface of the rock itself.

On one side, the island, so eloquent in its silent beauty, meets the full sweep of Lake Superior. The winds have swept the high cliffs almost clean of moss and foliage, and great square boulders bare of lichen show how high the waves reach,

> Shattering on black blocks their breadth of thunder.

A vein of quartz, promising silver, has in some past day induced mining operations on Victoria Island, which, however, have not led to anything but an excavation resembling a natural cave. Out of this, with minds probably in a happier frame than those whose unprofitable labour leaves its record here, we gazed, as from a window, upon our own peaceful encampment and the sheltered bay. Then bidding adieu to this wonder-land we folded our tents and turned our canoe eastward to the mouth of the Kaministiquia.

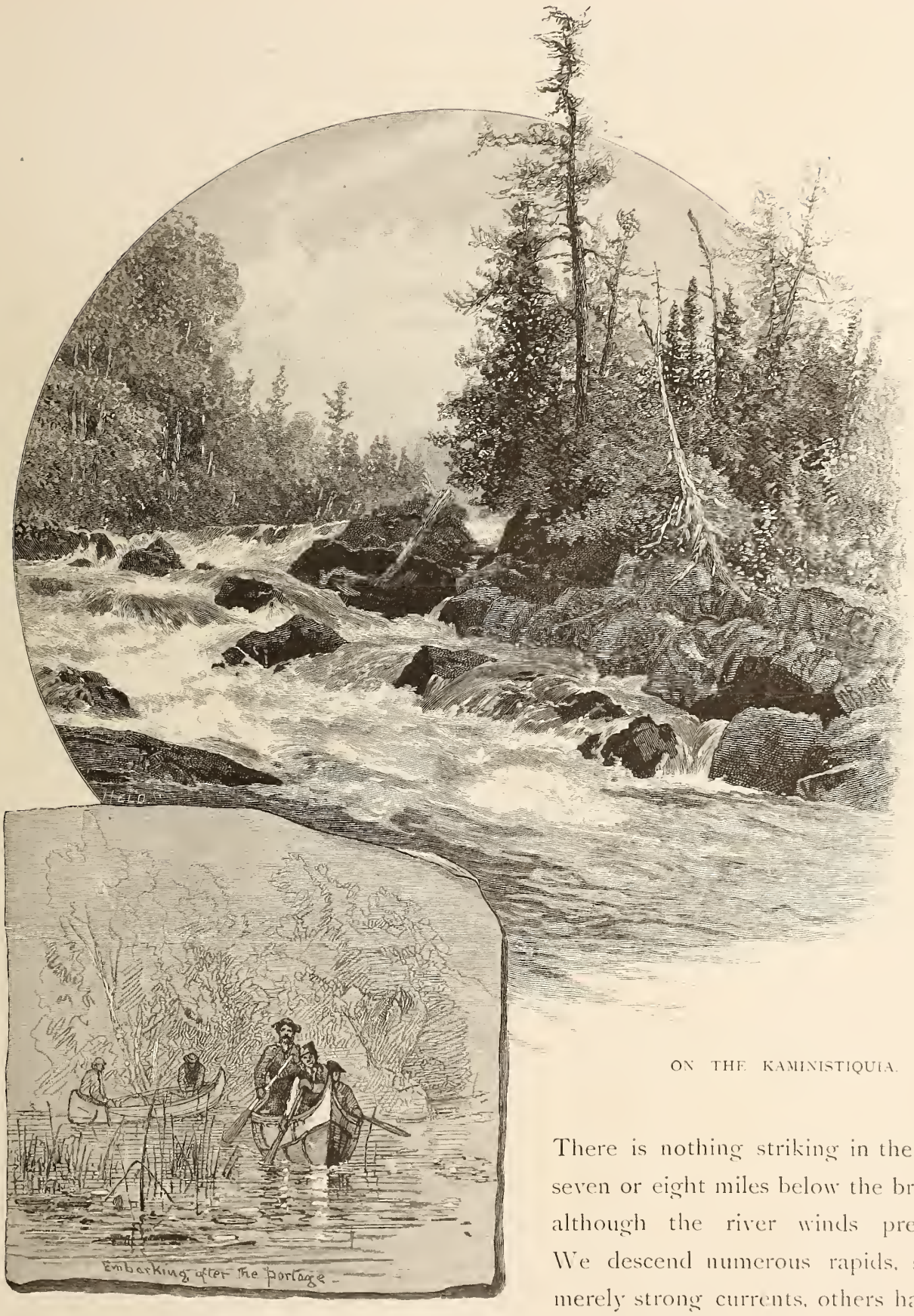
Vast as Lake Superior is, covering with water an area of some 32,000 square miles, it drains a comparatively small extent of territory, and is fed by no great river. The Nepigon is the largest of its streams; the Kaministiquia next in importance; and both of these are navigable by large vessels for only a few miles. The Kaministiquia enters Thunder Bay a short distance south of Prince Arthur's Landing by three mouths. Its principal attraction to tourists consists in the beautiful falls, which, by a strange perversion of the true title, have come to bear the name of the Kakabeka Falls.

To visit these falls and make the acquaintance of the Kaministiquia, we took passage on a construction train of the Canadian Pacific Railway at the Landing. A mile or two from the village a powder-car, containing ten tons of pure oil of nitro-glycerine, was coupled to our train, causing a perceptible sensation amongst the passengers. Nitro-glycerine is not a pleasant travelling companion under the most favourable circumstances, still less on a partially constructed railway on which the cars, in the expressive dialect of the rail, indulge in the sport of "playing on their bearings." From the Landing for several miles the Pacific Railway runs through the low flat valley of the Kaministiquia. The scenery is uninteresting, but the soil gives promise of good agricultural returns. At the Town Plot of Fort William, we come upon the dark river washing the base of McKay's Mountain. Some miles farther on we touch the river again, and look down upon it flowing swiftly between high wooded banks. Where the railway bridge crosses the stream, near its junction with a tributary named the Mattawan, we take leave of the train and the nitro-glycerine, and embark upon the water.

We are now one hundred and fifty feet or more above the level of the lake.



KAKABEKA FALLS.



ON THE KAMINISTIQUIA.

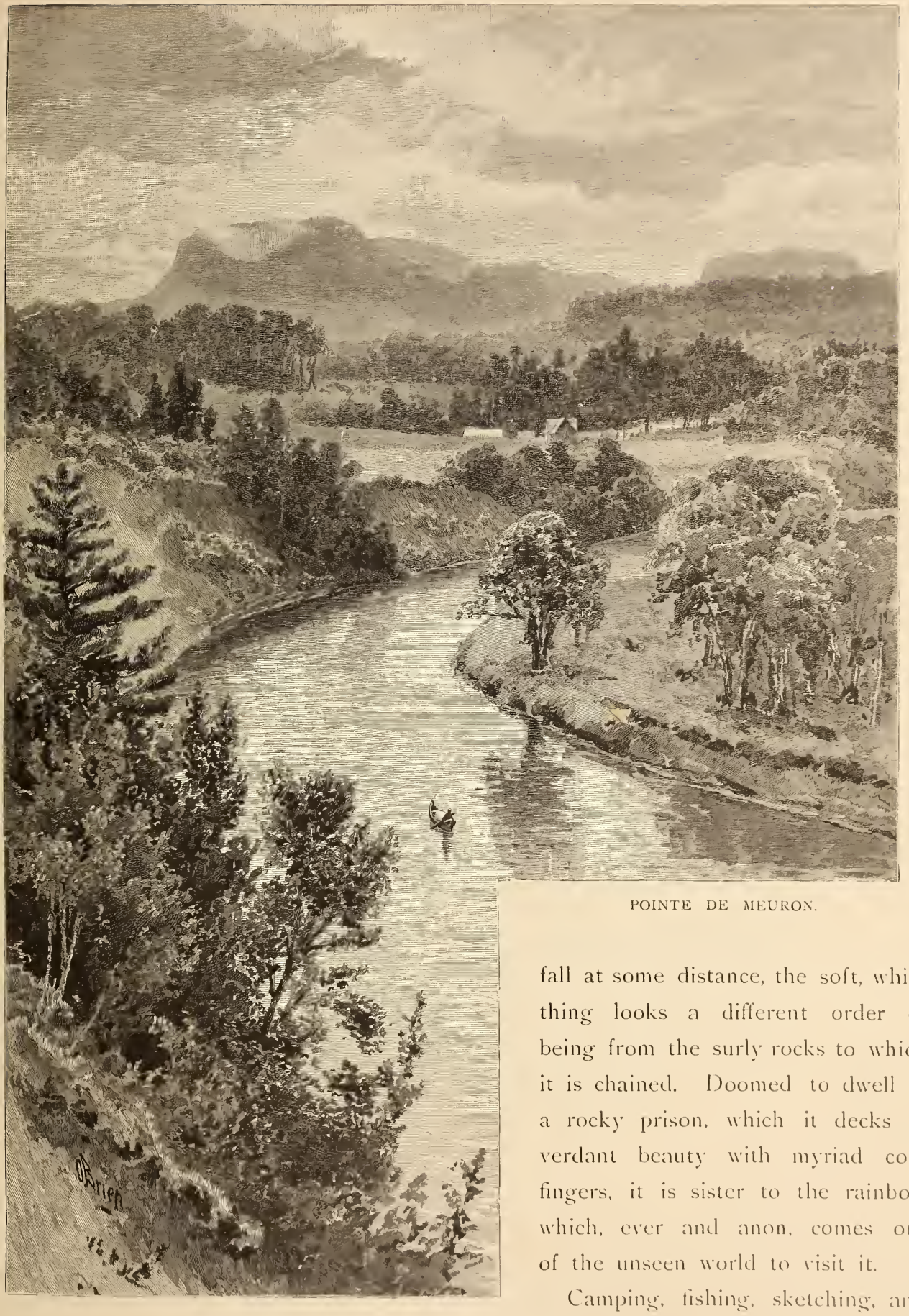
There is nothing striking in the first seven or eight miles below the bridge, although the river winds prettily. We descend numerous rapids, some merely strong currents, others having a considerable fall. The water is low, and the canoe requires skilful management. Though the descent is slower it is more exciting, as there is constant danger of a smash-up upon the boulders which protrude on all sides. Baptiste, a grizzled half-breed, is in command, and excites our

admiration by his management. He knows the meaning of every swirl and ripple in the stream. Channels which invite the unwary by their smooth but treacherous flow, he avoids for others which often look threatening and impassable. Innocent-looking circles on the water turn out to be boulders, whose tops are barely wet. Baptiste, with a strong pole, stands upright in the bow, and coolly and skilfully guides us in a devious course between the rocks. Sometimes he checks the speed of the canoe; sometimes holds her still in the swift current, while he deliberately looks ahead for a practicable course. By a slight motion of the hand or head he signifies his commands to Pierre, who uses a paddle in the stern. The expedition sits quiet. There is work here which we know nothing about, and for the time our red brothers are our superiors. We are eager and watchful. A slip, a false stroke, an error of judgment, means a wrecked canoe, baggage soaked and perhaps lost, a plunge into the boiling fall, and possibly something more serious. We trust Baptiste implicitly. At some of the rapids we are compelled to use the portage, and at a place where the river is straitened in a rocky cleft through which it surges impetuously, we haul our canoe ashore and pass the night. The next day we reach the falls.

We have said that "Kakabeka" is a perversion; the true name, as inquiry from our intelligent guides taught us, is "Kakapikank," the *a*'s having the sound of *aw*, as in Chippewa. The name signifies "high fall"; it is evidently the same word as Coboconk. Jean Pierre assures us that there is no such word as "Kakabeka" in the Indian tongue; "white man can't say it right"; that is the origin of the mistake. The fall itself is as beautiful as anything on the continent. The river meets a vast barrier of slate, over which it tumbles into a chasm cut out of the rock by the unceasing flow of ages. At the top of the cliff the water, illumined by the sun, comes to the edge in a band of purple and gold. Thence it descends a height of more than a hundred feet, a mass of creamy, fleecy foam, not to be described by pen or brush,

> Along the cliff to fall, and pause and fall, did seem.

One may sit by the hour spell-bound and study the motion and colour of this wondrous creation. The foam is softer in appearance than the finest wool, more translucent than alabaster, and behind it the more solid mass of falling water is seen, by gleams and flashes, in colour and transparency like the purest amber. The spray from the foot of the fall does not rise, as at Niagara, in a slumberous cloud. It shoots into the air at a sharp angle with immense velocity and repeated shocks of thunder, giving the impression of a series of tremendous explosions. This peculiarity is due to the fact that the water falls upon a hard stratum of rock, from which it is dashed upwards in smoke, as from a floor of marble. As our lingering gaze rests upon the



POINTE DE MEURON.

fall at some distance, the soft, white thing looks a different order of being from the surly rocks to which it is chained. Doomed to dwell in a rocky prison, which it decks in verdant beauty with myriad cool fingers, it is sister to the rainbow which, ever and anon, comes out of the unseen world to visit it.

Camping, fishing, sketching, and amethyst-hunting, we proceed at our leisure down the stream. At one camping-ground we find the frame of an Indian

vapour-bath. A blanket, thrown over the frame so as to exclude the air, a vessel of water, some stones heated in the fire, and a piece of brush to sprinkle the water on the hot stones, are the adjuncts necessary to complete this primitive sanitary apparatus. From this point a portage of four or five miles brought us to a charming scene. Emerging suddenly from the woods, a prospect quite different in character from anything which the rugged country affords elsewhere, broke upon us at a moment's notice. We stood on the edge of a bluff some eighty feet high. At our feet the wayward river took the shape of a perfect letter S. In one circle, it embraced a lovely park-like promontory, beautifully wooded with drooping elms. In the other circle lay Pointe de Meuron, some farm-buildings and a field of ripening wheat on its well-sunned slope. This bright home-like spot was framed by the bristling forest and the purple hills, McKay on the flank overtopping all.

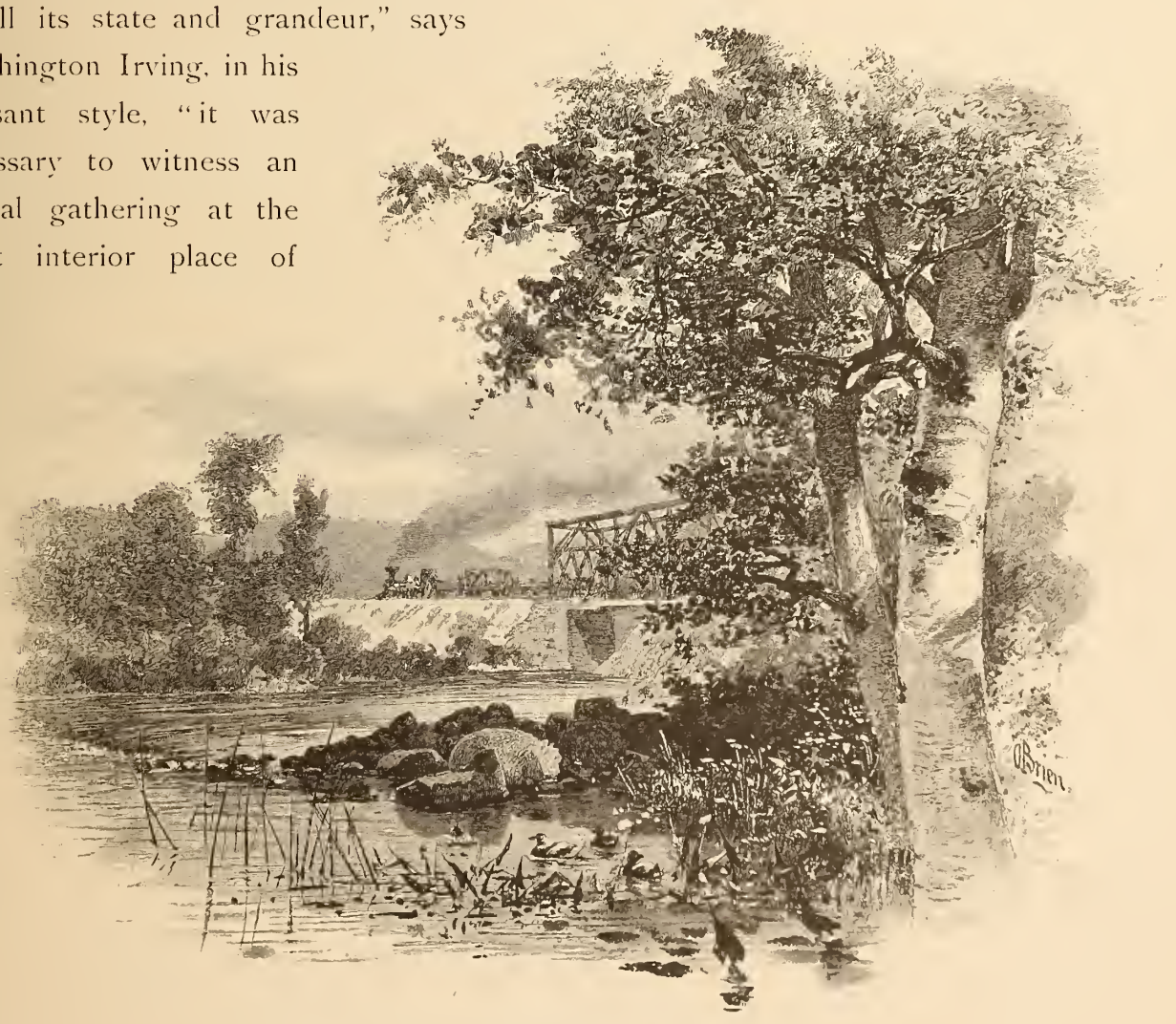


INDIAN VAPOUR BATH.

Pointe de Meuron commemorates in its name the stirring events of by-gone days. It is so called from some soldiers of the "de Meuron" regiment in the service of the Earl of Selkirk, stationed here by that nobleman in the year 1816, to farm and trade. The de Meuron regiment was formed principally of Germans and Piedmontese who had been forced to act as conscripts in the army of Bonaparte. They subsequently served in the British army, under Col. de Meuron, and being disbanded at the close of the Peninsular war, a number of them joined the Earl of Selkirk as settlers for his new settlement in the Red River country. How came the de Meuron soldiers to found a station on this remote river? The question can be answered by a reference to the history of the mouldering Hudson's Bay post, a few miles down the river, known as Fort William. This place was once the busy headquarters of the Nor'west Company. The struggles between the adventurers of Hudson's Bay and the Nor'west Company, more particularly in reference to the settlement of the Red River country by Lord Selkirk, representing the older corporation, are facts of history. In 1816, the mild and just Governor Semple, of the Hudson's Bay Company, was killed at the Red River, with a number of his associates, and the settlement, for the second time, laid waste. Lord Selkirk heard of these events at Sault Ste. Marie while on his way to his new

land of promise. He also heard that some of his Red River people had been brought down to Fort William, and were held as prisoners, and that the leading spirits of the Nor'west Company were likewise there. To Fort William he therefore directed his course. In his capacity of a magistrate he issued warrants against his enemies, arrested them, and by the help of his de Meuron soldiers took possession of the fort. The captive Nor'westers were sent to York, and from thence to Quebec to be tried for implication in the Red River massacre.

The weeds flourish peacefully in the court of the deserted fort. Little here to remind us of the days when the great traders met to lay their plans and cast up their profits, and made the rafters of the big dining-hall ring with their jovial fellowship. "To behold the Nor'west Company in all its state and grandeur," says Washington Irving, in his pleasant style, "it was necessary to witness an annual gathering at the great interior place of



CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY—KAMINISTIQUIA RIVER.

conference established at Fort William, near what is called the Grand Portage, on Lake Superior. Here, two or three of the leading partners from Montreal proceeded once a year to meet the partners from the various trading-posts of the wilderness, to discuss the affairs of the Company during the preceding year, and to

arrange plans for the future. On these occasions might be seen the change since the unceremonious times of the old French traders; now the aristocratical character of the Briton shone forth magnificently, or rather the feudal spirit of the Highlander. Every partner who had charge of an interior post, and a score of retainers at his command, felt like the chieftain of a Highland clan, and was almost as important in the eyes of his retainers as of himself. To him a visit to the grand conference at Fort William was a most important event, and he repaired there as to a meeting of Parliament. Such was the Nor'west Company in its powerful and prosperous days, when it held a kind of feudal sway over a vast domain of lake and forest. * * * * When as yet a stripling youth, we have sat at the hospitable boards of the mighty North-westers, the lords of the ascendant at Montreal, engaged with wondering and inexperienced eye at the baronial wassailing, and listened with astonished ear to their tales of hardship and adventures. * * * * The feudal state of Fort William is at an end; its council chamber is silent and deserted; its banquet hall no longer echoes to the burst of loyalty or to the 'auld world ditty'; the lords of the lakes and forests have passed away, and the hospitable magnates of Montreal—where are they?"

The glory of the great fur-traders has departed. Their vast monopoly is broken up; the husbandman, true lord of the soil, is entering upon their ancient hunting-grounds. Those parallel bands of iron stretching away to the west proclaim that a mighty revolution is in progress. The gray hunter, full of memories of wild days gone by, shall soon hear the trains of the Canadian Pacific rumble past Fort William, and see a vision of golden harvests and smiling homesteads on the once desolate plains where he followed the buffalo.



LAKE OF THE WOODS.

THE NORTH-WEST:

MANITOBA.



THE VIRGIN PRAIRIE.

SO far, we have been dealing with a Canada known to men from the days of Champlain. We now come to New Canada. Regions, long supposed to be under the lock and key of eternal frost and snow, or at best fit home only for buffalo and beaver, mink and marten, are being revealed as boundless prairies and plains, of exhaustless fertility, ready for the plough. In 1812, Lord Selkirk, a patriot who lived half a century too soon, declared that the valley of the Red River of the North would yet maintain a population of thirty millions. And beyond that valley stretches away to the north-west a breadth of fertile land, in the shape of an immense trapezoid.

whose apex is bounded by the distant Mackenzie, that possesses all the conditions necessary to rear a healthy and hardy race. Now, at length, the eyes of millions in old and new lands are being turned to this Greater Canada. A movement or swarming of men is setting in, similar to those migrations of nations that in former times determined the history of the world. Already,

> "We hear the tread of pioneers of nations yet to be,
> The first low wash of waves where soon shall roll a human sea."

Before long, Winnipeg will be more populous than Ottawa, or, its citizens would say, than Toronto; the Saskatchewan, a more important factor in Canadian development than the St. Lawrence; and the route from Hudson's Bay to Liverpool perhaps as well established as the beaten path from Montreal and Quebec.

Let us pay a tribute to the first white man who travelled and traded along the Winnipeg, Red, Assineboine and Saskatchewan Rivers. Here again, a Frenchman leads the roll of those whose portraits Canadians should hang up in their National Gallery, and honour from age to age. Pierre Gaultier de Varenne, Sieur de la Verendrye, deserves as prominent a place in connection with the North-west as Champlain occupies in the annals of Lower Canada. Cadet of a noble French family, the enchantments of an unexplored continent allured him to the New World. In 1728, while in command of a trading-post at Lake Nepigon, he heard from Indians of a river that flowed to the West. The same vision that had dazzled and inspired the sixteenth and seventeenth century explorers—lay and clerical—of a passage by the interior to the *Grand Océan*, and thence to the wonders of Cathay, entered into the study of his imagination. M. de Beauharnois, who, from the castle of St. Louis ruled over New France, gave him verbal encouragement and exclusive rights to the fur trade of whatsoever regions he should discover. But neither the Governor nor the King of France had any money to spare for the enterprise of opening up the country west of Lake Superior. The labour and the expense fell on the man who had conceived the project, and who was determined to carry it out, because it would redound to the glory of France. Only they who know by experience something of what is involved in discovering new countries can estimate aright his danger and success. The men who made their way to "the great lone land" quarter of a century ago can form some idea of what he accomplished. Starting either from Nepigon or Thunder Bay, we soon come to the height of land that divides the Lake Superior tributaries from the streams running north and west. Here, a wilderness of interlaced lakes or rather huge tarns, in granite basins, fringed with forest, divides the country with primitive rock and almost bottomless muskegs. Over this vast region silence and desolation reign supreme. A semi-arctic

winter clings to it for seven months of the year. Canoeing westward for hundreds of miles by means of one of the strings of lakelets and lacustrine rivers, that extend vast distances to the west, carrying their supplies across innumerable intervening portages, Verendrye and his sons reached



FALLS OF THE WINNIPEG.

Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods. This beautiful lake — which has been the starting-point for a boundary line in every treaty that has ever been made between Great Britain and the United States — has on one side a thousand miles of dark forest.

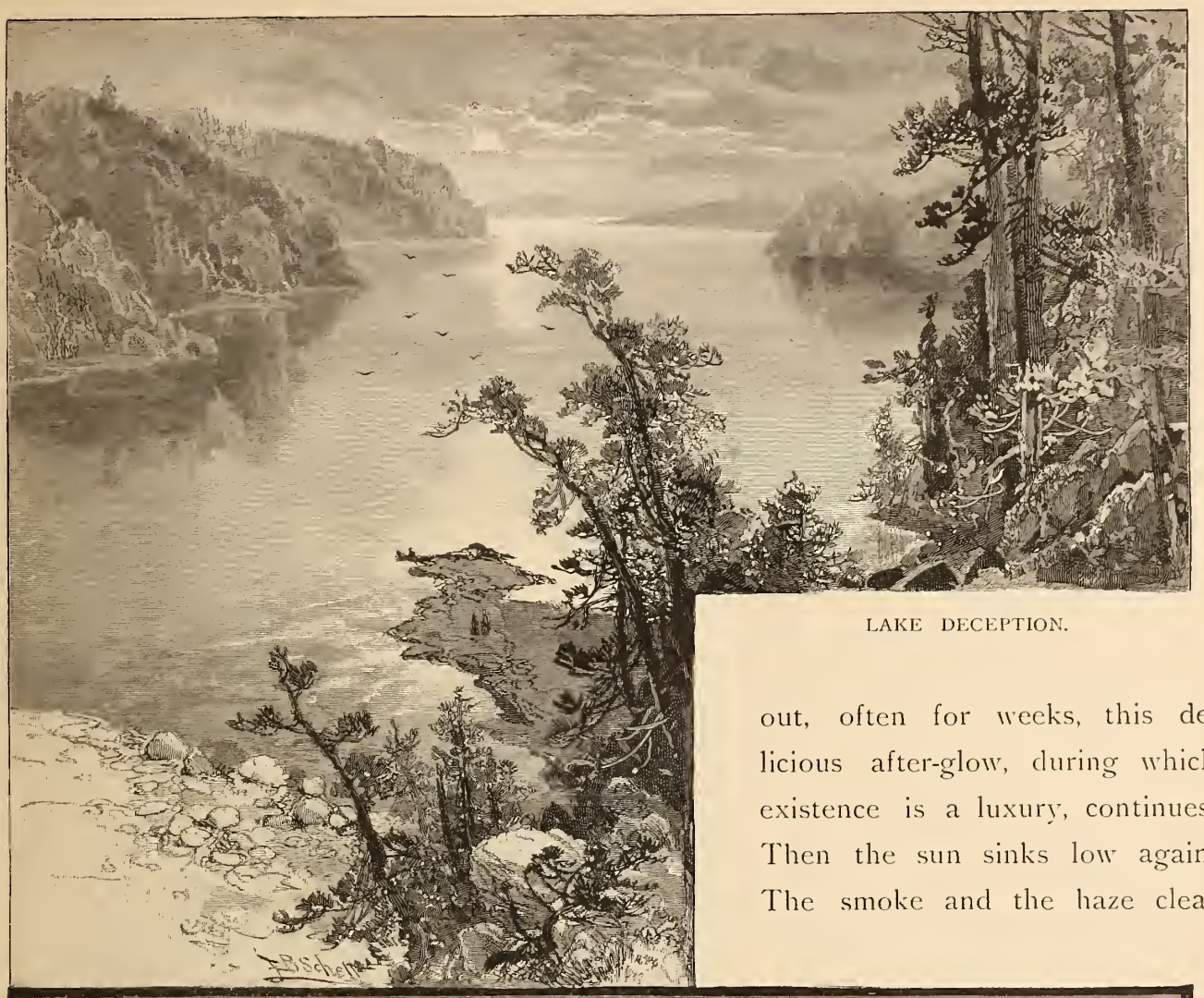
forbidding muskeg and Laurentian rocks, and on the other side a thousand miles of fertile alluvial. Verendrye built forts on its shores and islets, and made these the base for his journeys to the boundless plains that lie between the Upper Missouri and the North Saskatchewan. His four sons and nephew went at his bidding in every direction, establishing a great fur-trading organization over the whole of the North-west, in order thereby to gain the means of prosecuting discovery still farther. "He marched and made us march," they said, "in such a way that we should have reached our goal, wherever it might be found, had we been better aided." They penetrated in one direction to the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca, and in another to the Missouri and the Yellowstone, being the first to discover the country that Lewis and Clark, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, with a numerous troop in the pay of the United States Government, became celebrated for re-discovering. So far west did they force their way that they saw at last, in the far distance, the long silver-tipped range of the Rocky Mountains, from the tops of which they were sure that the western sea could be beheld. But, just as they congratulated themselves that success was within their grasp, their fickle Indian allies, dreading an attack from other tribes, forced them to turn back. Troubles accumulated on the head of the gallant Frenchman. One son, a Jesuit priest his companion, and a party of twenty-one men, were massacred by the Sioux on an island of the Lake of the Woods. At the same time, he heard of the death of his nephew, who had been his right hand from the beginning of the enterprise. Why recount his disappointments? Verendrye died eleven years before New France was ceded to Great Britain. When kings, intendants or ministers neglect heroes, their own end is not far off.

The Lake of the Woods has been long famed for its beauty. Except towards the south-west, where a wide "traverse" of open water makes the Indian scan the sky before he ventures out in his canoe, it is so filled with islands that to the tourist it appears a wondrously beautiful river rather than a lake. Land and forest are near and round him all the time. In some places fires, thoughtlessly left burning at camps, have swept over the islets, revealing the gneissoid rocks—unpromising to the husbandman—of which they are composed. But enough are left in all their varied beauty of form and colour to make a sail from Rainy River down to Rat Portage as charming as a sail among "the Thousand Islands" of the St. Lawrence. Gliding over the unruffled waters, the eye gets fairly cloyed with picture after picture of a somewhat monotonous type of sylvan beauty. At Rat Portage, the River Winnipeg issues from the lake in two divisions. The railway from Lake Superior to Manitoba crosses the river here, bridging each division just above the Falls. The traveller who has taken the train at Thunder Bay now gets a glimpse of the beautiful, after hundreds of miles of unutterable dreariness. He is near the dividing-line of the Laurentian and the alluvial regions; and before he bids farewell to the Laurentides they burst into scenes of rare picturesqueness.

At the eastern fall, the river, compressed between beautifully-stained granite rocks, rushes impetuously into a boiling caldron, at the side of which is a quiet eddy where an Indian is generally found with a hand net, scooping up magnificent white-fish almost as easily as a housewife takes them out of a barrel. The western fall is a long broad rapid with a drop of four or five feet at one point. These falls are only the first of an almost interminable series of rapids and cataracts down which the river leaps over primeval rocks, on its way to the great Lake Winnipeg, running between these rapids, in long stretches and windings, among green islets of inconceivable loveliness. A canoe trip with Indians from Rat Portage down to Lake Winnipeg, or a steamboat excursion in the opposite direction up the lake to Fort Francis on Rainy River, ought to content grumblers otherwise incurable. Rat Portage, in spite of its unpromising name, has a future more certain than most of the ambitious places in the North-west styled cities, on the strength of a railway station or a blacksmith's shop. It is the nearest summer resort for the Winnipeggers, and, as the water power is practically inexhaustible, it may also become a great lumber and milling centre. Men of faith speak of it as the Canadian Minneapolis, just as half a dozen villages in Ontario are styled Canadian Birminghams. Large handsome saw-mills and grist-mills are already built at the best points of vantage between Rat Portage and Lake Deception. This lake seems at first sight only one of the innumerable small lakes of the rather savage region in which they are set; but when the engineers who navigated its waters in search of a line for the railway thought that the end was reached, again and again new vistas opened out, and they called it Deception. Cross Lake has also a history in railway annals. The contractors who had to take the track across it found that they had undertaken a task like that of the Danaides. The earth and rock laboriously dumped in perpetually slid away from the bottom and spread out farther and farther until acres of solid ground were formed on each side of the bank. It was heart-breaking work, and contractor-breaking too, but the people who now glide smoothly over the road think little of all that, and the words "section fifteen" once in every newspaper, and the terror of engineers and governments, have already fallen completely out of men's minds. The whole of this region should be seen by moonlight. It is too rude and desolate for the full light of the sun; but the play of the moon on multitudinous lakes, twisted rock and low primeval hills, results in pictures and panoramic views of singular weirdness.

Between Cross Lake and Whitemouth River, the railway leaves the Laurentides, and strikes through swamp till it reaches the high open prairie. Now we are on the verge of the great sea of green that rolls its grassy billows all the way to the Rocky Mountains. Nowhere in the world is there such a breadth of fertile land untenanted. At some seasons of the year it does not look particularly inviting, but no matter what the month, the first sight of the prairie makes an impression as profound as the

first sight of the ocean. Each season has its distinctive livery. When the warm suns of March and early April have licked up the snow, the dead grasses of the old year look bleached and flattened out by the storms of winter and the rain. If fires had swept over the ground in the autumn, an uniform rusty brown is seen in the spring, far as the eye can reach. The prairie then looks to a farmer like a vast field. The only idea suggested is that of immensity. At this season, where the soil is high and light, or where sandy ridges occur, the *anemone patens*, the first flower of the prairies, shows to the bright sun its pale blue, inclining sometimes to delicate white and sometimes to rich purple. The joy with which this harbinger of spring is welcomed by those who have seen no signs of life in garden or field for six long months can hardly be exaggerated. Like the Mayflower of the Maritime Provinces, it "blooms amid the snows." It flowers before its own leaves appear to live. The old dead leaves surround the new flower, and so the most beautiful life is seen to rise out of death. It is at once the firstfruits and the fit emblem of spring. And now, a tender green begins to flush the boundless open. As spring advances, the grasses and plants gather strength. The prairie becomes a sea of green, flecked with parti-coloured grasses, and an infinite variety of flowering plants. The billowy motion of the taller species as they bend and nod before the breeze is the poetry of motion on a scale so vast that the mind is filled with a sense of the sublime as well as satisfied with the perfect beauty and harmony that extends on all sides to the horizon. The atmosphere, balmy and flower-scented, is also so charged with electricity that the blood courses through the veins under the perpetual influence of a stimulant that brings no lassitude in its train. Summer comes crowded—or rather covered—with roses. The traveller across the prairies walks on roses and sleeps on roses. By the end of June the air is loaded with their perfume. These are followed by an innumerable variety of asters, solidagos, and the golden coriopsis. But the ripe glories of the year are reserved for the season when summer merges into autumn. The tints of the woods in the older provinces are left far behind by the wealth of the prairie's colours. The reddish hue of the poas and other wild grasses, the salmon colour of the sedges, the yellow of the bunch, buffalo, and blue-joint grass, the deep green of the vetches, the saffron-coloured reeds, the red, white, blue and yellow of the rich autumn flowers, blend their beauties in a marvellous picture. As autumn advances, the grasses take a lighter hue. They are dying. One by one the flowers disappear. Instead of the variety of colour so splendidly lavished a few weeks ago, there is only an unbroken field of yellow, fast merging into white. It is now well on in October. The days are cool; the nights cold. Winter is at hand. Keen frosts kill all remaining traces of vegetation. But winter is not yet. The sun seems to sweep higher. The atmosphere takes on a hazy and smoky look. The sun is red during the day and at his setting. The frosts cease, and the Indian summer of the North-west sets in. Day in and day



LAKE DECEPTION.

out, often for weeks, this delicious after-glow, during which existence is a luxury, continues. Then the sun sinks low again. The smoke and the haze clear



CROSS LAKE.

away. The frost puts an end to farming operations, and the winter fairly commences—a winter terrible to the inexperienced for its length and severity, but perhaps the most enjoyable season of the year to Canadians, East and West.

Professor Hind, after speaking of the prairie as it appeared to him quarter of a century ago, on the Assineboine and between Winnipeg and the boundary line, "in its ordinary aspect of sameness, immensity, and unclaimed endowments," describes "its extraordinary aspects" in the following graphic language:—

"It must be seen at sunrise, when the vast plain suddenly flashes with rose-coloured light, as the rays of the sun sparkle in the dew on the long rich grass, gently stirred by the unfailing morning breeze. It must be seen at noon-day, when refraction swells into the forms of distant hill ranges, the ancient beaches and ridges of Lake Winnipeg, which mark its former extension; when each willow bush is magnified into a grove, each far distant clump of aspens, not seen before, into wide forests, and the outline of wooded river banks, far beyond unassisted vision, rise into view. It must be seen at sunset, when just as the ball of fire is dipping below the horizon, he throws a flood of red light, indescribably magnificent, upon the illimitable waving green, the colours blending and separating with the gentle roll of the long grass, seemingly magnified toward the horizon into the distant heaving swell of a parti-coloured sea. It must be seen too by moonlight, when the summits of the low green grass waves are tipped with silver, and the stars in the west suddenly disappear as they touch the earth. Finally, it must be seen at night, when the distant prairies are in a blaze, thirty, fifty or seventy miles away; when the fire reaches clumps of aspen, and the forked tips of the flames, magnified by refraction, flash and quiver in the horizon, and the reflected light from rolling clouds of smoke above tell of the havoc which is raging below."

All those pictures belong to the glowing summer. But the prairie, like the shield, has two sides. It should also be seen in a blizzard, if you can see and live, when the snow, driven before the wind, flies level through the air, cutting like a knife, and carrying with it an intense cold that neither man nor beast can face; when, as the storm gathers strength, sky and prairie are blended in one undistinguishable mass of blinding white, and nought is heard but the mad hurrying and howling of the wind around and overhead, and the hissing at your feet with which it drives through the long grasses that the snow has not covered completely.

The North-west is not all prairie. And the prairie is not everywhere a monotonous, treeless expanse. Even in the Red River Valley, belts of wood usually skirt the rivers and the smaller streams or "creeks." Much of this wood has been cut down, so that there are long stretches of the river unshaded by trees, but wherever a belt of wood is seen it may be assumed that there a stream is draining the prairie. At Selkirk, where the Canada Pacific Railroad first strikes the river, the intervale is covered with graceful elms; and the country round about has a beautiful park-like appearance. Besides the elm, the trees of the Red River Valley are oak, ash-leaved maple and poplar. Of these, the poplar or trembling aspen, is the characteristic tree of the North-west. As the traveller goes west, he sees hardly any other for hundreds of miles. The ash-leaved maple is likely to prove the favourite shade-tree for the cities of Manitoba.

The railway crosses the Red River at Winnipeg, but Selkirk was the point originally selected by the Government for "the crossing" and for the site of a city that

would have soon become the capital of Manitoba. There were various reasons for this selection, only one of which need be referred to here. Between Selkirk and the old Stone Fort of the Hudson's Bay Company,



A PRAIRIE STREAM.

four miles farther up, the river is confined to a narrow bed by limestone banks, and consequently being dammed back in times of flood, it may overflow the country all the way to Winnipeg. As the quickness with which a bottle can



WINNIPEG, FROM ST. BONIFACE FERRY LANDING.



SELKIRK.



LOWER FORT GARRY.

be emptied depends principally on the size of its neck, it would seem that floods similar to those which have occurred three or four times in the century are unavoidable in the future. It is scarcely necessary to say that the man who whispers such a contingency in Winnipeg is looked upon as a very disagreeable person. Doubtless Noah was so regarded in his day. People who have paid their tens of thousands for corner lots dislike references to floods, past or future. When Mr. Sandford Fleming advised the Government to select Selkirk, Winnipeg was only "the miserable-looking village" that Captain Butler called it in 1870, and it might have been transferred bodily on a few Red River boats. It is otherwise now, and an old-fashioned flood should it come—would destroy millions' worth of property. Time has vindicated the correctness of Mr.

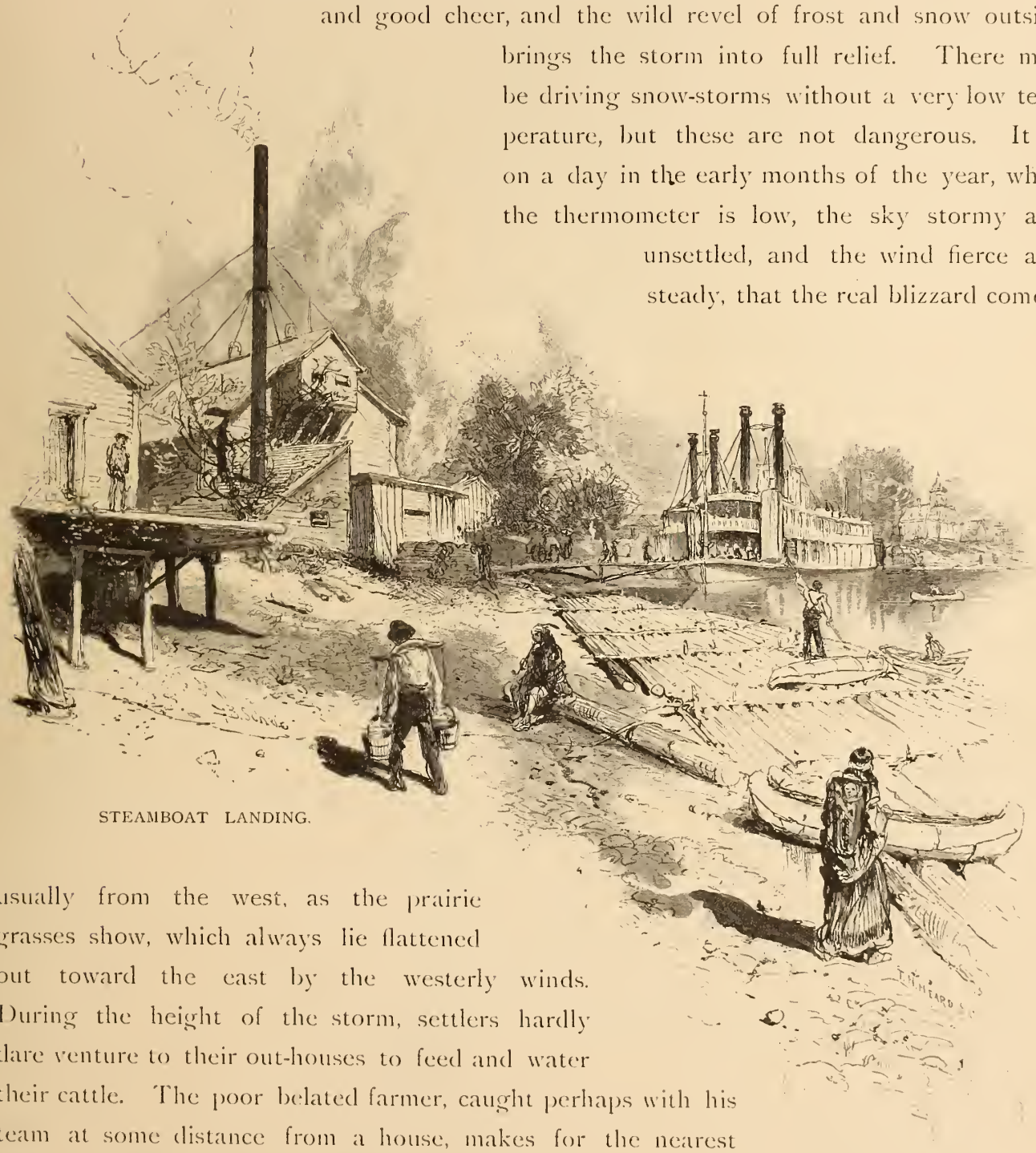
Fleming's judgment on other points. In this matter he may have been over cautious, but time will tell.

The growth of Winnipeg since 1877 has been phenomenal. Statistics need not be given, for they are paraded in every newspaper, and so far, the growth of one month—no matter how marvellous that may be—is sure to be eclipsed by the next. The going and coming at the railway station combines the rush of a great city with all the characteristics of emigrant and pioneer life. But instead of entering Winnipeg by railway, it is better to stop on the east side of the river and see the quaint French suburb of St. Boniface, and Archbishop Taché's Cathedral and College. We can then cross by the St. Boniface steam-ferry and take a look at the city in a more leisurely way. Even at the landing, the first thing that strikes us is that incongruous blending of the new and the old, of barbarism jostling against civilization, that distinguishes every corner of Winnipeg and every phase of its life. Specimens of almost extinct savage and semi-savage nationalities gaze at steam-boats and steam-mills and all the appliances of modern life with eyes that dream of far different scenes that were yesterday but have vanished forever. In this bran-new city a historical society, a first-rate club, colleges and cathedrals have sprung up, but you find at the landing that water is drawn from the river by the time-honoured "hauley system" and sold by the gallon. Here is old Fort Garry, but its glories have departed. Once it was the centre of the Hudson Bay Company's life and that meant the life of the North-west. Its walls and bastions were a veritable "Quadrilateral" in the eyes of the Indian and half-breed. They ought to have been saved as a memorial of the olden time, but progress is relentless. Progress abolished the walls and gates of Quebec. How could Fort Garry expect to be preserved, except in a picture?

Winnipeg is London or New York on a small scale. You meet people from almost every part of the world. Ask a man on the street for direction, and the chances are ten to one that he answers, "I have just arrived, sir." Friends meet who parted last on the other side of the globe, and with a hasty, "What! you here, too?" each passes on his way, probably to a real-estate office or auction room. The writer saw Winnipeg first in 1872. It consisted of a few rickety-looking shanties that looked as if they had been dropped promiscuously on the verge of a boundless prairie. The poorest inhabitant seemed willing to give any one a lot or an acre. And now, land on Main Street and the streets adjoining, is held at higher figures than in the centre of Toronto; and Winnipeggers, in referring to the future, never make comparisons with any city smaller than Chicago.

Winnipeg presents odd contrasts in summer and winter. In no city of its size are there so many University graduates. These rub shoulders, as if to the manner born, with Mennonites, Icelanders, half-breeds and Indians. Teams of splendid-looking horses and elegant equipages drive side by side with primitive carts drawn by oxen,

harnessed with buckskin or shaganappi. No city is gayer on a fine winter's day. The bright sunshine and exhilarating air make one utterly regardless of thermometer registerings. But it should be seen, too, when a blizzard is raging through the streets. The contrast between showy shops and houses full of comfort and good cheer, and the wild revel of frost and snow outside brings the storm into full relief. There may be driving snow-storms without a very low temperature, but these are not dangerous. It is on a day in the early months of the year, when the thermometer is low, the sky stormy and unsettled, and the wind fierce and steady, that the real blizzard comes;



STEAMBOAT LANDING.

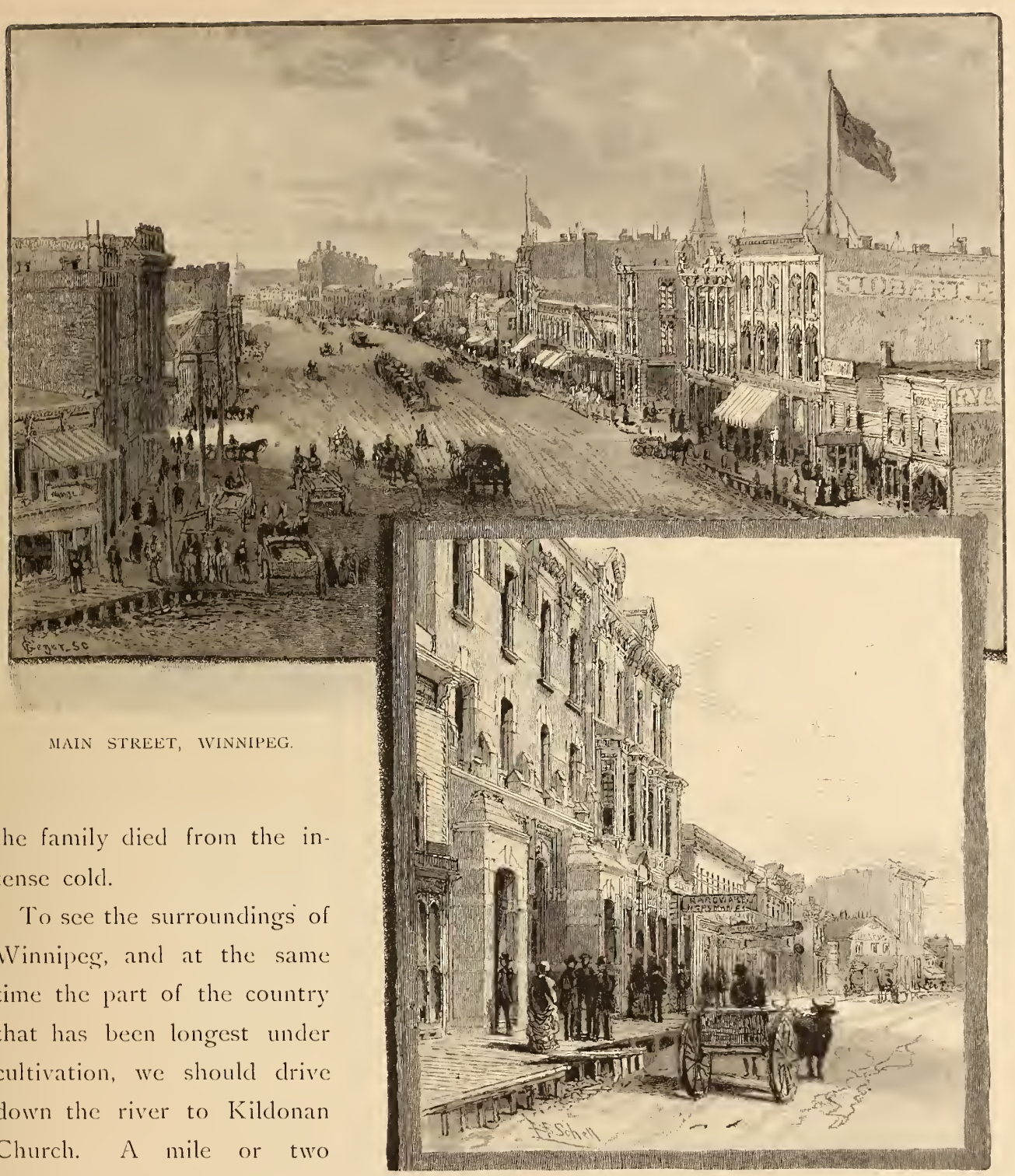
usually from the west, as the prairie grasses show, which always lie flattened out toward the east by the westerly winds. During the height of the storm, settlers hardly dare venture to their out-houses to feed and water their cattle. The poor belated farmer, caught perhaps with his team at some distance from a house, makes for the nearest bluff of woods. The trees bend double before the gale. All around he hears the snap and crash of breaking branches and falling trees, but these are not thought of in comparison with the greater danger that he has escaped. A huge fire can be built; and there is little risk of the firewood giving out. Should there be no friendly shelter of house or bluff near, he may come out from the blizzard alive. But the fine dry snow is so blinding and penetrating, and the frost so merci-

less, that the odds are very greatly in favour of the blizzard. In towns, the buildings block the fury of the storm; but streets in the line of the wind and open to its force present a more wild and stricken appearance than the prairie. There, one sheet of



A BLIZZARD IN WINNIPEG.

rushing white fills the whole horizon. In the city, the blizzard is broken up and is forced to show itself in detail. As you look through the windows, men or teams are now and then visible, fighting with the storm-fiend, while shingles, boards and light objects are hurled in all directions. With such force is the snow driven that, after the storm, the banks are as solid as ice. Heavy loads are driven over them without leaving a mark; and this, not as the result of any thaw or damp snow afterwards frozen, but simply from the impetus of the wind having compacted the fine dry particles into a solid mass. Happily, the blizzards of our North-west do not last very long, twelve hours usually seeing their force spent. A few years ago, one in Minnesota raged for three days and three nights. Every living thing outside perished. Cattle froze or starved to death in their stables. In many cases, firewood gave out, and though the furniture, floors and beams of the house were burned, the older and weaker ones of



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

the family died from the intense cold.

To see the surroundings of Winnipeg, and at the same time the part of the country that has been longest under cultivation, we should drive down the river to Kildonan Church. A mile or two from the City Hall, St. John's College and Ladies' College, and the modest Cathedral stand between the road-side and a beautiful curve in the river. Here is the seat of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, whose bishopric originally extended from the Coast of Labrador to the Rocky Mountains, and from the boundary line to the North Pole. The first missionary of the Church of England arrived in 1820, but the bishopric was not founded till 1849. The white people of the settlement were Presbyterians, brought out from the Highlands of Scotland in 1812 by the Earl of Selkirk. The great majority of these, with the loyalty

characteristic of their race, refused to desert the church of their fathers, and become Anglicans, although for forty years no minister of their own church came near them. In 1851, the Rev. John Black, a man of apostolic spirit, was sent to them by the Canada Presbyterian Church. Arriving, after an eight weeks' journey from Toronto, he was warmly welcomed by the Highlanders, even though he could not speak their beloved Gaelic. They at once organized themselves into a congregation, and built

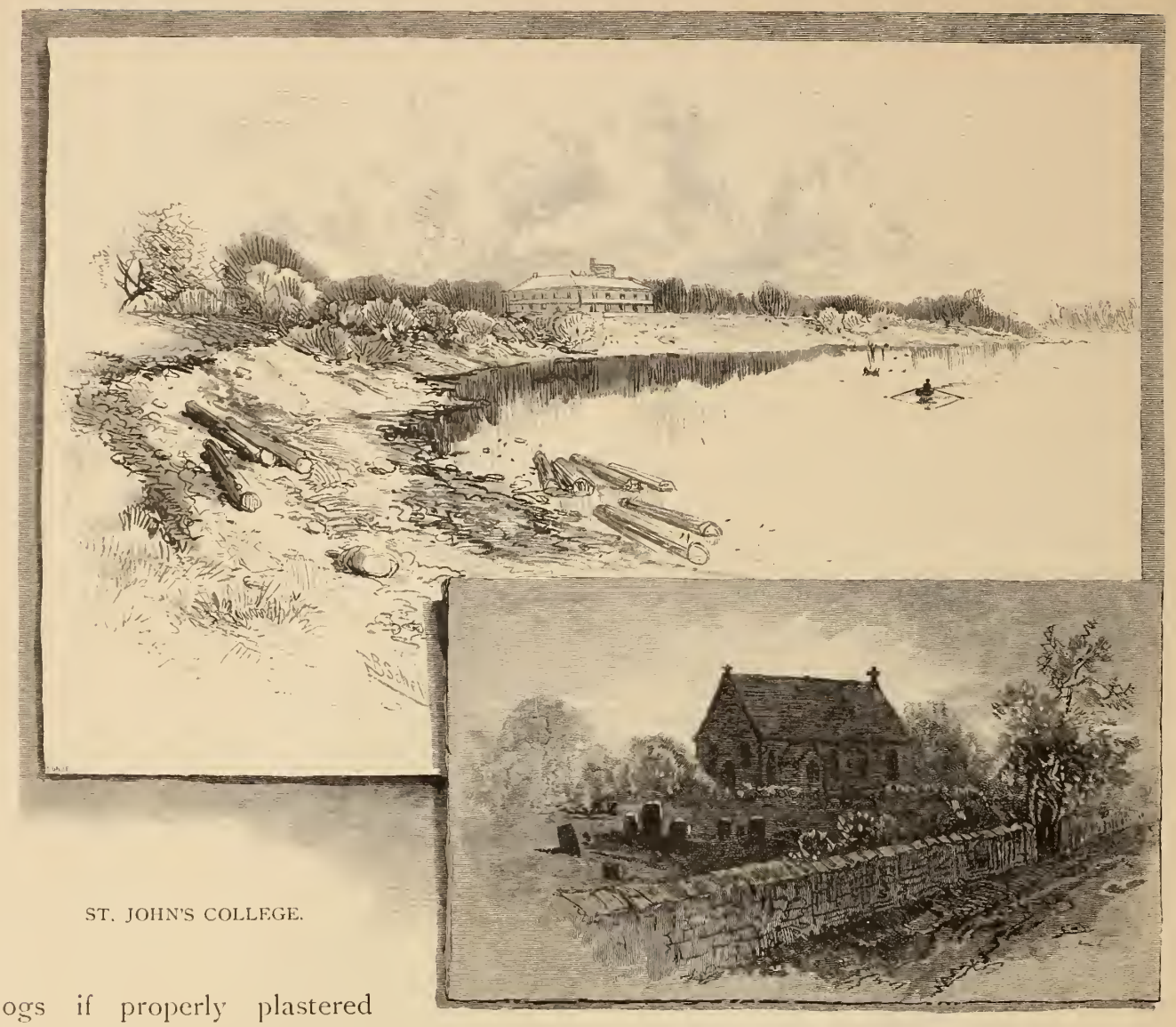


OLD FORT GARRY.

manse, school-house, and the stone kirk of Kildonan, the steeple of which was for many years after the great outstanding mark on the level prairie. The land between Winnipeg and Kildonan was divided into riband-shaped farms, according to the plan adopted by the French two centuries previously on the St. Lawrence; the object in both cases being to give each householder a frontage on the river. These ribands are

now being bought up by speculators at what would have been considered fabulous prices three or four years ago. They extended two miles back into the prairie, and two miles farther back were allowed by the Hudson's Bay Company for hay-cutting. "Hay swamps" are almost as necessary as dry prairie to the Manitoba farmer. On each side of the road to Kildonan are fields that have borne wheat for sixty years without rotation of crops or manure—as convincing a proof of the exhaustless fertility of the soil as could be desired. In the wheat-fields, the women work at harvesting as heartily as the men. Where the prairie is not cultivated, the rude bark or skin tent of some wretched-looking Indians, or a stack of hay, is the only object between the road and the western sky line.

Interesting, and after a fashion phenomenal as Winnipeg is, it must not be supposed that we can find the true North-west in its towns and cities. There, speculators congregate to get up "booms" and similar transactions, bogus or slightly otherwise. But the brood of barnacles and vultures are unbeautiful and uninteresting to the artist and to healthy human beings. If we would see the great North-west, and those who, instead of discounting, are making its future, the poor but strong ones who support the barnacles and are preyed upon by the vultures, we must go out to the quarter-sections that the toilers of the prairie are home-steading and pre-empting. There, is enough to stir the imagination and warm the heart. From the commencement the elements of poetry are in the work and the men. The successive stages can be easily traced and the progress is rapid. Here is a picture of what is repeating itself every day. A group of families start from the older provinces in early spring, because though they may have to suffer peculiar hardships at that season, they are anxious to put up their buildings and gather a partial crop from the upturned sod before the first winter comes. The farms consist, at the outset, of the vast stretch of untilled land that has waited long for the plough; the farm-house is the emigrant's wagon or "prairie schooner"; the stables the sky, and their bed a water-proof on the prairie. In a week, less or more, the first house is up. Neighbour helps neighbour. A temporary house may be made of sods. At some points in Manitoba stone houses are seen. But, poplar logs, round or hewed, are the usual material, with perhaps a tier of oak or tamarack next to the ground, as poplar does not last long if in contact with moisture. Failing oak or tamarack, the building is set clear of the ground on stones or even a stone wall, and if possible banked with sand which is always clean and dry. The corners of the logs are dove-tailed or set on each other in the notch and saddle style. The spaces between the logs are chunked up with billets of wood and mortar. Sometimes, there is superadded a coating of the very tenacious whitish sandy clay, which is found everywhere in the Province, and which bakes harder than adobé. The roof is shingled or thatched, the thatch grass being put on with withes or laid in white mud. Wealthy settlers build more pretentious frame houses; but lumber is expensive, and the poplar



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

logs if properly plastered make a substantial and warm building, which is likely to last until the family is tired of it. The settler now has shelter. Complacently he looks on his own neat, white-washed castle, and his own four walls. The walls are about all that he has; for the ground floor does not include even the Scotch "but and ben." It usually consists of one large room, with a rickety ladder in the middle that leads to the loft or upper story where rude quarters for the night are found. A dark strip on the green prairie that bespeaks the presence of the plough is the next step in advance; then a piece of fencing, or one or two stables or other out-houses. Cattle gather round the steading. Similar farm-houses spring up in all directions, dotting the hitherto lonely expanse with centres of life and interest. June comes, and the plough is in full swing. "Gee," and "Haw," are heard for miles round. Black strips of ploughed land, becoming larger every day, are pleasantly noticeable. Fences are run up Where the prairie has been broken beside the house, the chances are that the dark-green of the potato vine is seen coming through the sod; and farther off, a piece of oats or barley, looking strong and hearty. Perhaps a row of trees is planted along



A HALF-BREED FARM.

KILDONAN CHURCH.

the road in front of the house. And now, visit the settlement in August or September, the most delightful time of the year for prairie travelling, and ask the settlers how they like the new country. The answer will be, in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred, either "First-class," or "You couldn't pay me to return to Ontario," or "I have got the best farm in the North-west." With pride, they point out the progress that has been made in a few months, and contrast it with what would have been accomplished in the same time on a bush farm in any of the older provinces. Next year, a fine field of wheat is pretty sure to stretch away from the front door; the milk-house is furnished with rows of bright pans filled with creamy milk; but neither first year, second year, nor at any time is the passing stranger allowed to go on his journey without being offered the hospitality of the farm. He need not hesitate to accept a seat at the table; for, as a rule, the Canadian farmer's wife or daughters spread a clean table and cook their simple food as nicely as the dyspeptic Chelsea sage could have desired.

Listen to the advice that an old settler gives to a new-comer, with from $1,000 to



A PRAIRIE FARMSTEAD.

$2,000 at his command, who proposes to make his home in the North-west: Secure, at the Dominion Land Office of the district in which you propose to settle, a homestead and a pre-emption. That costs $20. A yoke of cattle and harness, wagon, lumber, house furniture, implements and provisions for a year will cost from $400 to $800. The house and stable ought to cost little additional, except your



INTERIOR OF A SETTLER'S CABIN.



THE HARVESTERS.

labour. Invest the rest of your money in milch cows with their calves. Be ready to commence "breaking" early in June, and look for whatever promises quick returns. The cows should keep the house supplied with butter and milk, and there may be a surplus to sell. The sooner you get the plough to work the better. Make the breaking of twenty or thirty acres your objective point, and keep at it as steadily as you and your oxen can. The best time to break is from peep of dawn till about 9 A. M., and from 4 P. M., till dark. The oxen should rest in the interval, and their owner may take a sleep and then fix up things generally. Potatoes can be planted under the newly-turned sod, and, if the season be not too dry, will give a good return. Oats and barley may be sowed on the prairie and ploughed in. If you get fall ploughing done,

commence seeding next spring as soon as the frost is sufficiently below the surface to allow the harrows to cover the seed. The moisture from the frozen ground beneath continues to ascend and keeps the seed-bed in good condition. If money gives out, good wages can be had at any time on the railways, or the lumber mills, or almost anywhere, for a few weeks or months. We know of men who commenced a few years ago with $200 or less, and who, by dint of hard work and self-denial, have already earned comfort and a competency. But the settler must live according to his means. If he gets into debt and pays ten and twelve per cent for money, he is in a perilous state.

Every one has heard of the mammoth farms of the Red River Valley. These are to be found chiefly in Minnesota and Dakota, though capitalists are beginning to find their way to many parts of the North-west and are projecting similar undertakings as investments. Money can certainly be made in this way, for no part of the world is better adapted for the application of steam to agriculture and for all the expensive apparatus that modern farming on a large scale requires. The mammoth wheat farms are divided into sections, with an overseer and the requisite number of "hands" to each. In harvesting, scores of reaping and binding machines are used. The grain is threshed on the prairie, and immediately sent off to the market. The straw is burned, the hands are paid off, and the dividends for the year declared. Worshippers of "the big" talk with enthusiasm of these farms. They are no doubt useful, as far as the best interests of a country are concerned, but, after all, poor affairs in comparison with the log-house of the ordinary farmer; just as the deer-forest or grouse preserve in the Scottish Highlands is a miserable exchange for the wrecked shielings of the true-hearted clansmen, whose fathers died at Culloden for Prince Charles, and at Ticonderoga and Waterloo for us.

The North-west bids fair to be the future granary of the world. It is scarcely possible to estimate its "illimitable possibilities." People talk of one, two, or three hundred million acres of good land. These round figures indicate both their ignorance and the greatness of the reality. We have only to remember that the average produce per acre is twenty bushels of wheat to calculate the possibilities of such a country, taking the lowest of the above estimates, when peopled with tillers of the soil. This vast region is the true habitat of the wheat plant. Here it attains perfection. The berry is amber-coloured, full, round, rich in gluten, and with that flinty texture which is lacking in the wheat of more southern regions. The yield is astonishing, not only because of the richness of the soil, but because here the plant attains its full development. "Look," said a practical miller from Minnesota, who had visited Winnipeg, "I never before saw more than two well-formed grains in each group or cluster, forming a row, but here the rule is three grains in each cluster. That is the difference between twenty and thirty bushels per acre." Prof. Macoun, the Botanist of the Canadian Gov-



MODERN PRAIRIE FARMING.

ernment Survey, reports that at Prince Albert, five hundred miles north-west from Winnipeg, and at Fort Vermilion on Peace River, six or seven hundred miles still farther away to the North-west, five well-formed grains are sometimes found in each group or cluster. Wheat from Peace River, seven hundred miles due north of the boundary line, "took the bronze medal at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876."

While the Hudson's Bay Company held sway over the North-west, it was the fashion to represent the country as utterly and hopelessly hyperborean. Echoes of the stories told in those days, of the ground remaining frozen all summer, of mercury freezing and axes splintering against frozen trees, still float in the air and make men unable to believe, in spite of all that has been recently written, that it can be anything better than an arctic region. Calumnies die hard. The emigrant will find difficulties in every country to which he goes, but there are none in the North-west that cannot be overcome by united effort and forethought. The climate is not very different from that of Eastern Canada, and is even more healthy. The winter is colder, but on account of the dryness of the air the cold is not so much felt. The summer is warmer, but the nights are always remarkably cool. April and May are usually dry, and all that the farmer can desire. June is the rainy season. July and August are the hot months, and during these the growth of all plants is marvellously vigorous and quick. The autumn is cool, dry, and invigorating, the very weather for harvesting. The rivers freeze in November and open for navigation in April. December is clear and cold, with but little snow. January and February are the coldest months, and storms may be looked for occasionally. March is sunny, and broken by thaws. During the greater part of the winter the air is remarkably still. The thermometer may sink to 50 degrees below zero, but people properly clad experience no inconvenience; and teaming, logging, rock-cutting, go on to as great an extent as in the Eastern Provinces in winter.

Some seasons are too wet, and then there is trouble in the Red River Valley, where the land is low. An extensive system of drainage has been organized by the Government and the municipalities, which will do much to meet this difficulty. Elsewhere, plough furrows are sufficient to drain the land. If the grain gets a fair start in the spring, no matter how dry the summer, a drought has no effect save on the length of the straw. The reason would seem to be that the frost never entirely leaves the ground and that the moisture arising from its thawing is supplied to the roots of the grain. It is certain that the roots penetrate into the soil to an astonishing depth.

Other difficulties may be mentioned; such as local hail-storms in August and September; terrific thunder and lightning; mosquitoes, especially in the neighbourhood of a swamp. Grasshoppers or locusts from the great American desert, occasional summer frosts, and alkali or an impure sulphate of sodium in the soil over large tracts of

country, particularly in the heavier clay lands, must also be taken account of, but these have been magnified. As to the last, farmers now consider a little alkali in the soil beneficial. It brings cereals to maturity earlier and tends to stiffen and shorten the straw, thus enabling it to withstand the high winds. The chief difficulty is to keep it out of the wells. This is done by lining the well with stone or brick, and using water-lime or cement to make it impervious to soakage. The springs are entirely free from alkali, and all that is needed is to keep out the surface water. In a word, emigrants with small means must not expect to become wealthy suddenly. They can, with frugality and industry, attain to independence in Manitoba in a shorter time than in Eastern Canada; and that is saying not a little.

The Indians of Manitoba are gradually disappearing before the stronger races. Bred and reared in poverty and dirt, and having generally the taint of hereditary disease, they are as a rule short-lived. The Government has appointed instructors, well supplied with implements, seed and cattle, to teach them farming by precept and example; but the poor creatures do not take kindly to steady work. They are seen at their best when they assemble at the appointed rendezvous to receive their treaty money, faces daubed with bright paint, and Union Jack carried in front of the crowd. After the payments are made, they have a dance, and then a dog feast, washed down with as much fire-water as unscrupulous whiskey dealers can smuggle to them.

The half-breed population is much more important. There are English and Scotch half-breeds, but the majority are of French extraction. When Manitoba was erected into a Province, 240 acres of land were secured to each and all of these, down to the youngest born. The majority have sold their claims to speculators; but as the courts have recently interposed obstacles to the sale of minors' patents, all the reserves will not come into the market till 1889. The French half-breed fraternizes with the Indians, and leads a roving life. As a farmer he is not a success; but in camp, as a *voyageur* and trapper, or as a buffalo hunter, he combines the excellencies of both the nationalities he represents. The English and Scotch have more affinity with the ways of white men. Able representatives of both the French and the British *bois-brulés*, however, are found in political and professional life. But only a minority of those who are called half-breeds are entitled to the name. Any man or woman with Indian blood in his veins is usually classed as a half-breed. A few years ago, they constituted the bulk of the population of Manitoba; but they are becoming less in number and in importance every year. The more adventurous are moving west to seek fresh fields and pastures new, rather than remain crowded in their old sites The others will become absorbed in the general population; and the tinge of Indian blood may give to future North-westers a richer colour in cheek and eye, and impose some check on the keen acquisitiveness of Celt and Saxon.

THE NORTH-WEST:

RED RIVER TO HUDSON'S BAY.



RAPIDS AT MOUTH OF SASKATCHEWAN.

IT is difficult to describe, under the condition of brevity imposed on us by the nature of this work, the boundless regions and "illimitable possibilities"—as Lord Beaconsfield happily phrased it—of the North-west. Salient features may be given by pen and pencil, but unless these are multiplied mentally, an utterly inadequate idea is conveyed. Everything is on a scale so vast that anything like a definite conception is out of the question. Even its history, though now blotted out from the minds of men, has a largeness of outline that awakens interest and suggests a great destiny. We find ourselves in a new world, in the very heart of the American Continent, far away from its old Provinces and historic States, and yet we are told of a short road to Europe for which old France and England fought, which trade has used less or more from the days of

Prince Rupert, and by which Scottish immigrants entered the country three-quarters of a century ago. At this point, then, it may be not unfitting that we should pause in our description of the country; and in order to form a correct idea of the lakes, rivers and straits, as well as of the lands between the Red River of the North and the Atlantic, by what many believe to be the future highway from Manitoba to Europe, let us accompany a traveller who, a year or two ago, went from Winnipeg to London by this route.

Embarking at Lower Fort Garry on board the steamer "Colvile," belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, in the morning of a beautiful day in the early autumn, we steam down the Red River to its mouth, thirty-three miles distant, and into Lake Winnipeg. The waters of the lake are as muddy as those of the Red River itself. Hence its Cree name—Dirty Water. Getting away from the marshes and out into the lake, Elk Island looms up, off the mouth of the Winnipeg River. This stream is as large as the Ottawa, and drains nearly the whole country from Lake Superior. All forenoon our course is down the middle of the lake. The land on our left, ten or twelve miles distant, is uniformly low and level. That on the right, not quite so far away, is also low, but it presents a slightly undulating outline. About the middle of the day we pass between Black Island on the right and Big Island on the left. We are near enough the shore to observe the little shanties of the scattered Icelandic settlement which extends on the west side of the lake all the way from the mouth of the Red River to Big Island. A few miles farther on, Grindstone Point, with its cliff of horizontal beds of limestone and sandstone, is close on our left. Our course now changes to the north-west, and in two hours we enter a part of the lake only two or three miles wide, with the Bull's Head on the left, and a rocky but rather low shore, covered with evergreen trees, along our right. The Bull's Head is a prominent point in a limestone cliff which continues to the Dog's Head, twelve miles distant. Here we come to the narrowest part of the lake, where it is only one mile in breadth.

Passing this, the great body of Lake Winnipeg now lies before us, expanding regularly till it reaches its maximum breadth of sixty-six miles opposite to the mouth of the Great Saskatchewan River, beyond which it terminates in a rounded sweep like the end of a tennis-bat. The extreme length of the lake is 272 miles, its depth nine fathoms, and its elevation above the sea, 710 feet. Geologically, it occupies a shallow basin of erosion, corresponding with that of the Georgian Bay, having Laurentian rocks along its eastern, and Silurian strata along its western side. The country to the eastward is everywhere of the ordinary Laurentian character of the north, not mountainous, but broken by rocky hills and ridges, with lakes, swamps and timbered valleys between. It is the great collecting basin of the waters for hundreds of miles from the west, the east and the south, and it discharges them all, by the Nelson River, into the sea.



STORM ON LAKE WINNIPEG.



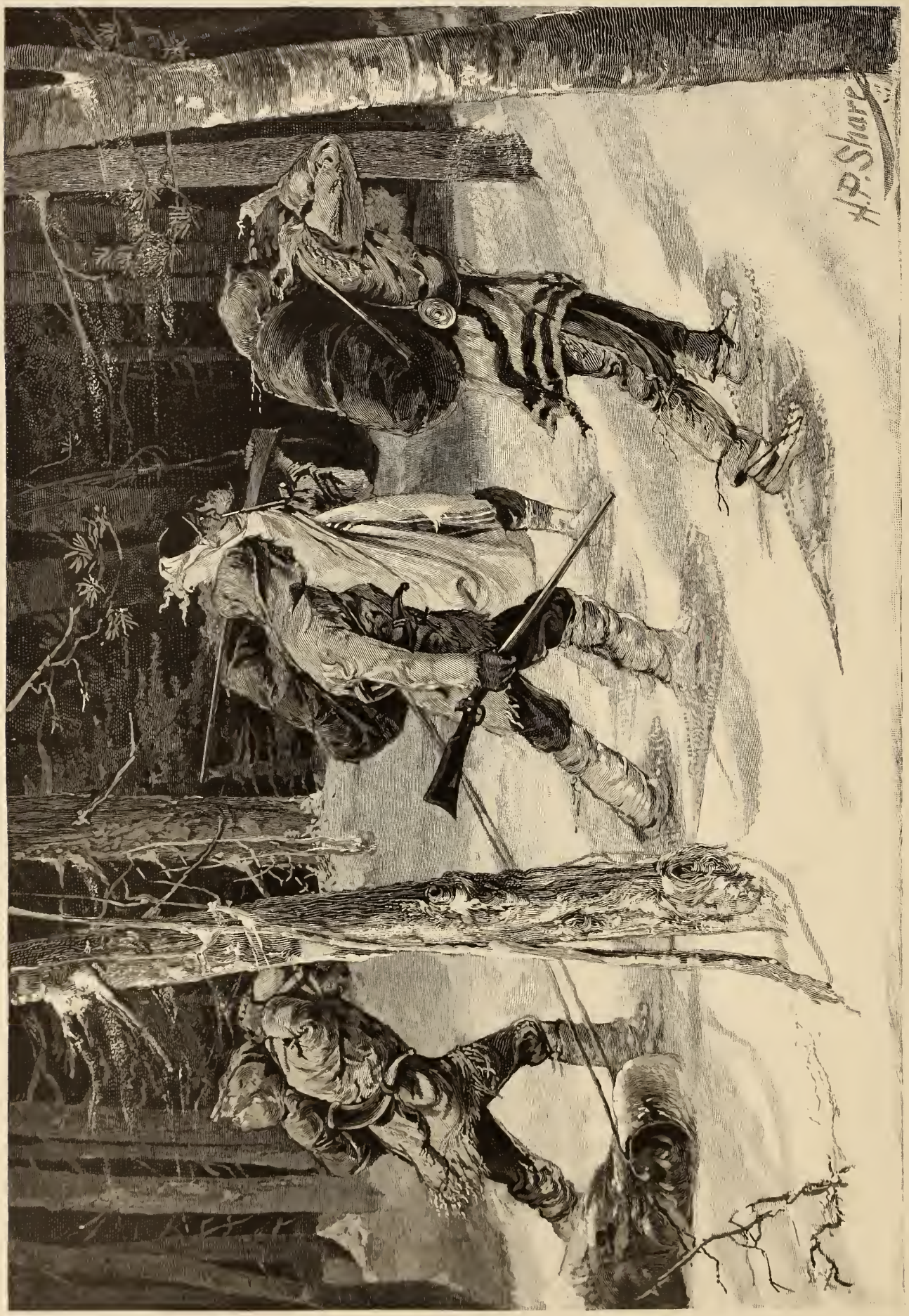


From the narrows at the Dog's Head, our course lies near the eastern side of the lake as far as George's Island, seventy or eighty miles farther on. After a brief call at this small island, which has been named in honour of the late Sir George Simpson, we start to cross diagonally the broadest part of the lake in making for the Saskatchewan. Early the next morning we enter the fine harbour formed by the mouth of this river. We proceed only a short distance when the Grand Rapids, with a fall of about forty-five feet, bar the way; the only effectual impediment to the navigation of the Saskatchewan all the way to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The goods are transported by a well-constructed horse railway, three or four miles in length, to the head of the rapids. While the unloading of the steamer was going on, we strolled along the north bank of the river to admire the grand rush of the surging water. Suddenly, a speck appeared upon its surface, advancing rapidly towards us. This proved to be a couple of Indians in a small bark canoe, "running" the rapid. As they shot quickly past, we could see how intently they were occupied with the work in hand. Much

need there was of all their skill and care, to prevent swamping at any moment. Their little craft soon disappeared, as if it had been engulphed in the foaming water below, but no doubt they reached the foot of the rapid safely, as they had many times before.

At the depôt of the Hudson's Bay Company at the head of the rapid, we found an officer of the Company about to start on a "voyage" to some post in the interior. His birch-bark canoe was of the kind known as half-size, being some four fathoms in length, with six feet beam, and capable of carrying about two tons, besides the crew: the full-sized "north canoe," or *canoe de maître*, being about double this capacity. The "pieces," or packs of goods, each made to weigh 100 pounds, were being "portaged" by the *voyageurs* to the water's edge by means of their pack-straps, tump-lines, or slings of stout leather passed over the forehead. The guide or steersman, who is giving each man a "hand up" with his bundle, is an important personage on these voyages. On this occasion he is accompanied by his squaw, who is patiently waiting with her papoose slung on her back in its Indian cradle—a contrivance admirably adapted to the requirements of her roving life.

On our return to the "Colvile" we found the captain nearly ready to start for the outlet of Lake Winnipeg, which lies on the opposite or north-east side. Soon after leaving the mouth of the Saskatchewan, we encountered a strong breeze from the north-east or directly ahead. In an incredibly short space of time, the hitherto placid surface of the water was thrown into great swells and the spray was flying over the steamer's deck. The staunch "Colvile" heaved and plunged in a manner we little expected to experience. We were, in fact, realizing what we had often heard of—a storm on Lake Winnipeg. Fortunately the breeze subsided as rapidly as it had sprung up, and at daylight next morning we found ourselves moored, with bows up stream, at the wooding stage of Warren's Landing, on the western side of the outlet. Here the goods for Norway House, one of the principal posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, about twenty miles down the Nelson River, are discharged and placed in a store-house near the beach. Meantime, canoes and "York boats" are constantly arriving from the post, the steamer having been expected. One of the latter, bearing a great white flag with the arms and motto (*pro pelle cutem*) of the Hudson's Bay Company, brings the factor in charge of the district. About forty fine-looking Indians are now on hand, and as soon as the last bale of goods has been rolled into the store-house, they set to work with a will to carry cordwood for the return trip, on board the "Colvile," from a long pile standing a short distance from high water mark. The utmost good nature prevails, and every man vies with the others in running to the pile and hurrying back to the steamer with as many sticks on his shoulder as he can get his arm to support. The steamer is wooded in an astonishingly short time; the lines are thrown off, and we wave a farewell to the captain as the "Colvile" steams out into the lake with her head towards the south.



INDIAN TRAPPERS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Warren's Landing is named after a former chief factor of the Company, who lies buried a short distance behind the store-house.

The factor, being about to return home, kindly gave us a passage to Norway House. His crew rowed for a short distance, with their great sweeps, when a southerly wind sprung up, and they hoisted the picturesque square-sail of the boat high above our heads, like a banner, on the single rough mast, and we were soon making good time through Great Playgreen Lake and down one of the narrow channels of the river. Just before this channel opens into Little Playgreen Lake, we came in sight of the white houses and palisades of Norway House. A number of Indian boys, running and shouting on the bank, soon communicated the news of our approach, and in a few minutes we saw a man hurrying to the flagstaff to hoist the red ensign in honour of our arrival. We had not been long on shore before the six o'clock bell rang, and we were summoned to tea in the mess-room with the clerks and the officer in charge. The long summer evening of a northern latitude proved very enjoyable, and after tea we walked through the grove of Banksian pines on the north side of the post, and sketched the accompanying view across Little Playgreen Lake.

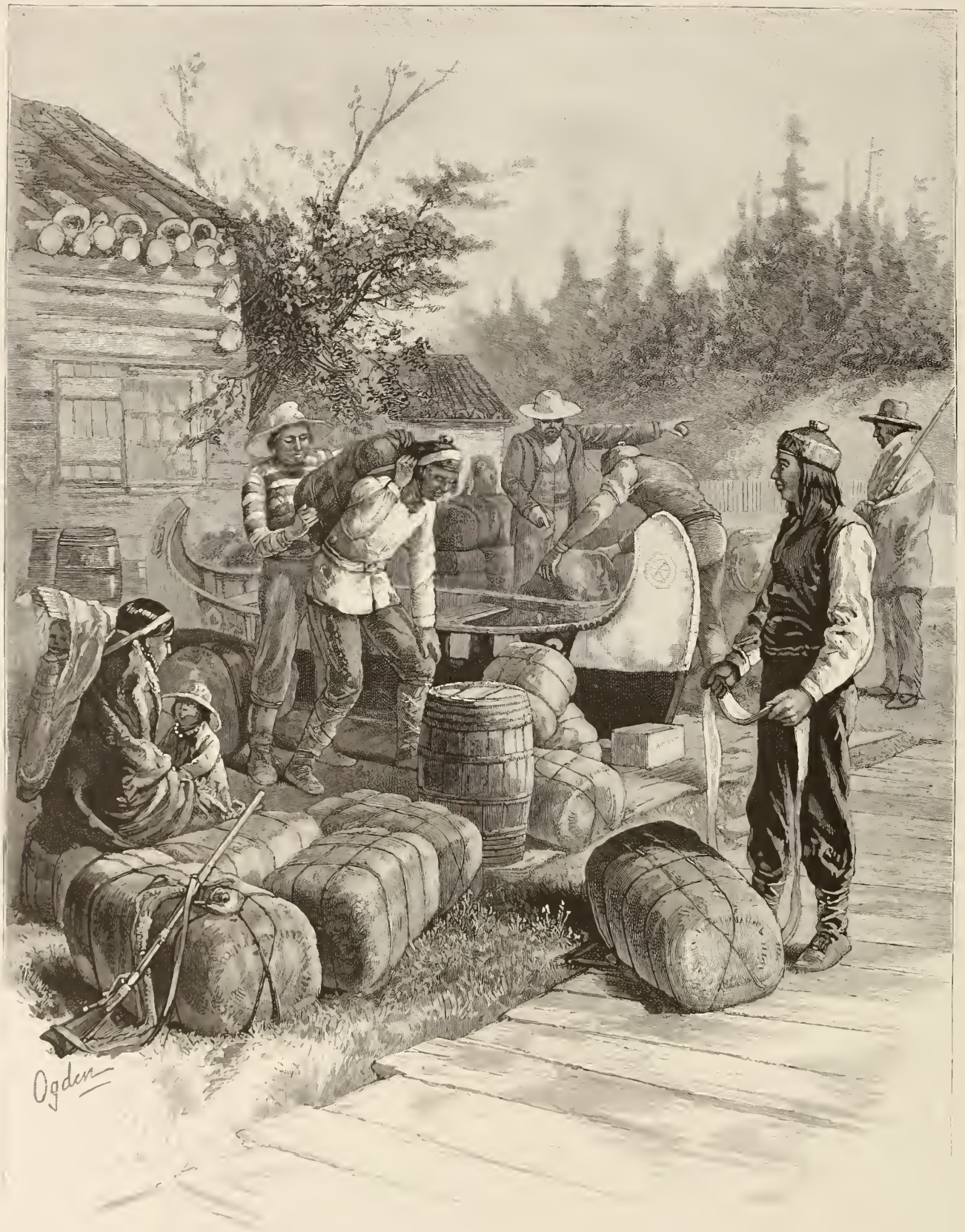
Let us now glance at the leading features of the water-way which we have commenced to descend. The Nelson is one of the great rivers of the world. With a drainage area more extensive than that of the St. Lawrence, it has a volume of water equal to at least four times that of the Ottawa. Taking a very general view of this vast stream, its course is a little east of north for 180 miles from the outlet of Lake Winnipeg to Split Lake, or the first half of its entire length. Another stretch of 180 miles, bearing a little north of east, brings us to the open sea at the extremity of Beacon Point; the whole length of the river, measured in this way, being only 360 miles. In the upper part of its course, the Nelson does not flow in a well-defined valley. For the first hundred miles, it straggles in a net-work of channels over a considerable breadth of the general slope towards Hudson's Bay, of which the whole country partakes. At the start, it leaves Great Playgreen Lake by two streams of almost equal size, which enclose Ross' Island, and by numerous smaller channels. Ross' Island is fifty miles long by twenty wide. On the west side of this island, fifty miles below Lake Winnipeg, the first rapid occurs. On the east side, thirty-seven miles down, are the Sea River Falls. The next sixty miles of the divided river is broken by rapids, chutes and falls, occurring at different distances down the various channels. At the end of these sixty miles of broken water, we come to a part of the river which, for 163 miles, might be navigated from end to end by steamers, were it not for a chute with a fall of about fifteen feet, which occurs about midway down. Sipi-wesk, Split, and Gull Lakes form part of this stretch. The first of these lakes is famous for its sturgeon fisheries. Fragments of the characteristic pottery of prehistoric Indians are found at the old camping grounds of this retreat, which is almost



SEA RIVER FALLS, NELSON RIVER.

undisturbed even by the red man of the present day. As we pass through the "Flowing Lake," on a balmy afternoon in the autumn, the dark background of the spruce forest is enlivened here and there by the white wigwams of the modern lords of the country, and occasionally we catch a glimpse of a canoe gliding among the numerous islands, and dimly seen through the blue haze of the Indian summer. On passing a point, thirteen miles below Sipi-wesk Lake, our attention is suddenly arrested by the beautiful Wa-sitch-e-wan or White Falls, which is formed by a brook spouting over the high, rocky bank of the river, on the right-hand side.

At the foot of Gull Lake we enter upon a second interval of broken waters, which, like the first, is also sixty miles in length, terminating with the Limestone Rapids, where the river pours over some ledges of fossiliferous Silurian rocks, the first met with in approaching Hudson's Bay. Leaving the foot of these rapids, the river flows on to the sea at the rate of about three miles an hour, between steep banks of clay, often one hundred feet and upwards in height. Except for a mile or two below the rapids, the channel has about twenty feet of water all the way to the head of tide, sixty miles farther down. We now enter the estuary, which runs straight north-east,



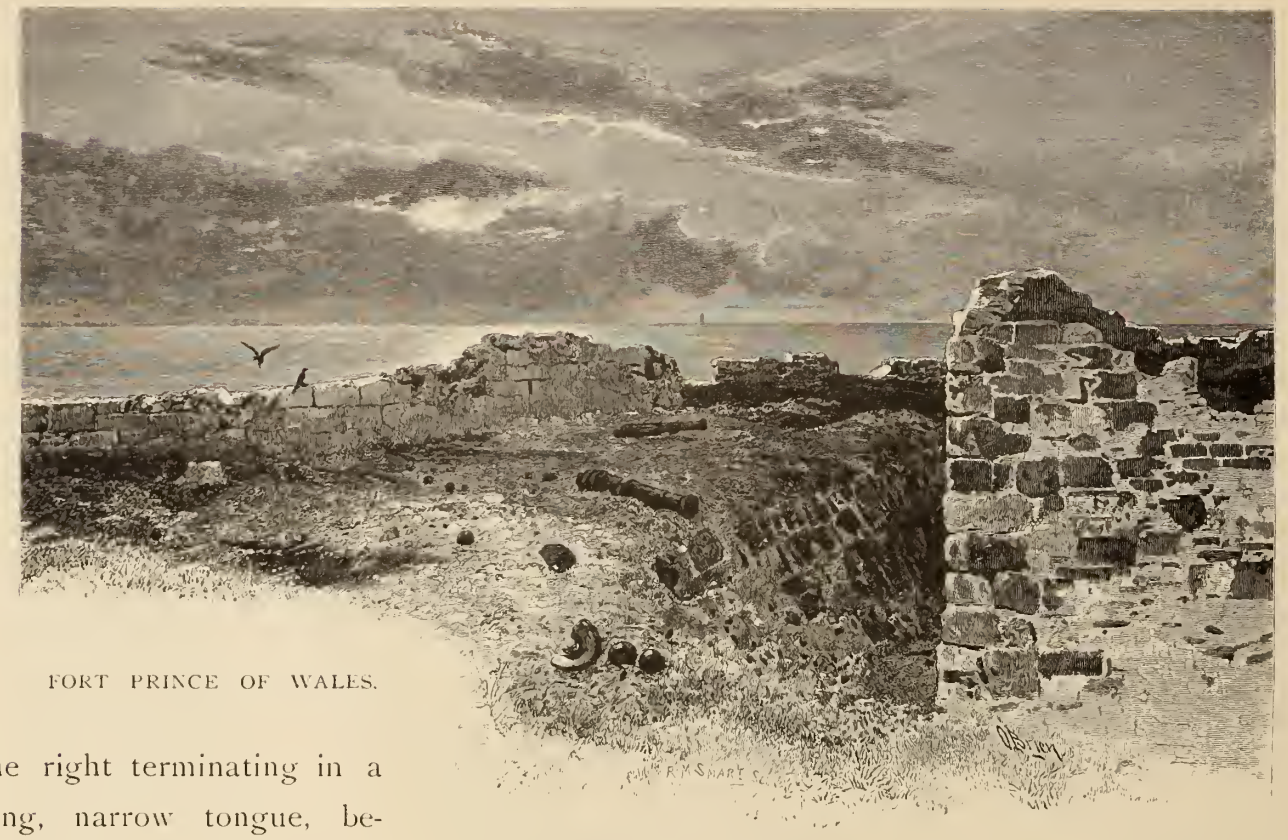
AT THE PORTAGE.

Hudson's Bay Company's Employés on their annual Expedition.



WA-SITCH-E-WAN FALLS.

and have a clear view of the sea before us. Passing down the frith, the land becomes lower and lower on both sides, till it merges with the high water level, the shore-line on the left at the same time trending to the northward, and that on



FORT PRINCE OF WALES.

the right terminating in a long, narrow tongue, between the Nelson and the Hayes Rivers. Looking round this point, we see York Factory on the north-west bank of the latter river, six miles up.

The trip we have just completed is the first journey which has been made down the whole length of the Nelson River for many years, for this stream, although apparently the natural route, has been long abandoned by *voyageurs*, on account of the difficulties in the two broken stretches of sixty miles each, which have just been referred to. Another and better route, lying to the southward, is now adopted. Before glancing at it, let us return to Split Lake and take a run thence to old Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River, about one hundred miles to the northward of York Factory. Leaving Split Lake, we travel northward by a chain of ponds, with portages between, and at the end of twenty miles we reach a considerable sheet of water at the head of the Little Churchill River. Following this stream for ninety miles, in a north-easterly course, we fall into the Great Churchill, a splendid river, larger than the Rhine, and with water as clear as that of the St. Lawrence. It rises near the Rocky Mountains, between the Athabaska and Saskatchewan Rivers. For the greater part of its course it consists of a long chain of lakes, connected by very short links of river, generally full of rapids, falls and chutes. Between the Nelson River and the Churchill, above the point at which the latter is joined by the Little Churchill, the country is very thickly interspersed with lakes; indeed, the area of water appears to be at least equal to that of land.

On arriving at the Great Churchill, we turn down stream, and at the end of 105

miles, in a north-easterly course, reach the sea. Like the lower Nelson, the Churchill flows between steep alluvial banks, but horizontal beds of limestone sometimes crop out and form long perpendicular cliffs beneath the clay. Notwithstanding its large volume, the Churchill, owing to its rapid character, is not navigable above the head of tide water, which is only eight miles up from the sea.

Just inside of the mouth of the Churchill is a splendid harbour, the only good one known on the western side of Hudson's Bay. It is well sheltered by a rocky ridge, and is entered directly from the open sea by a short, deep channel, less than half a mile in width. Within, the largest ships may lie afloat at low tide. The western point, at the mouth of the river, projects beyond the eastern;



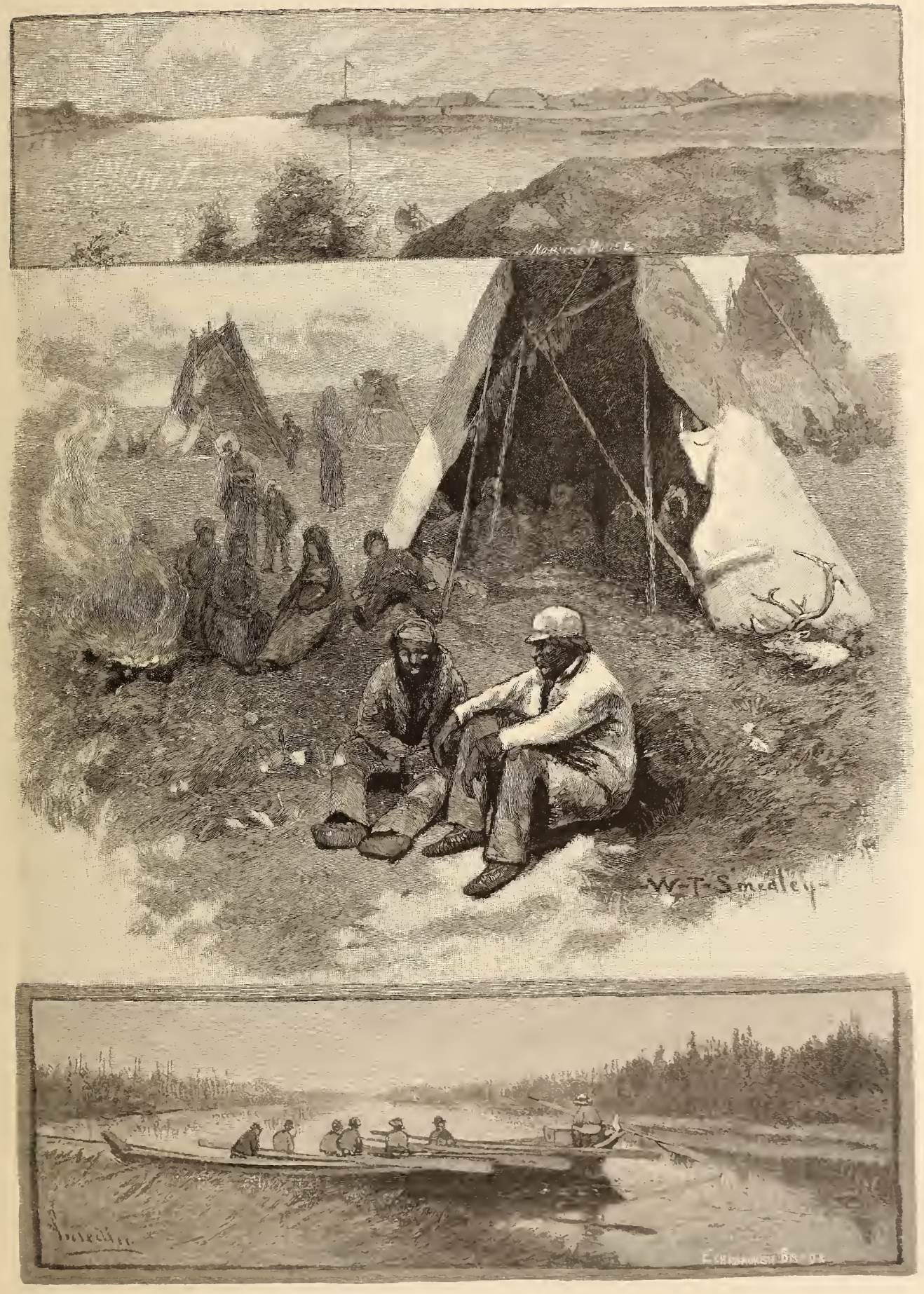
PORTAGING A BOAT.

and here, on a position which appears as if designed by nature to command the entrance to the harbour, stands old Fort Prince of Wales, one of the largest military ruins on the continent. More than one hundred years ago this fort, mounting

forty large guns, was a great depôt of the Hudson's Bay Company. To-day it is the picture of loneliness and desolation; but Churchill, owing to its fine harbour, may become the principal seaport of the North-west Territories, should the projected railway be built from the interior. The walls of Fort Prince of Wales have a height of about twenty feet, and are faced with massive blocks of cut stone, obtained close at hand. The place was destroyed by the French Admiral, LaPerouse, in 1782, but at the close of the war the British Government compelled the French to indemnify the Hudson's Bay Company for the loss which they had suffered.

It is again necessary to point out that, although for good reasons, we travelled from Norway House to York Factory by the Nelson River, the boats of the Hudson's Bay Company have used, for many years, what may be termed the Oxford House route. "Voyaging" to York by Oxford House, the Nelson is left a few miles below Sea River Falls. We turn, then, into a small sluggish stream on the right, known as the Echimamish, or Water-shed Brook. After going some miles up, we come to a rude dam about a foot high, made by boulders laid upon spruce tops. This has been thrown across the stream for the purpose of deepening the water at a slight rapid. Our men soon make a breach in the dam, and before the water above has had time to be perceptibly lowered, they haul our York boat through. This process is repeated at a second of these primitive locks a short distance on. Twenty-eight miles east of the point at which we left the Nelson, our dead-water brook, which has assumed the character of a long narrow pond, comes to a sudden termination. We haul the boat across a low ledge of rock, twenty-eight yards wide, which is the height of land here, and launch her into the head of a narrow clear-water channel on the other side. This is the commencement of the rivers which we shall now descend to York Factory, and our guide informs us that we shall have to haul our boats across dry land only twice more. The low narrow ledge we have just crossed is called the Painted Stone. Dr. Bell names the stream we have entered upon, Franklin's River, after the late Sir John Franklin, who, when on his boat voyage of 1819, had a narrow escape from drowning in its waters near this very spot. Franklin's River is about fifty miles in length, and falls into Oxford Lake. In descending it we run many fine rapids, and sail through several lakes into which it expands. At one-third of the distance to Oxford Lake we encounter the Robinson Portage, the most formidable obstacle on the route. It is, however, a good wide road, 1315 yards in length, which has been so long in use that it is entirely free from stumps. The size and weight of our boat appear to be altogether beyond the strength of our crew of ten men, yet they drag her on rollers across the portage at an astonishing rate.

On reaching Oxford Lake, twenty-five miles in length, we were favoured by a fine wind, and in a few hours come in sight of Oxford House, conspicuously built on a hill at the eastern extremity and commanding a fine view up the lake. The slopes of



SCENES ALONG THE NELSON RIVER.

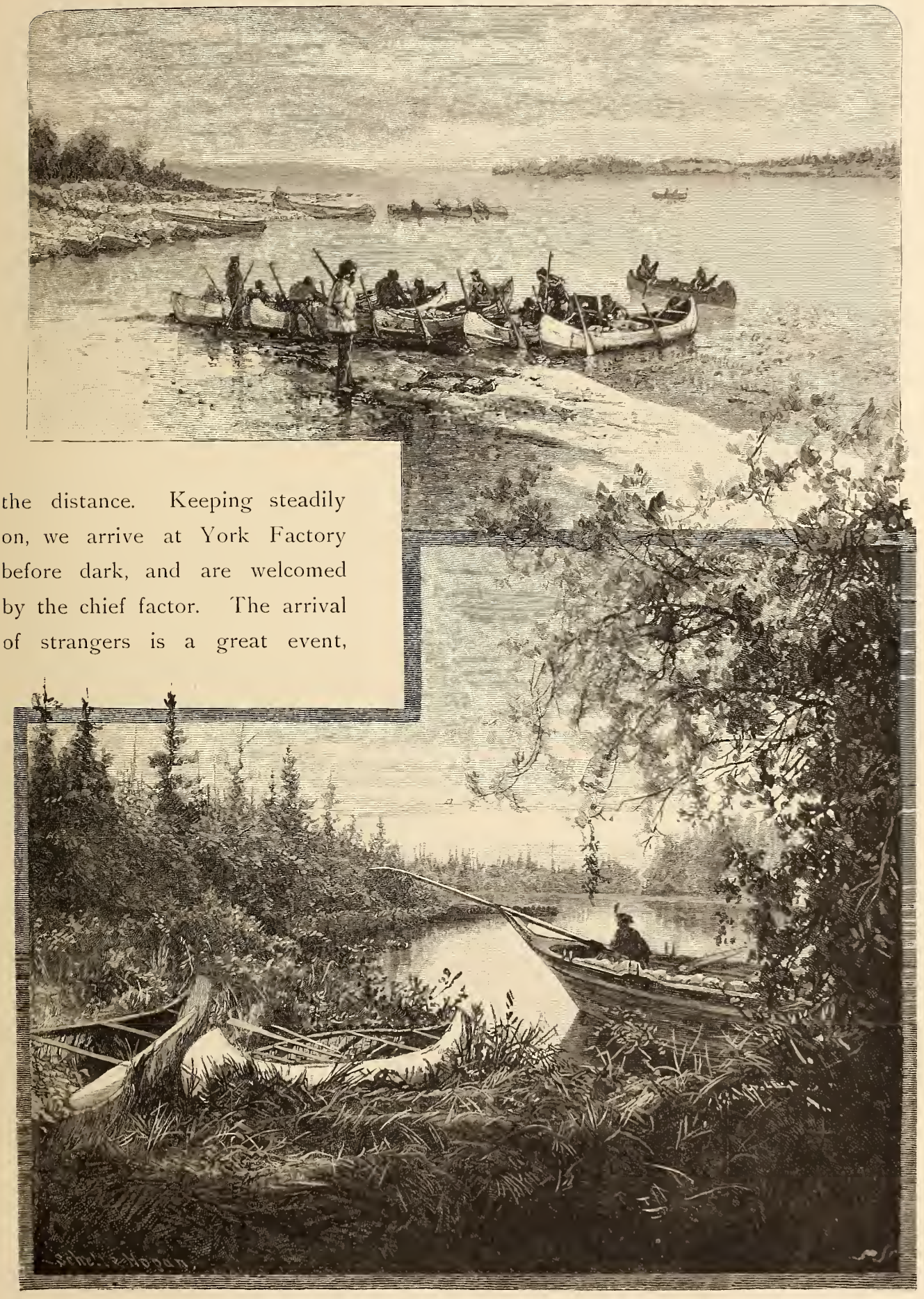
the hill, and also the flat ground between it and the lake, were dotted with the tents and wigwams of the Indians who had come to trade, and who were now enjoying their summer loafing season. Scores of small bark canoes, most of them turned upside down, were lying along the beach, and everything betokened peace and idleness.

We were hospitably entertained by the gentleman in charge of the post, and next morning resumed our journey. In descending Trout River, which discharges Oxford into Knee Lake, progress is interrupted by Trout Falls, a perpendicular chute. It requires but a short time, however, to drag our boat over the portage, as it is only twenty-four yards long. Here, we met a party of men coming up the river with the small York boat elsewhere represented in our sketch.

Knee Lake, so called from a bend about the middle of its course of forty miles, is studded with a great number of islands. It discharges by the Jack River, another rapid stream, into Swampy Lake, the last on our route. Leaving this lake, we enter Hill River, which for twenty miles spreads out widely between low banks and flows with a strong current through a curious labyrinth of hundreds of small islands, all of them well wooded. As we are carried rapidly along, winding in and out among the lanes of eddying water, new and beautiful vistas open out to the right and left at every turn. Looking down one of the numerous avenues among the varying banks of foliage, as we approach the lower end of the archipelago, a new feature in the landscape comes all at once into view, in the shape of a single conical hill, rising apparently out of a great depression ahead of us. Its distance is just sufficient to invest it with a pleasing tint of blue. The novelty of the sight in this too level country is positively refreshing, and our men, as if prompted by a common impulse of delight, spring to their feet and give a hearty cheer. The river, which takes its name from this hill, now descends rapidly, and there is great excitement in running the numerous and formidable-looking chutes; but our crew know every turn, and we pass them all in safety. We soon come opposite the high cone, and, landing, walk to the summit, which proves, by the aneroid barometer, to be 392 feet above the water. From the top of this singular pile of earth, known as Brassy Hill, an unbroken view of the level-wooded country, spreading out like the ocean, on all sides, is obtained. About twenty shining lakes of various sizes break the monotony of the dark spruce forest; while our river, hidden here and there by its own banks, winds, like a silvery thread, away off to the horizon.

We pass the last chute at a place called The Rock, a short distance farther on, but still about 140 miles from York Factory. Henceforward, we are borne along by a swift unbroken current, between banks of clay, all the way to the head of tide-water. Eighty miles before reaching York, the Hill River is joined on the left by the Fox River, and the united stream becomes the Steel River. Thirty miles on, the Shawmattawa falls in on the right, and we have now the Hayes' River for the remainder of

the distance. Keeping steadily on, we arrive at York Factory before dark, and are welcomed by the chief factor. The arrival of strangers is a great event,



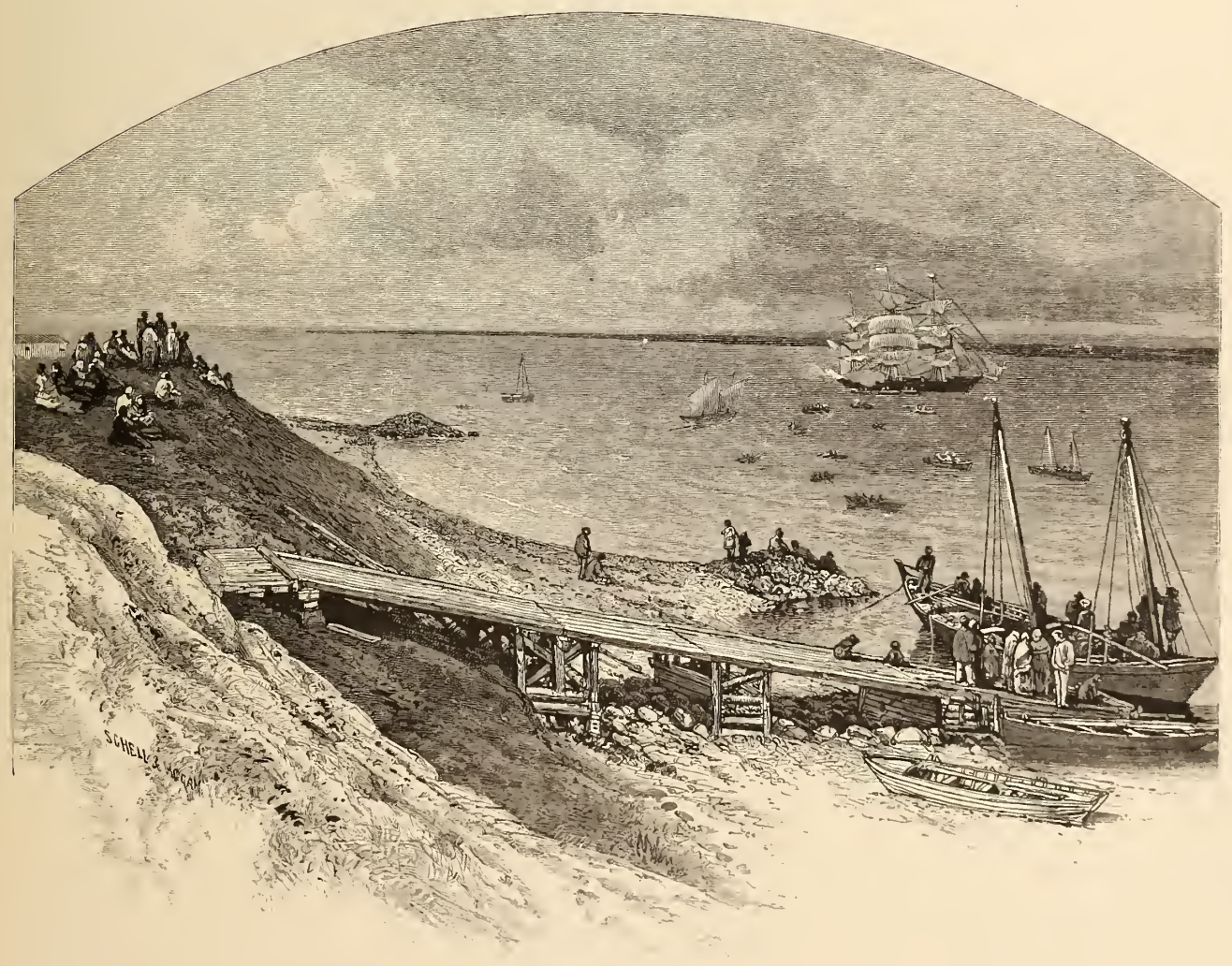
ON THE GREAT AND LITTLE CHURCHILL RIVERS.

and as we walk up from the landing, all the Indians, squaws and children about the place congregate on the bank to have a look at us. This old establishment is of rectangular form, surrounded by high palisades, with a large store-house or factory in the centre, and streets of wooden buildings on three sides. The mission church stands outside, a short distance to the north.

Before the enormous region between Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains was approached from the south by steamboats and railways, York Factory was the depôt for receiving the furs from the interior and sending inland the goods which arrived by the ships from England. The fine furs annually collected here from all quarters often represented millions of dollars in value. It is popularly supposed that the fur-bearing animals of these regions are easily trapped. There could scarcely be a greater mistake. The life of the Indian fur hunter is really a most arduous one. Our picture represents a group of these hardy fellows tramping on their snowshoes to a hunting ground where they expect better luck than they had at their last camp. The packs they carry contain their clothing and blankets, ammunition, some meat and perhaps a little tea and tobacco. The toboggan, hauled in turn by each, has stowed upon it their kettles, traps and the peltries so far secured. They have left their last camping place early in the bitterly cold morning and after a heavy march of about twenty miles, through the dreary woods, the thermometer far below zero and the snow often drifting in their faces, they will scoop out a hole with their snowshoes and camp for the night. Having arrived at the proposed hunting-ground, they build a wigwam and next day begin to mark out by "blazing" (or clipping the trees here and there) long trails or "martinlines," near which they set their "dead-falls" and steel traps. These lines make great sweeps, often two or three days' travel in length, starting out in one direction and coming back to camp by another. The trapper walks round his line every few days to secure the martens, minks, fishers, etc., which have been caught, and to see that the dead-falls are all properly set and baited. This work is varied now and then by a run after deer, or digging out a hibernating bear or a family of beavers—the last mentioned being a difficult undertaking and none too well rewarded by the value of the animals captured.

At the time of our arrival at York Factory the annual ship from England was anxiously expected, and a few days afterwards she was sighted in the offing. A pilot was sent out, who brought her into the river at the next tide and anchored her opposite the Factory. This was the event of the year. The very sight of the ship, as she ploughed her way proudly up the river with her white sails swelling before a light breeze from the north, brought to the minds of the English and Scotch exiles of York Factory many thoughts of home and country. A salute is fired from the battery on the bank and answered from the ship, just before she drops her anchor. In a short time the whole available population sets to work to unload the vessel. This

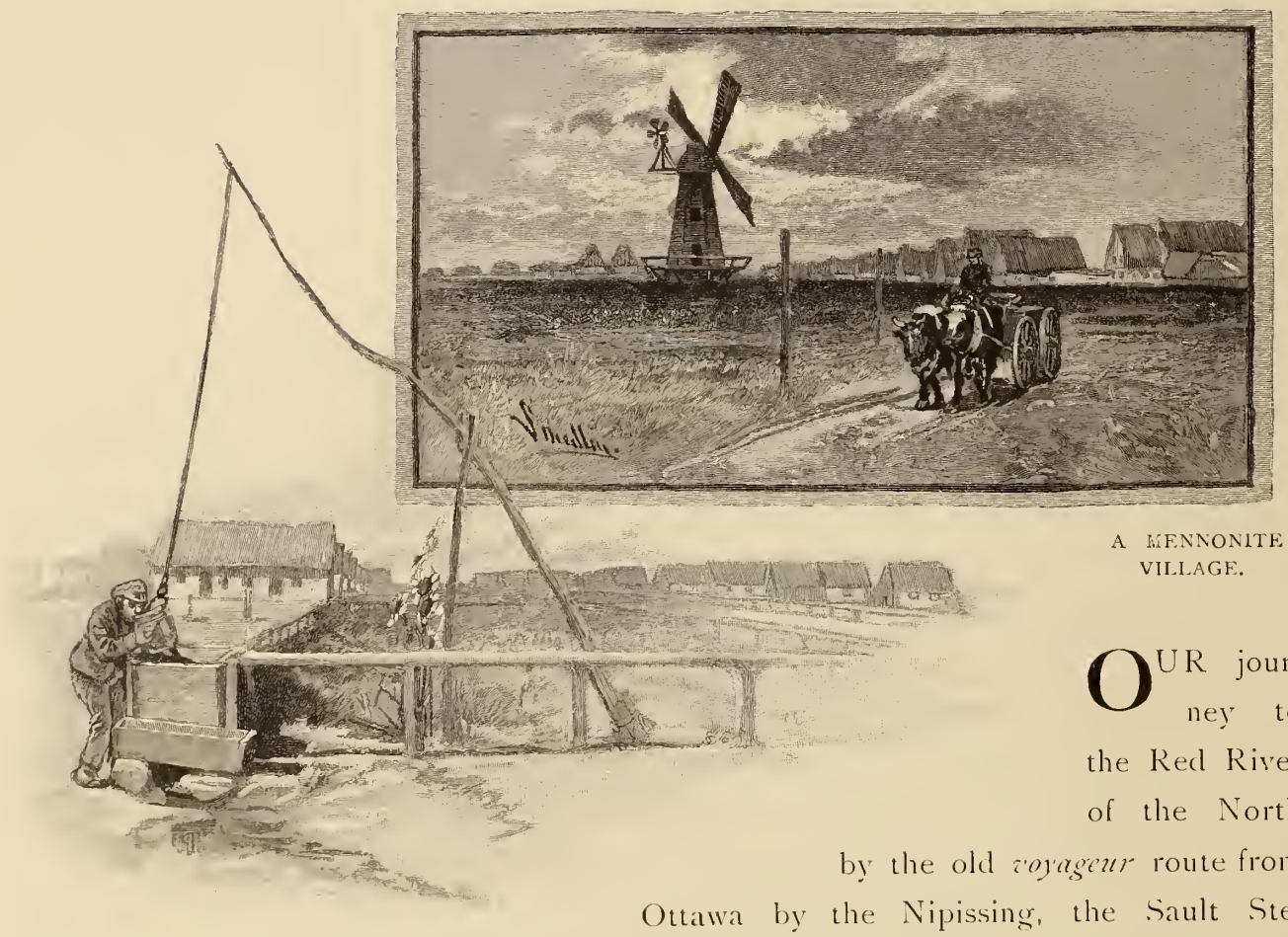
done, at the top of high water of the next tide she weighs anchor, and moves out to sea, homeward bound. As she sails away, her diminishing form is watched by many eyes, and when she vanishes out of sight, all the people of York resign themselves to the long winter soon to close in upon them. On an average voyage, the ship crosses the bay and clears Hudson's Straits in about a week. In a fortnight more she is off the Land's End, and inside of another week she reports herself in London. The voyages of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships have been made with regularity for more than one hundred years, and the day may not be far distant when a great part of the trade of the North-west shall find its outlet by this route. York Factory and the fine harbour of Churchill, although in the very centre of the continent, are as near Liverpool as is Montreal; while they are at the same time within a moderate distance of the confines of the almost boundless agricultural regions of the great Canadian North-west.



YORK FACTORY—ARRIVAL OF HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S SHIP.

THE NORTH-WEST:

THE MENNONITES.



A MENNONITE VILLAGE.

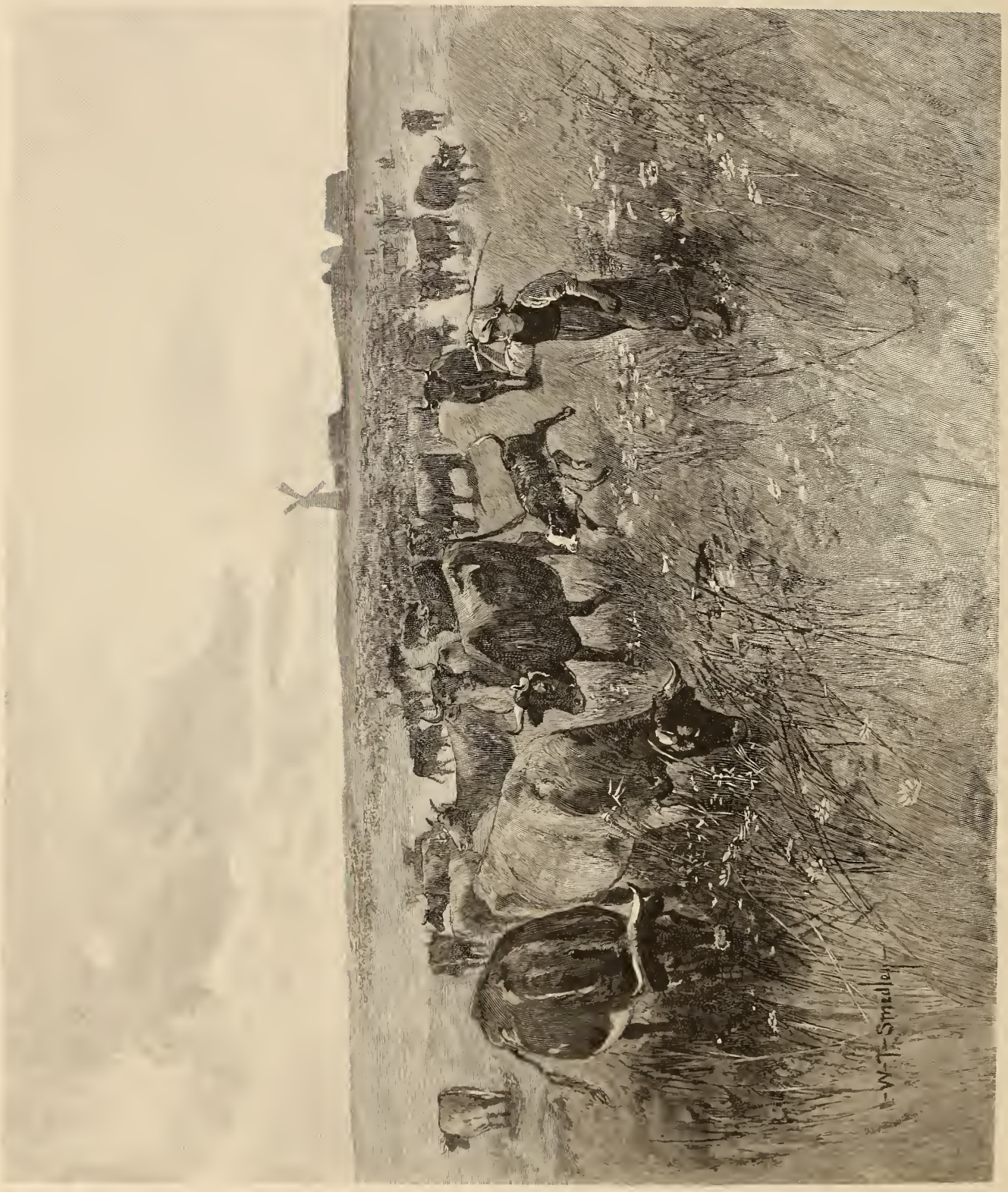
OUR journey to the Red River of the North by the old *voyageur* route from Ottawa by the Nipissing, the Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William showed us how to reach the North-west, across Canadian lands and waters; and our expedition from Winnipeg by York Factory to England showed us how to leave it, without putting foot on foreign soil. The first of these two routes is historically Canadian; the second, historically English. The first will soon be all-rail; the second can never be good for more than four or five months of the year.

From Winnipeg as a starting-point, the artist should make several short excursions, before taking the long road west to the Rocky Mountains. In August or September, when mosquitoes cease from troubling, one can most pleasantly get acquainted with the picturesque features of the country, and the characteristics of its conglomerate of nationalities. He can drive down the river to the Stone Fort and Selkirk, and

thence to the thriving Indian settlement of St. Peter's, through some of the most beautiful scenery in the North-west. Without going much farther from his base, he can visit the Icelandic and the Mennonite settlement, two ancient communities which, starting from the opposite ends of Europe, have sought and found homes for themselves in the heart of Canada. The prairie is seen at its best, and enjoyed most, on the back of a horse or from a buckboard. It is more diversified and broken than appears from a general view. The first impression of monotony soon wears away. And if the tourist has a gun, and knows how to use it, he may have sport to his heart's content. Mallard, teal, spoonbill and other species of duck, three or four kinds of geese, and a dozen varieties of waders—snipe and curlew predominating—are found in and about every creek, pond and lake. Prairie chickens are omnipresent in the open; and the wooded districts have the partridge and rabbit. Sand-hill cranes, as large as turkeys, and almost as good eating, are plentiful. But the sportsman must now go farther afield for elk, deer, bear and buffalo.

The prairie stream has special characteristics. Muddy at high water, it is always clear in summer, though unlike the brawling mountain torrent or the brook that ripples over a pebbly bed: in spots haunted by wild fowl: and where the wood has been allowed to grow, and shade the water from bank to bank, it has beauties all its own. The loam of the prairie cuts out easily when called on by running water. A few plough-furrows may before a year become a stream fifteen or twenty yards wide. This, joined by other "runs," and fed from the lower-lying lands, becomes in the rainy season a wide and deep creek. Should succeeding years be dry, vegetation may grow on the banks and form a sod so tough that the process of erosion is stopped. Otherwise, it may go on to an extraordinary degree. Hence the rivers are generally very wide from bank to bank, and every year the smaller streams encroach on the prairie. Old settlers say that seventy years ago, the Red River could be bridged at any point by felling a tree on its banks. Now, the tallest Douglas pine from the Pacific Slope would fall short. All along the banks of creeks near Winnipeg, buildings may be seen undermined by erosion, and fences suspended in mid-air. Sometimes, a stream that flows through forest within well-defined banks spreads when it reaches the open and becomes a dismal swamp. Every stream makes its way through the prairie in the most tortuous way imaginable. Peninsulas of various sizes and shapes are formed, and occasionally a complete circle is described.

Belts and "bluffs" of wood break the monotony of the prairie almost everywhere in Manitoba except on the Mennonite Reserve. This great treeless expanse was shunned by the first immigrants into the province, but the Mennonites have proved to them their mistake. Starting from Emerson, the "Gateway City," the traveller does not proceed far on his way to the setting sun before a broad level prairie, extending twenty-four miles to the north and thirty to the west, opens out before him. This is



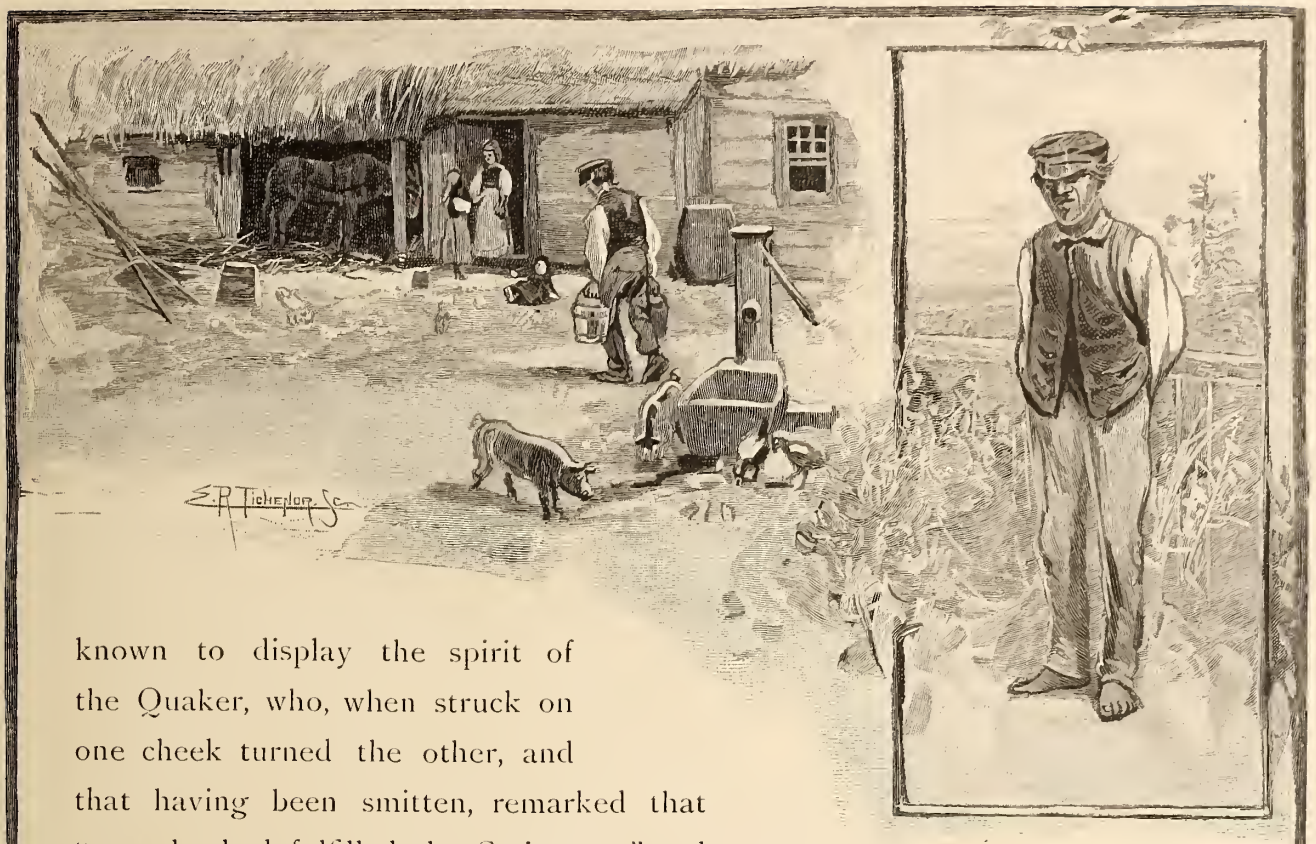
A MENNONITE GIRL HERDING CATTLE.

the Reserve, a beautiful stretch of farming land, unbroken by a single acre that is not first-class. Odd-looking, old-fashioned villages now dot the plain in every direction. One street of steep-roofed, low-walled houses, with an old-country air of pervading quiet and an uniform old-country look about the architecture, describes them all. There are about eighty of these villages in the Reserve. The farms are innocent alike of fences and of buildings. Each village has its herdsman, who goes out daily with the cattle. The husbandmen live in the villages, submitting to the inconvenience of distance from their work, in order the better to preserve their language, religion and customs, and enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse. To a stranger these pleasures would appear not to be very great. "They never have no tea-meetin's nor dances," said an old settler, of a rather different nationality, "and when they drink, every man walks up to the bar and pays for his own liquor. They ain't no good to the country." Notwithstanding this patriarch's very decided opinion, the Mennonites are a great good to the country. Thrifty and industrious farmers, they have already brought a large acreage under cultivation; peaceable and law-abiding citizens, they cost the country nothing for administration of justice. Any disputes that arise are settled amongst themselves, either by the intervention of friends, or, failing that, by the adjudication of the church. This adjudication takes place on Sunday, after public worship. The women and children go home, the parties and their witnesses are then heard, the bishop presiding, and the congregation say what is the "very right and justice of the case." The bishop has jurisdiction over the whole community, is elected for life, and "preaches round." Every village has a preacher of its own, who is elected for life by the villagers, chosen on account of his pious life and gift for exhorting. He receives no salary. The sermons, as might be expected, are generally practical, and as the whole duty of man is quickly exhausted by the preacher, there is frequent exchanging of pulpits with neighbourly pastors. All the people attend church. The men sit on one side and the women on the other. Visiting preachers are placed in an elevated pew to the left of the pulpit; and the choir, consisting of three or four elderly men, sit in a similar pew to the right. The bishop is elected from among the preachers; but though held in high honour, he, too, must support himself. No emoluments are connected with the office. Each village has also a schoolmaster. This functionary is appointed without regard to any particular gift or aptitude. It is enough if he will undertake the duty for a trifling remuneration. Reading, writing and arithmetic are the only subjects he is allowed to teach. Like their forefathers, the Mennonites regard learning as a dangerous thing, and not lightly will they sow its seeds among the young. Their religion has shaped their history. They adhere tenaciously to the same doctrines and forms of worship and government that their German forefathers gathered in the sixteenth century from the Scriptures and good pious Menno Simonis. They reject infant baptism and refuse to take an oath or



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF MENNONITE CHURCH.

bear arms. Compelled to leave Germany on account of their refusal to do military service, they found an asylum in Russia. No better illustration of the helplessness and immobility of the political system of the great European Colossus need be desired than the fact that the Mennonites belonged to it for three centuries without being assimilated. Under the administration of the late Czar, the national faith that had been so long pledged to them was broken and their immunity from military service withdrawn. Obeying conscience, they parted with houses and lands for what they could get, and sought new homes once more. Their rule against fighting soon brought them into contempt with the early settlers in Manitoba, who not appreciating so tame a principle, would ever and anon test its reality by dealing out kicks and thumps to the long-suffering Mennonites. Under great provocation, some of them have been



known to display the spirit of the Quaker, who, when struck on one cheek turned the other, and that having been smitten, remarked that "now he had fulfilled the Scriptures," and forthwith proceeded to pay back the aggressor in kind, and with usury. As



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF MENNONITE DWELLING.

a rule the Mennonites are honest, upright and moral, and were it not for the filthiness of their domestic habits they would be more respected by the "white men" of the country than they are. Most of their dwellings consist of a timber frame, built in with large sun-dried bricks of earth and straw, and covered with a straw-thatched roof. The ground is their floor. Fowls and other domestic animals have the freedom of the house. At meals all the members of the family eat out of one large dish placed in the centre of the table—a custom borrowed perhaps from Scripture, or it may be a trace of communism. The men generally are slow workers and move about with great deliberation. A large share of the out-door work falls to the lot of the women, who may be seen harrowing or even ploughing in the fields.

The Mennonites came to Manitoba in 1876, and they have prospered exceedingly. They at once accommodated themselves to the climate and all the material conditions that they found in the new world. Their religious faith, social cohesion and simple piety make them excellent pioneers. A better substratum for character could not be desired, and though at present sternly intolerant of all change, new ideas will gradually dawn upon their horizon and they will become good Canadians. They have long been accustomed to self-government, and that is always the right training for free men. Each village elects two masters; a herd schultz who is pathmaster and overseer of the herders; and a brontschultz, who looks after property and insurance. Every villager's property is appraised, and in case of fire, the sufferer gets two-thirds of his loss made up to him by a ratable assessment. A Kaiser or general business manager of the community is elected annually. He and the village masters constitute a kind of municipal council. They meet every Saturday afternoon in Reinland or Windmill village, as it is the "Capital" of the colony and has the largest church.

Already, a progressive class is arising among the Mennonites—American and Canadian solvents are evidently more potent than Russian. Some of the younger men wish that English should be taught in the schools, and hold other heterodox views equally abominable to the seniors. Some of the young women have seen Emerson, and sigh for the dainty bonnets and shapely dresses their "white" sisters wear. But the merchants of Emerson and West Lynn have few good words to say for the Mennonites. And travellers who have been in their villages report them churlish and unfriendly, as well as dirty in their houses and habits. But let them have reason to think their visitor friendly, and their real nature comes out. Oats are brought for his horse, and a cup of the best coffee to be had in the province, for himself. The coffee is ground as it is needed, in a little mill, with which, and with a brass or copper kettle, every house is supplied. Pipes are also brought out, for all—boys and men—smoke. A lad in his teens may be seen filially supplying his aged father with a light. Is it at all wonderful that we bid them a friendly farewell, quite convinced that there are worse people in the world than the Mennonites?



NEAR FORT CALGARRY—LOOKING TOWARDS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

FROM A SKETCH BY HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE NORTH-WEST:

WINNIPEG TO ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



NEAR PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.



OLD CHURCH NEAR LANDING.

TO summarize the great North-west is confessedly difficult, although Lord Dufferin's declaration that its "illimitable dimensions alike confound the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer" is a slightly post-prandial way of stating the fact. Perhaps the best way to give correct impressions to an ordinary reader is to take him on an expedition from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains. Having ridden across seas of green for fifty or an hundred miles at a stretch, swam mighty rivers, shot grizzly bears under the shadows of the mountains of the

setting sun, hunted buffalo with the Blackfeet or the Mounted Police, prospected for coal or timber limits, lost his way on an alkaline or cactus flat, or some semi-desert treeless expanse where no sign of animal life breaks the terrible solitariness from horizon to horizon, he is likely to return home a wiser man as regards the extent, character and probable destiny of the North-west. He can choose one of three routes for his expedition: either by steamer down Red River and Lake Winnipeg to the rapids of the Saskatchewan, and up this great river from that point to Fort Edmonton; or by the Canadian Pacific Railway due west as far as it will take him; or by the old-fashioned methods of prairie locomotion, horseback, a Red River cart, or a buckboard, along the trail north-westerly—the general course for a great part of the way being between the two more modern routes. Before starting, a brief description of the leading features of the country may not be out of place.

The thousand miles of alluvial that stretches from our Rocky Mountains to Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay slopes downwards to the east and the north. The rivers consequently run to the east and north. The Red River rises in Minnesota, and cuts out for itself a tortuous, ever-widening trench or canal through the prairie, northerly to Lake Winnipeg. To men accustomed to see rivers running to the south, the Red River always seems to be going up-hill. The fountain-heads of the two Saskatchewans are in the glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, and the accumulated tribute of a thousand streams is poured by their united channel into the same great reservoir of Lake Winnipeg, which then discharges itself by the Nelson into Hudson's Bay. At the base of the mountain chain the elevation is between three and four thousand feet, while in the Red River valley it is only about seven hundred feet above sea level. The traveller from Winnipeg westward is thus always going up-hill, though he is quite unconscious of the fact, so gradual is the slope. A rise of nearly three thousand feet is spread over a thousand miles. Captain Palliser pointed out that this great sloping plain is divided into three distinct steppes. The first springs from the Lake of the Woods, and trending to the south-west, crosses the Red River well south of the boundary line. Thence it extends in a north-westerly direction under the names of Pembina Mountain, the sand dunes of the Assineboine, the Riding, Duck, Porcupine, and Pas Mountains, to near Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan. The average altitude of this easterly steppe is from eight to nine hundred feet. It includes the valley or plain of the Red River, which, though low and marshy in many places, especially in the neighbourhood of Lakes Manitoba and Winnepegoosis, has everywhere a soil of inexhaustible fertility. To the old half-breed farmer the marshes were indispensable as "hay-swamps;" and his more scientific successors do not despise them, especially in dry seasons. After crossing this steppe, and ascending the eastern face of any of the hills or "mountains" that bound it on the west, the traveller finds, to his astonishment, that "the mountain" has disappeared, and that he stands on a plain almost as level as the one left behind,

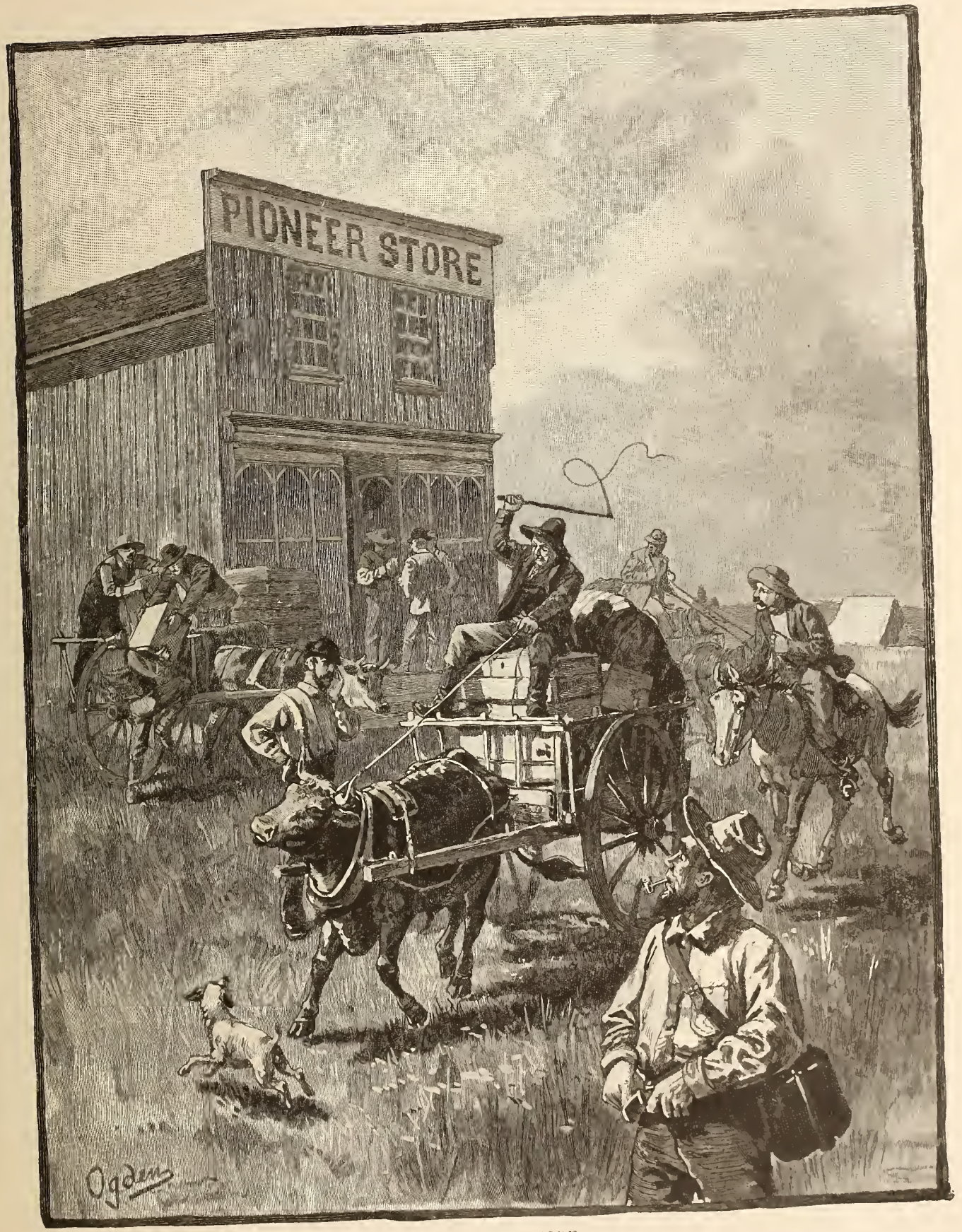


BANKS OF THE RED RIVER.

but much better adapted to farming purposes, as "the soil is warmer, the surface more rolling, and therefore drier, and the water of a better quality and more plentiful in the form of brooks." This second steppe extends west to the *coteau* of the Missouri, thence northwards to the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan, on to the Eagle Hills near Battleford, and north-westwardly to Lac La Biche. Its mean altitude is about sixteen hundred feet. The southern half was formerly considered to be semi-desert, on account of insufficient rainfall, while the northern half, sweeping up to and round the North Saskatchewan, was called in contradistinction "The Fertile Belt"; but it is now known—chiefly from the explorations of Professor Macoun, the Dominion Botanist—that ninety per cent. of the whole of this vast middle plain is farming land of the very best quality, and that the average rainfall is quite sufficient for the growth of cereals. Indeed, during the last few years the tide of immigration has rolled over the southern

in preference to the northern half, and by the unanimous consent of actual settlers, the country is pronounced to be "the garden of the Lord." This fact has had great influence in determining the location of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When it was universally believed that the good land of the North-west was pretty much confined to the North Saskatchewan, the engineer-in-chief very naturally ran the line in that direction as far as Edmonton; all the more because it was known that the Yellow Head—the best pass through the Rocky Mountains—was in the same latitude, and that the far-reaching prairies that border the Peace River extended away to the north. But when, in consequence of explorations made at Mr. Fleming's urgent request, the real character of the southern country along the Qu'Appelle became known, it was evident that a more direct and shorter railway, running due west, would have many advantages, and that it was worth while to try to force a way through the Rockies by the Kicking Horse or some other Pass. The third prairie steppe extends to the Rocky Mountains. "This section is more broken than the others, and large tracts are better suited for pasturage than for the plough. Salt lakes and ponds, rolling hills, alkaline flats, deep ravines, called *coulées*, and rivers flowing in deep channels, are its leading features." Ranches have been taken up here by enterprising cattle-breeders from the older provinces. Herds of the best breeds are already roaming by thousands along the scores of streams that issue from the flanks of the mountains, and subsequently unite to form the St. Mary's, the Bow, Belly, and Red Deer Rivers. Exposures of coal beds, simply immense in thickness and extent, form another marked characteristic of this third steppe. The coal crops out along the river banks from near the boundary line to the Mackenzie River, and, though cretaceous, is used for all purposes like ordinary coal.

The old-fashioned way of crossing this broken billowy sea of green and gold that slopes upwards from Winnipeg to the Rockies is the best of all ways for a holiday party. The outfit need not be extensive. A Red River cart is desirable, a primitive looking affair, not an ounce of iron in it, and tough as hickory. Its great broad wheels bear up the little box with its half ton of stores and tent, when crossing swamps where an ordinary cart would sink to the hubs or perhaps altogether out of sight. An Indian or half-breed may be utilized as driver, cook and guide. You jog along on horseback, driving before you two or three ponies as relays. No need to carry oats. The nutritious grasses will keep your horses in good condition for weeks of travel. There is no road but the trail Hard, black and glittering in dry weather, only let the least shower fall, and the black loam sticks in a wonderful way to the wheels and the horses' hoofs. The best course then is to turn aside to the grass on either hand, and make a new trail for yourself, and pray for dry weather. A furious storm of rain or perhaps hail will come with little notice, accompanied with thunder and lightning absolutely terrific to those who have experienced only the mild electric



A PIONEER STORE.

disturbances of the eastern provinces. Always start before sunrise and camp before sunset, and look out for a site near good water, wood and a pleasant prospect. Many a pleasant camping ground you can promise yourself! Many a delightful ride, the

summer and autumn air always sweet, flower-scented, charged with pulse-stimulating electricity! Good shooting and good appetites go without saying.

Leaving Winnipeg and its wondrous bustle and "booms" behind, the first objective point is Portage la Prairie. The old trail keeps near the Assineboine. Far away stretches the level prairie, dotted sometimes with islets of aspens, sometimes with huge hay stacks and the houses of settlers. Not one-hundredth part of the land is under the plough, and yet it might all be bearing the best of wheat. What a wonderful air to breathe! Pure as in mid-winter, soft and sweet as from a bank of flowers, exhilarating as the breath of the North always is. Higher than ever you have seen it before and vaster is the great over-arching dome of deepest blue, flecked with masses of cloud, white as driven snow. Slowly the sun goes down, the last rim of the orb seen as from a ship's deck on the shoreless ocean. The dew falls heavily. The cooler air makes blankets welcome overnight even in mid-summer, and a cup of hot tea—nowhere so fragrant as on the prairies—equally welcome before starting again in the early morning. Portage la Prairie is one of the places that it would be a waste of time to describe. It is growing like Jonah's gourd, and the description of the village of to-day would be unsuited to the town of to-morrow and the city of next week. When the municipal assessment increases fifteen hundred per cent. in a single year, Dominie Sampson's "Prodigious!" is the only language that does justice to the occasion. Should the proposed ship canal between Lake Manitoba and the Assineboine be constructed, this rate of progress will probably be continued for a time; and as there are only twenty-six miles of low-lying prairie between the lake and the river, such a canal could be completed without difficulty. The "Portage," as the town is usually called, is beautifully situated on the banks of the Assineboine. Near by, a long, narrow, shallow, reed-fringed lake or slough indicates an old channel of the river. This slough—or, to use the vernacular of the place, "slew"—is a favourite haunt of wild duck, and the rich grass on the plains for miles round swarms with prairie chicken. It is a veritable sportsman's paradise.

From Portage la Prairie the railway keeps due west up the Assineboine. At Brandon, where the river turns to the north, the railway crosses it and holds on its westerly course. At the Portage, the trail strikes somewhat northerly in the direction of Fort Ellice, formerly an important centre of the Hudson's Bay Company. In a more direct northerly line, valuable forest extends from the south end of Lake Manitoba by the Riding, Duck and Porcupine Mountains, and thence north-westwards to the junction of the North and South Saskatchewan. Between the Portage and Fort Ellice, the land has been homesteaded and pre-empted by immigrants. Towns and villages are springing up in every direction, and vast breadths of fertile land which had lain unoccupied for centuries are being broken in upon by the plough. The Pioneer Store is the best point of vantage from which to study the new life that is flow-



EMIGRANT TRAIN, ASSINEBOINE VALLEY.



ing over the great lone land of a decade ago. This invaluable depôt, with its varied assortment of hard-ware, utensils and implements, dry-goods, groceries, gunpowder, fish-hooks and bibles, is always on the fringe of settlement. It cheers the advance of civilization, and is the base of all farther operations.

A magnificent view of the country in every direction opens out on the edge of the plateau, overlooking the Assineboine, over against Fort Ellice. Miles away from us, on the opposite bank, the wooden buildings of the Fort gleam white and shining under the light of the declining sun. A long train of freighters' wagons are on their way down the broad valley. Far to the south and north runs the river, to all appearance still as broad and deep as at Winnipeg. It is joined here from the

west by the Qu'Appelle, which is seen breaking through the plateau behind which the sun is setting. The united river meanders through the intervale at our feet, cutting out necks, islands and peninsulas of land of all shapes and sizes, some green and grassy, others covered with willows or heavier timber. Not far from "the Crossing" is a camp of Indians; and near by, a half-breed patriarch, who might be mistaken for an Indian, has also pitched camp. The family have sold out their Red River farm to a speculator, and are travelling to seek a new home farther west. The patched and blackened tent, the listless attitude of the inmates, and the general poverty-stricken look of things are all unpromising; but notwithstanding, the half-breeds make good pioneers.

Between the mouth of the Qu'Appelle and any point on the Saskatchewan every day's ride reveals new scenes of a country, bleak enough in winter, but in summer fair and promising as the heart of man can desire; rolling and level prairie; gently swelling uplands; wooded knolls; broken hills, with gleaming lakes interspersed One trail leads to the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan, and thence to Battleford; another to Fort Carlton; another to Fort Pelly. The most beautiful section of this region is the Touchwood Hills—a succession of elevated prairie uplands extensive enough to constitute a province. At a distance they appear as a line of hills stretching away in a north-westerly direction, but the rise from the level prairie is so gentle and undulating that the traveller never finds out where the hills actually commence. There are no sharply defined summits from which other hills and the distant plain on either side can be seen. Grassy or wooded knolls enclose fields that look as if they had been cultivated to produce hay crops; or sparkling lakelets, the homes of snipe, plover and duck. Long reaches of fertile lowlands alternate with hillsides as fertile, Avenues of whispering trees promise lodge or gate, but lead only to *Chateaux en Espagne*.

Soon after leaving the Touchwood Hills, we come to the watershed of the South Saskatchewan; another region that may be easily converted into a garden; now boldly irregular and again a stretch of level prairie; at intervals swelling into softly-rounded knolls, or opening out into fair expanses; well-wooded, and abounding in pools and lakelets, most of them alkaline. We pass a long line of freighters' wagons, and almost every day immigrants pressing west in their prairie "schooners;" caravans or "brigades" of half-breeds also, their carts laden with Buffalo skins and dried meat, returning east after a buffalo hunt, of which they have probably seen the end. At the last ridge, we can see where—fifteen miles farther west—the South Branch of the Saskatchewan rolls along to the north-east. The horizon is bounded by hills far on the other side of the great stream. Those of our party who are bound for Fort Carlton make for the nearest ford and then reach the North Branch of the river by crossing the intervening plateau, at this point only eighteen miles wide. If we cross the river at



HALF-BREED CAMP.

the Elbow, we have a much longer ride before reaching Battleford. Formerly, Fort Carlton was an important post; but now, the Prince Albert settlement, fifty miles down stream, and—in the other direction—Battleford, till 1882 the Capital of the North-west Territories, is of greater consequence politically and commercially.

Battleford is situated on the south bank of the Battle River, near its confluence with the Saskatchewan. On the opposite bank of the river are the quarters of a detachment of the North-west Mounted Police. Here, we first meet representatives of this force, whose soldierly qualities are the praise of everyone entitled to speak of soldiers. Only three hundred in number, until increased to five hundred in 1882, they have been intrusted with the preservation of peace over the whole North-west, and they have done



AT THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

the work to the satisfaction of the Government and the country. The Indians have been made to feel the majesty and the blessing of law, without an outbreak or a shot fired on either side. Two or three of the force have been known to ride into a camp of hundreds of armed savages and arrest on the spot and carry off for trial an armed swaggerer accused of murder—a signal proof of the supremacy of law, as Indians regard a member of their band as a brother, whose case they are bound, by ties of blood and sentiment, to make their own. Whiskey-traders, who formerly built forts and lived at license where they listed, have had their stores confiscated and themselves driven across the boundary line, in a state of intense disgust at the force and British institutions generally. No exercise of authority has been more appreciated by the Indians, for they hate whiskey-traders as much as they love whiskey. Though the force is scattered over the country at Carlton, Battleford, Edmonton, Forts Pelly, McLeod, Walsh, and other points hundreds of miles distant from each other, and unconnected by telegraph, the smallest detachment has always proved large enough for any duty with which it has been intrusted—an evidence of moral power that could have been acquired only by a long course of just and considerate dealing. The Indian policy of the Canadian Government is sometimes declared to be a failure, and at other times is mildly censured as expensive. Though by no means perfect, it may challenge comparison with that of the United States, or of any other civilized nation towards a weaker race. Judged by its fruits—the maintenance of order without shedding blood, and the steady growth of a conviction among the Indians that the Government means fairly by them—it may even be pronounced a success.

Crossing the North Saskatchewan, either at Carlton or Battleford, we continue our westerly course up the great mountain stream, which, like the Assineboine, seems scarcely to decrease in size the nearer we get to its source. The trail leads across a hilly country, intersected by scores of rivulets flowing from the north, a sight gladdening to eyes long accustomed only to streamless prairie. The windings of those numerous tributaries of the North Saskatchewan relieve the scenery from monotony. Every hour's ride presents us with a new view. We cross valleys singularly disproportioned in the magnitude of every feature to the size of the streams flowing through them; and lose ourselves in vast depressions, surrounded on all sides by hills, like the "punch-bowls" of the south of Scotland. From elevated points, far and wide, stretches can be seen of a country rich in loamy soil, grasses, wood, and water. Groves of tall white spruce in the gullies and along lake sides, branching poplars, with occasional clumps of white birch or tamarac, mingle with the still-prevailing aspen. The sombre spruces give new colour, and their tall pointed heads a new outline, to the landscape. Sometimes the trail leads across a wide open plateau, or up and down a long bare slope; sometimes through forest where no underbrush interposes obstacles to pleasant riding, while immediately ahead the wood always seems impenetrably close; sometimes

by apparently cultivated fields, hemmed in at varying distances by graceful trees, through whose branches the waters of a lake gleam, or the rough back of a hill rises, with higher uplands beyond, giving a more distant horizon. Occasionally we get a glimpse of the Saskatchewan, running like a mass of molten lead, free from rapid or sand-bar, between far-extending hills covered with young aspens. The frequent fires, kindled and left smouldering by careless travellers and Indians, keep down the growth of wood all over the North-west—a carelessness that settlers in future years are sure to rue bitterly. For one of the gravest of the unsolved problems connected with the colonization of the country is the consequent scarcity of timber. Tree planting, on an extensive scale, should be encouraged by both Provincial and Dominion Governments.

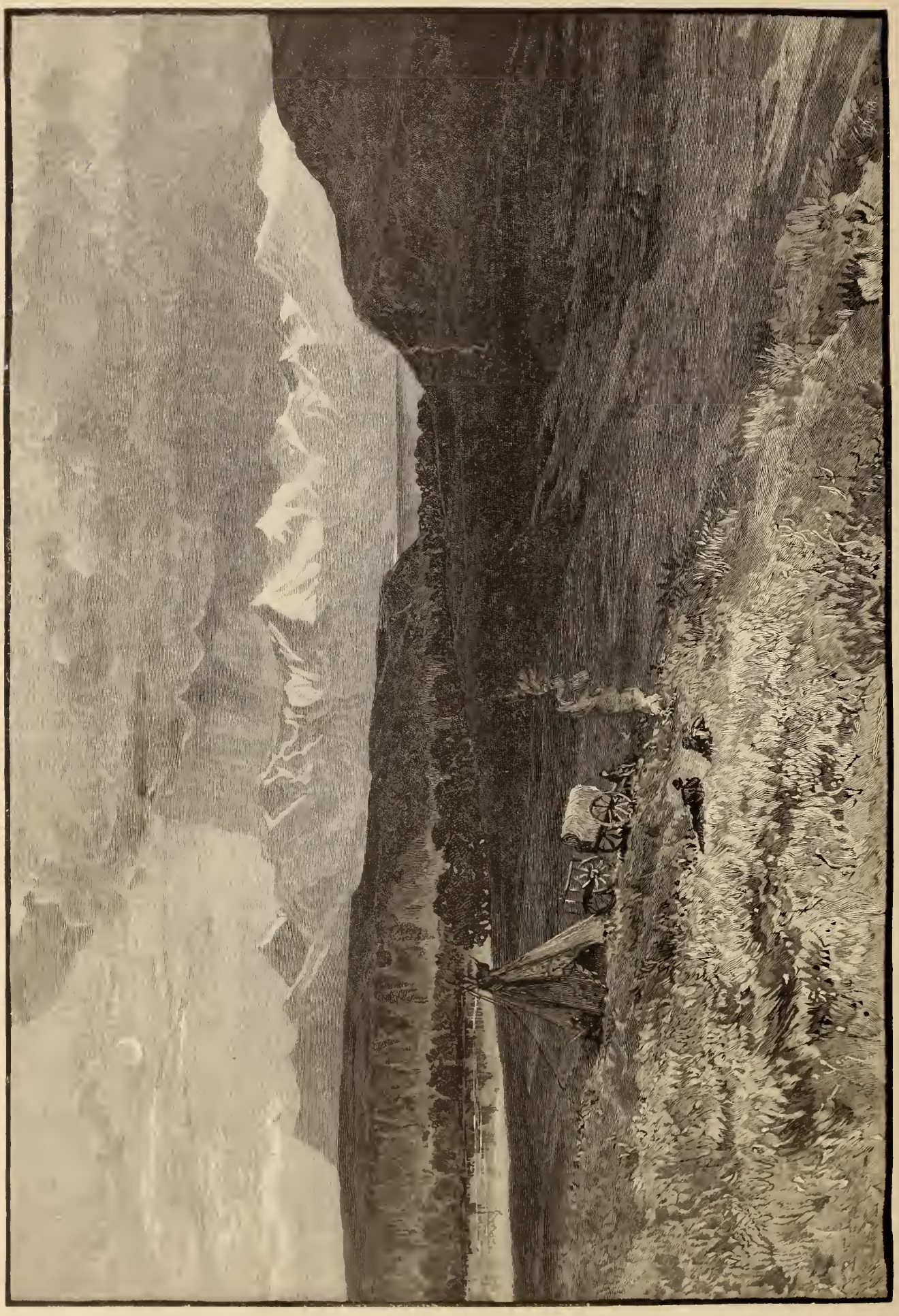
On the way to Edmonton we are sure to fall in with occasional camps of Crees. They are all friendly; and ever ready for a talk and a smoke, if you supply the tobacco. The squaws will barter freely their berries, fish, wild ducks or dried buffalo meat, for a little flour, tea, tobacco or any trinkets or luxuries you may offer. Treat them kindly and courteously, for they are the children of the old lords of the soil. Their camp is sure to be picturesquely situated beside a lake stocked with fish, near wood and bushes laden with the Indian pear or rich sasketoon berries.

A peculiar rite of the Indians inhabiting portions of the North-west Territories is the "Dog Feast." This feast is celebrated once a year at the principal points at which the Indians congregate in summer, either for the purpose of fishing or receiving their annuities or treaty-money. In the midst of the proceedings, which are conducted with the utmost gravity by the principal medicine-man of the band, a dog is slain, cut up, cooked and eaten. Although called the Feast of the White Dog, and this colour is preferred, a dog of any other shade will answer the purpose. The ceremony appears to have some analogy to the Hebrew Passover, but its origin and meaning are lost in obscurity, as is the case with most of the religious observances of these Indians. If you have time, it will pay to strike northwards to Lac la Biche, the granary of the Roman Catholic Mission; or to Whitefish Lake where the Indians, under the care of the Methodist Church, are being weaned from nomadic habits and becoming agriculturists.

But our objective point is Fort Edmonton. This thriving settlement, beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan, is destined to become one of the most important centres in the North-west. No matter through what pass of the Rocky Mountains the railway may seek the confines of British Columbia, the position of Edmonton, between the boundless plains that extend along both sides of the Peace River, as it sweeps in majestic curves to the north, and the country to the south watered by the multitudinous streams that converge to form the South Saskatchewan, determines its future as a great distributing point. It is immediately surrounded also by stretches of splendid farming land; is rich with exhaustless forests, coal, and lakes and streams full of white fish and sturgeon; and the expenditure of a



NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.



KOOTANEY—FROM A SKETCH BY HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

moderate sum would enable a steamer to make an unbroken voyage between Edmonton and Lake Manitoba. The Peace River country is so far to the north that it is difficult to think of it as suited to the growth of cereals; but it is still more difficult to reject the testimonies to its fitness, and to the vastness of its undeveloped wealth. "A canoe voyage from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific," by the late Sir George Simpson, edited with notes by Malcolm McLeod, is crammed full of facts taken from the journals of responsible officials, all showing that "behind the North wind," or beyond the North-west of which we have been speaking, extends a new region equally vast and promising; wheat and pasture lands, well-timbered, well-watered, and abounding in coal, bitumen and salt. Prof. Macoun declares that this is the richest region of Canada. The mean temperature of the seven months from April to October at Dunvegan is higher than at Halifax, Nova Scotia, almost a thousand miles nearer the equator. Already, the advance guard of an invading host, armed with ploughshares, and accompanied by wives and children and domestic cattle, have reached Edmonton. Very soon their horses and herds will cross the Athabasca, and crop the rich herbage that covers the banks of the Smoky and the Peace Rivers.

In 1882, an order in council divided the North-west, outside of the enlarged Province of Manitoba, into the four districts of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca. The beautiful and rich agricultural valley of the Qu'Appelle must always be the heart of Assiniboia, and the ranches of the Bow River the glory of Alberta. The lands of the North Saskatchewan, along the western section of which we have been travelling, constitute the third province *in posse*. The Peace River country, to be known hereafter as Athabasca, is the only one of the four where a white population has not yet gathered about one or more centres; but this last is likely to excel all the others, and, probably, to be in the end the Banner Province of Canada. Steamboats can navigate the Peace for quite as many months in the year as they now navigate the St. Lawrence. It offers fewer impediments to navigation than either the St. Lawrence or the Saskatchewan. The soil is as rich and the prairies are vaster than in Manitoba or Assiniboia. And the immunity of the whole region, from the "infamous and unspeakable 'hopper,'" throws a heavy weight into the scale in its favour. How does it happen that practically boundless prairies should be found in this far northern and forest area? Dr. G. M. Dawson says that "there can be no doubt that they are produced and maintained by fires. The country is naturally a wooded one, and where fires have not run for a few years, young trees begin rapidly to spring up. The fires are, of course, ultimately attributable to human agency, and it is probable that before the country was inhabited by the Indians it was everywhere densely forest-clad. That the date of origin of the chief prairie tracts now found is remote, is clearly evidenced by their present appearance, and more particularly by the fact that they are everywhere scored and rutted with old buffalo tracks, while every suitable locality is pitted

with the saucer-shaped 'buffalo wallows.'" To the same cause—the action of constantly recurring fires—is to be attributed the absolute treelessness of the prairies for hundreds of miles between the two Saskatchewans and farther south, in the third steppe, where



THE FEAST OF THE WHITE DOG.

alone the prairie is seen in its pure and naked perfection. Here, for day after day, the traveller moves like a speck on the surface of an unbroken and apparently interminable level expanse. Nothing intervenes between him and the horizon, and let him gallop as fast as he will the horizon appears ever the same and at the same distance from him. All the while, too, he sees no living thing on the earth or in the air. Silence as of the grave reigns supreme from morning to night. The spirits of the most buoyant traveller sink as he rides deeper and deeper into this terrible silence, unless he has learned to commune with the Eternal. Knowing the cause of this treelessness, we now know the remedy. Direct human agency can replace what indirect human agency has displaced. Governments, Dominion and local, should at once encourage tree planting on an extensive scale, and the success that has attended systematic efforts in this direction in the Western States is the best encouragement to us to go and do likewise. Such efforts are not needed in Saskatchewan and Athabasca, where there

is abundance of wood, consisting chiefly of aspen, cottonwood, birch and coniferous trees.

Many as are the attractions of Athabasca, we do not propose to visit it on this occasion. At Edmonton we call a halt. Our journey to the west and north is ended. We turn now to the south, first to the Old Rocky Mountain House; thence to Fort Calgarry in hopes of seeing the iron horse or some signs of his approach. Calgarry has been the great objective point of the Canadian Pacific Railway, after the route by Brandon, Qu'Appelle and Moose Jaw Creek was decided upon. It is in the heart of the old Blackfeet country, that fairest section of the North-west which is the western curve of the old "Fertile Belt" or "Rainbow." Here, on account of the Chinook winds streaming through the passes of the Rocky Mountains and up their flanks, the average temperature, during the winter months, is fifteen degrees higher than in Western Ontario.

When the mountains come into view, we find that the North-west has kept its best wine to the last. The majestic range of the Alps, sweeping round Northern Italy, seen from the roof of Milan Cathedral, multitudinous peaks glorying in historic names, guarding from the barbarians of the north the rich plain at their feet, is not a grander spectacle than the view from Calgarry. Little wonder that the red man placed his paradise beyond that endless succession of white-crested sierras, which, in long unbroken line, barred his way to the happy hunting grounds farther west. On the other side of those mountains of the setting sun, peak over peak towering up to the skies, was surely a fairer land than even those ocean-like expanses of green and gold from which they rose so grandly. Little wonder that he called them "The Bridge of the World," for they seemed a fit boundary between the plains over which he had hunted all his life, and a mysterious world beyond. The sportsman has as much reason to rejoice in this section of the country as the lover of the picturesque. The countless herds of buffalo that once blackened its foot-hills and plains and valleys are being replaced by Herefords, polled Angus, and other breeds of domestic cattle, but the mountains still afford good sport for the rifle, and the lakes and streams swarm with trout. One specimen, a kind of mountain salmon, ranges from five to thirty pounds weight. The general character of the rivers and their sheltering valleys is aptly illustrated by the Marquis of Lorne in a pen picture, which we extract from his Winnipeg speech:

"The river beds are like great moats in a modern fortress—you do not see them till close upon them. As in the glacis and rampart of a fortress, the shot can search across the smooth surfaces above the ditch, so any winds that may arise sweep across the twin levels above the river fosses. The streams run coursing along the sunken levels in these vast ditches, which are sometimes miles in width. Sheltered by the undulating banks, knolls or cliffs which form the margin of their excavated bounds, are woods,

generally of poplar, except in the northern and western fir fringe. On approaching the mountains their snow-caps look like huge tents encamped along the rolling prairie. Up to this great camp, of which a length of one hundred and fifty miles is sometimes visible, the river valleys wind in trenches, looking like the covered ways by which siege works zig-zag up to a besieged city. On a nearer view the camp line changes to ruined marble palaces, and through their tremendous walls and giant woods you will soon be dashing on the train for a winter basking on the warm Pacific Coast."

We penetrate the various passes by following the rivers up the valleys that separate the transverse ridges, an interminable succession of which constitute the apparently unbroken chain of the Rocky Mountains. These passes increase in altitude as we go south. Thus, the Peace River Pass is only 2000 feet above sea level. The Tête Jaune or Yellow Head, which the Canadian Government adopted at Sandford Fleming's suggestion, is 3700 feet. The Kootaney Pass, in latitude 49° 30′, is nearly 6000 feet high, and the Kicking Horse not much less.

But, our expedition is not charged with the task of exploring the Passes that lead to the mountain frontier of British Columbia. We have to return from Calgarry to Winnipeg, by the route marked out across the plains for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Deeper and deeper is this great national highway penetrating into the hitherto lone land, opening the way for myriads of all nations to enter in and take possession. We come upon thousands of men engaged on the work of construction. The scene is one to inspire the patriot and the lover of his kind. The wealth, the skill, the forethought and disciplined energy, once devoted to fire-eyed war, are now pledged to the Army of Industry and Peace. With congratulations and hope, we welcome the steel rails—harbinger of a new civilization and material pledge of the unity of our Dominion.





NIAGARA.

The Niagara District.



RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

We have already touched the great Province of Ontario at two or three points; but from the City of Ottawa we followed the old *voyageur* route to the North-west, and pressed on till, like the Verendryes, we came in sight of the Rocky Mountains. It is time now to treat in detail the richest and most populous part of the Dominion. Perhaps, we should begin with the capital; but Niagara claims precedence, not only because of its world-wide fame, but because in its district was the first capital of Upper Canada, and under its trees the first Parliament of the Province assembled.

The peninsula jutting out between lakes Erie and Ontario, and divided from the State of New York by the Niagara River, constitutes what is known as the Niagara District. It is unrivalled in all North America for its genial climate and the cultivated beauty of its fertile and richly-wooded soil, and is closely knit to the hearts

of its people by its noble, historic memories—memories indissolubly blended with the beautiful river which glorifies the region through which it flows and to which it has given its name. These memories and associations of the brave days of old ought not to be less sacred and guarded possessions because the foes who once dyed the Niagara's crystal waters with blood are now friends, and hold its joint ownership in peaceful rivalry. Through the heroic valour, sufferings and sacrifices of the men who defended Queenston Heights a nation was born, destined, we may well believe, to live as long as the famous river on whose banks the first touch of national life was felt.

When the city of Quebec, that "great antiquity" of America, was only a palisaded fort, with a few rude dwellings of the white men gathered under its shelter, the cataract of Niagara had been heard of in Europe as the supreme wonder of the New World, and now, after all the changes time has wrought, and all the other new regions explored since then, it remains incomparable in beauty and grandeur. Volumes of verbiage have been written about it; artists have depicted it under every aspect and from every point of view; holiday-idlers, vacation tourists, and travellers in search of excitement and the picturesque, flock to it from all points of the civilized world; the greed of money-making has encompassed it with mean and incongruous surroundings; but custom cannot stale its infinite variety, nor all the accompaniments of vulgar traffic degrade its sublime and awful majesty. It remains the ideal water-fall of the world.

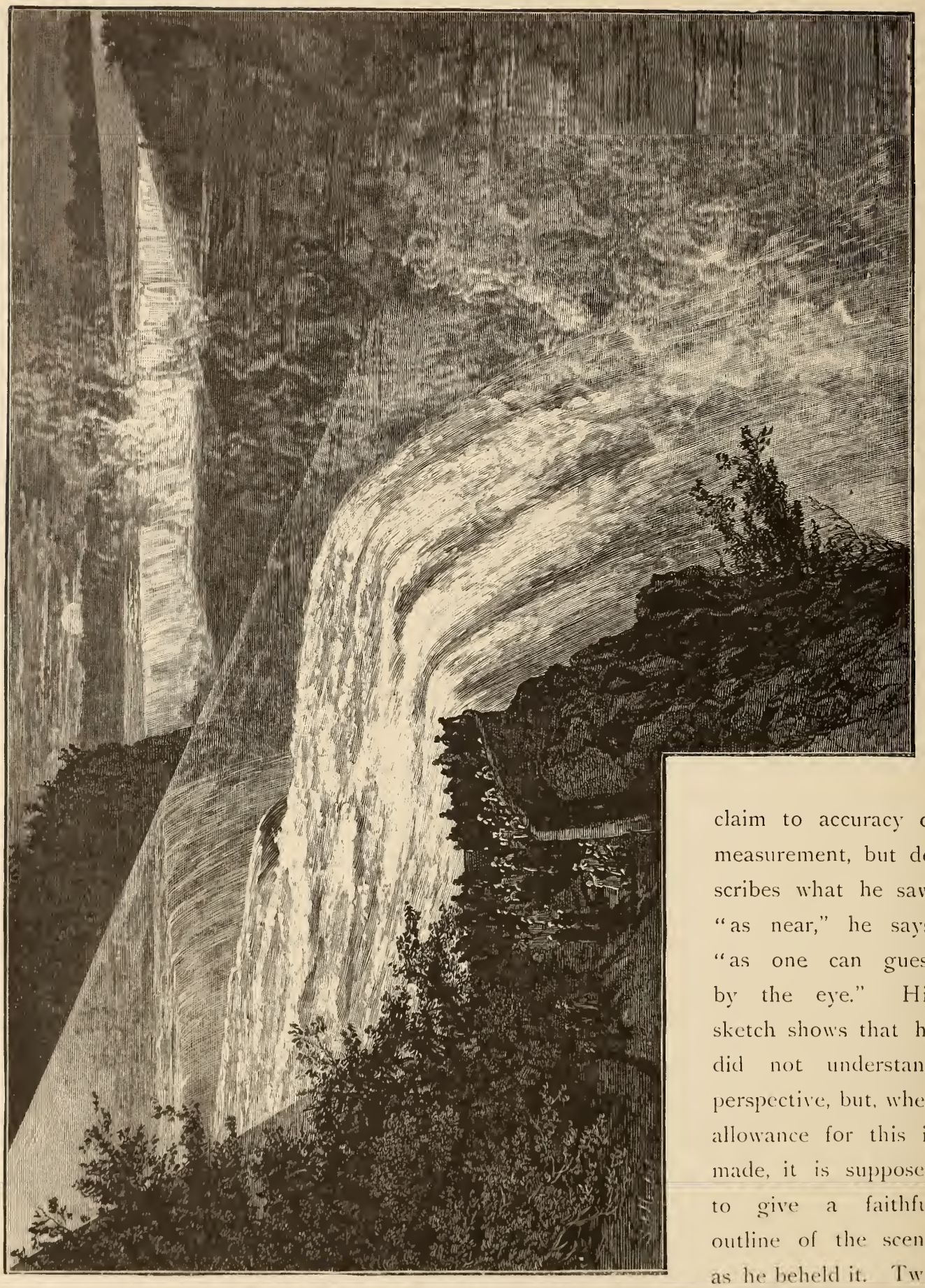
The name, Niagara, has been a subject of much discussion among philologists. Some suppose it to be simply a contraction of the Indian word, *Oniahgahrah*, meaning "thunder of waters." Others find its origin in *Onyahrah*, signifying a neck, and applied to the peninsula or neck of land between the two lakes. Others again believe it to be derived from the name of a tribe dwelling on the northern bank of the river when the first explorers and missionaries visited the West. The missionaries called them the *Neutre Nation*, because they maintained peace with both the Iroquois and Huron tribes, who were always at war with each other, but they seem to have called themselves *Onghiahrahs*. Drake, in his "Book of the Indians," called them the *Niagariagas*, and supposes them to have been partly destroyed by the Iroquois, partly absorbed by the Hurons. The name of the river has been spelled in many different ways. In Coronelli's map of Canada, published in Paris in 1688, it is spelled as we spell it now, but it was probably pronounced then as in the well-known line,

"And Niagára stuns with thundering sound."

This pronunciation is more in accordance with Indian phonology, but, apparently, the accent is now fixed on the second syllable. Some speakers pronounce the word

Neagara; but it is to be hoped that this piece of bad taste will disappear before long.

L'Escarbot, the first historian of *Nouvelle France*, says that Cartier, when in 1535 he visited Canada for the second time, heard from the Indians at Hochelaga that the waters of the Iroquois country were carried by a great waterfall into the lake from whence flowed the *Fleuve de Canada*, or river St. Lawrence. In Champlain's narrative of his voyages, published in 1613, this *sault d'eau* is marked on accompanying map, and is said to be so high that fish were killed in attempting to descend it. In 1648 Father Ragueneau, a Jesuit priest, in a letter to his superior at Paris, describes it as a cataract of frightful height. But the first description we have by an eye-witness is that of Father Hennepin, a Flemish friar of the Récollet branch of the Order of St. Francis, who visited it in 1678. Father Hennepin came to Canada with La Salle, who was then full of his scheme of sailing to China by way of the western lakes and the Mississippi River. Having decided on building a large vessel on Lake Erie for the voyage, La Salle remained at Fort Frontenac to provide men and all that was needed, and despatched his companion, La Motte, with Father Hennepin, forward on the route, in a brigantine of ten tons, with a crew of sixteen men. The morning of the 6th of December, 1678, the brigantine rounded the point on which Fort Niagara was afterwards built, and where a few Indian wigwams then stood, and entered the mouth of the beautiful river, while a joyful Te Deum, from all on board, rose over forest and stream, and rang in the ears of the listening Indians. Proceeding up the river till their course was stopped at the base of the Niagara escarpment, the *voyageurs* landed on the eastern bank, and erected a palisaded *cabane*; a tangible sign that the dominion of the land was about to pass from the red man to the white invaders, whom the Indians soon learned to designate *Otkou*—"men of a contriving mind." Guided by the Indians, La Motte and Father Hennepin beheld the mighty cataract of which they had so often heard, and a description of the scene, accompanied by a sketch, is given in the friar's journal of La Salle's expedition, afterwards published at Amsterdam. In this description he assumes the cataract to be six hundred feet in height, and mentions, besides the two great falls, a cross-fall, which he depicts in his sketch pouring over Table Rock; and there is other evidence that this small cascade once existed. Baron La Hontan, who saw the cataract in 1681, but whose visit was made brief and hurried by fear of an attack by the Iroquois, adds two hundred feet of altitude to the six hundred given by Father Hennepin. These early travellers have been accused of purposely adding to the height and number of the falls in order to give greater effect to their narratives; but it is more likely that their exaggerations were owing to their want of scientific knowledge to correct the figurative language of the Indians, and the impressions made on their own excited imaginations by the sight of so sublime and amazing a scene. Father Hennepin lays no



NIAGARA BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

claim to accuracy of measurement, but describes what he saw, "as near," he says, "as one can guess by the eye." His sketch shows that he did not understand perspective, but, when allowance for this is made, it is supposed to give a faithful outline of the scene as he beheld it. Two cavaliers are standing on the bank, doubtless intended to represent La Salle and La Motte; and a man

in a loose robe and broad hat—of course Father Hennepin himself—is seated on the ground, and pointing, with outstretched hand, to "the great cadence of waters" which he has described.

Since that first memorable visit to Niagara Falls, more than two hundred years have elapsed, and great changes have taken place in the cliff over which the cataract pours. The piles of *débris* at the foot of the American Fall may be accepted as evidence that the large space behind the sheet of water, where Father Hennepin says four coaches might have driven abreast, then actually existed. The cross-fall depicted in Father Hennepin's sketch as pouring obliquely over a projecting crag from Table Rock, is mentioned by M. Kalm, a Swedish botanist, who visited the Falls in 1750, and heard then that it had disappeared some years before. From that time the breakage of several huge masses of the cliff have been recorded; but the greatest of all was that which took place June 25th, 1850, when nearly the whole of Table Rock, a projection of the cliff hanging over the river, two hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, and a hundred feet thick, was suddenly precipitated into the gulf with a crash that was heard miles away. Fortunately, it fell at noon, when few people were out-of-doors, and at the moment no one was on the rock but the driver of an omnibus, who had taken out his horses to feed them, and was washing his vehicle on the edge of the cliff. He heard the warning crash, and felt the motion of the falling rock just in time to escape, but the vehicle he had been washing went down into the abyss, and so did innumerable autographs which tourists from many lands had, with much pains and ingenuity, inscribed on the face of the cliff, but which were then forever consigned to oblivion in the gulf beneath. Now all that is left of the far-famed Table Rock is a narrow ledge bordering the bank where it juts out close to the Horse-shoe Fall, but from it the grandest and most comprehensive view of the wide sweep of the cataract, and of the rapids above, is still to be obtained.

Other large masses of rock have been known to break away from the midst of the cataract, to plunge into the chasm with a thunderous noise, making, in one or two instances, a perceptible change in the form of the Horse-shoe; and always the ceaseless, insidious attacks of the powers of water, frost, ice and snow are at work grinding, crushing, breaking up, and wearing away the rocky barriers that hem in the torrents. Slowly but effectually these strenuous forces of nature are making an easier passage for the river's course and changing the aspect of the scene just as they have been doing for ages past, and will continue to do for ages more, till the last obstruction to the water's even flow shall have vanished.

In 1757 M. Kalm's description of the Falls of Niagara was published in the London *Gentlemen's Magazine*. Every year they became more famous, and many noted travellers visited them. Volney, the French *savant*, saw them and wrote an elaborate description of their wonders. Chateaubriand, escaping from the agony of the Revolu-

tion to the peaceful "forest primeval" of the west, spent days and nights beside them in an Indian wigwam; and in his romance of "Atala" he has painted them in glowing colours. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose love of the Irish people and tragic fate has made him one of the most beloved of Irish heroes, visited them in 1789. He saw them at the loveliest period of the Canadian year, when May and June meet together, when spring flowers are yet in all their beauty, and spring foliage is expanding into the richness of leafy June; when the springs and water founts that feed the great flood of waters are all full and overflowing. Young, enthusiastic, and a genuine lover of nature, he was enraptured with the scene. Writing to his mother he tells her how much impressed he was by the immense height and noise of the Falls; the spray rising to the clouds, the greenness and tranquillity of the immense forests around; and adds: "To describe them would be impossible; Homer could not in poetry, nor Claude Lorraine in painting." He stayed three days, and says he was absolutely obliged to tear himself away at last.

It is, perhaps, hardly possible for us now to conceive the awful and mysterious splendour of virgin beauty which must then have enveloped the great cataract. In those early days Nature reigned there supreme, and no puny work of man had dared to invade her sacred precincts. Then the overwhelming grandeur of the sight came suddenly on the traveller, as he emerged from the narrow Indian path which led to it through the forest, his imagination gradually rising in excitement as the muffled, swelling, vibrating harmony which seemed drawing him towards it grew nearer and nearer. Then it was beheld in the fitting environment of the solemn woods, the stately pines and cedars standing on its banks like faithful sentinels, and the rhythmic cadence of its voice filling the silence that seemed hushed to listen. No wonder that it was an object of superstitious fear and awe to the Indians who made pilgrimages thither at stated times to propitiate its angry waters with wild and cruel rites. To appease its wrath, an offering was made every year of a beautiful young girl, who was first bound in a canoe and then set adrift in the rapids, the singers chanting her death-song till her frail bark was swept over the cataract and swallowed up in the whirling foam and spray. Those horrid rites have vanished, but superstitious fancies still cling to the scene, and old inhabitants say that the spirit of the cataract still claims its tribute, and that no year ever passes without some hapless victim falling a prey to its fatal power of attraction.

The river Niagara, from its rise in Lake Erie till it enters Lake Ontario at the beautiful old town to which it has given its name, is thirty-six miles in length, following the course of its many bends and windings, but when measured in a straight course the distance it traverses is only twenty-eight miles. It is a mere pigmy compared to the gigantic rivers of this continent, but through it flow the mighty currents of those western inland seas which are said to hold half the fresh water on the globe.



OLD FORT ERIE, AND WINDMILL.

No piece of water of so small an extent has so many attractions for the lovers of picturesque scenery and the scientific students of nature; and from beginning to end it is closely intertwined with historic events, tragic incidents, and the deepest interests and emotions of human life.

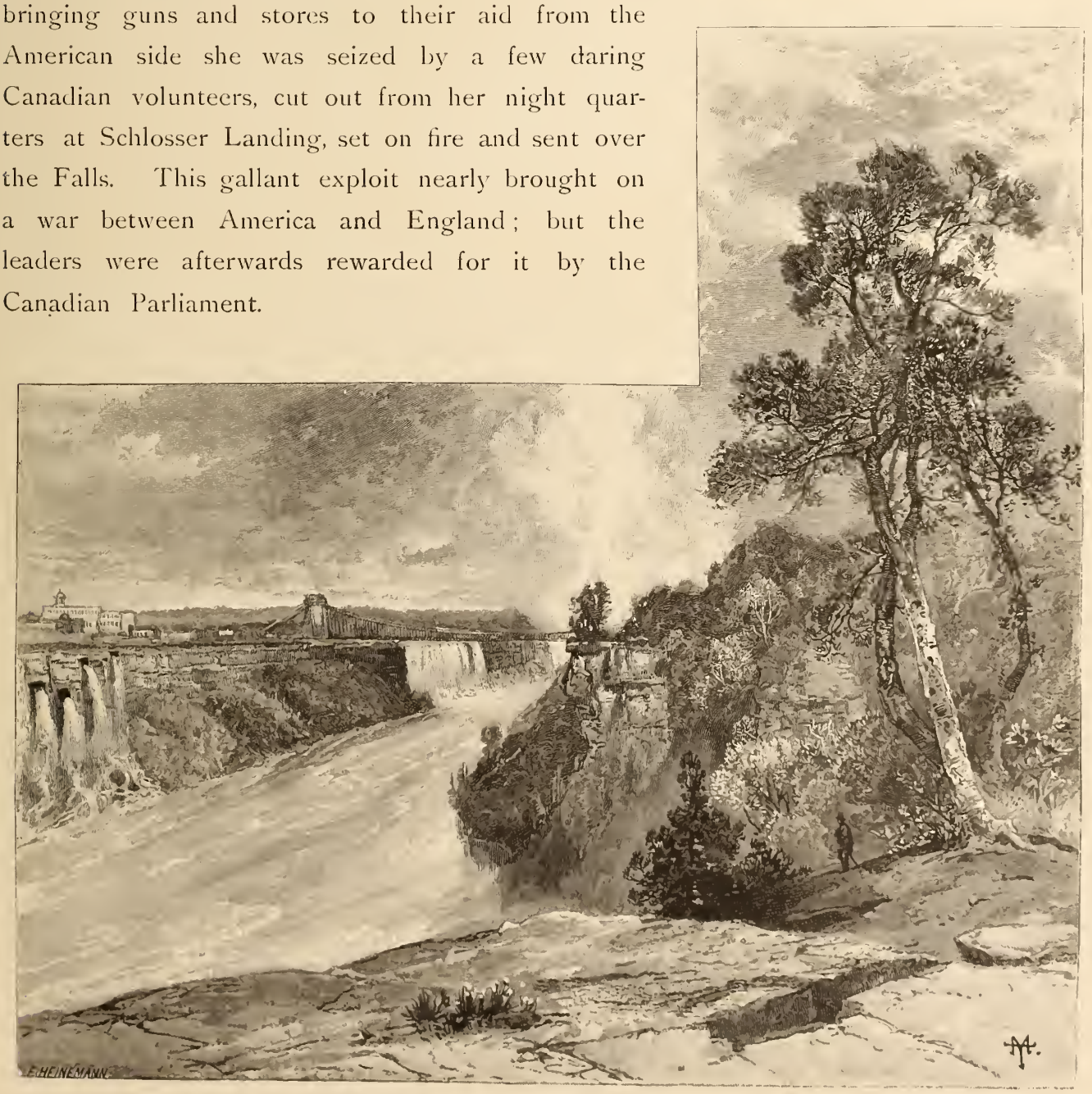
As it emerges, a mile in width, from the lake, it passes the ruined ramparts of Fort Erie, round which there was much hard fighting, with varying fortunes to the combatants, in the war of 1812–15. The village of Erie, near the old fort, carries on an active trade by its ferry with the city of Buffalo on the American shore. In this,



MOUTH OF THE CHIPPEWA RIVER.

however, it has been outstripped of late by the new town of Victoria, between which and Black Rock, a suburb of Buffalo, the International Railway Bridge, a handsome iron structure, crosses the river. At this spot the Niagara is only half a mile wide, and somewhat hurried in its course, as if eager to hasten on its mission of the bearer of so many mighty fountains to the ocean, but it quickly calms down again, expanding to its former breadth; and as it winds in and out of every tiny bay and little inlet, and ripples round the islands that gem its bosom, one might fancy it was purposely lingering on its way among the fertile fields and rich orchards that border its shores, conscious of the dark and rock-bound abyss into which it is so soon to fall. During its brief course it makes a descent of three hundred and thirty-four feet, the difference of level between its outflow from Lake Erie, and its inflow into Lake Ontario, but the greatest part of this is accomplished in the rapids above the Falls, and in the plunge over the cataract. For several miles it continues to flow gently among its many islands, its current only swift enough to give life and brightness to the stream, its low banks almost on a level with the water, and its course lying through some of the richest grain and fruit-growing lands in the world. Six miles below Fort Erie it opens wide arms to embrace Grand Island, which lies within

the United States territory, and divides the river into two great channels. These channels unite again at Navy Island, the only one of the islands above the Falls which belongs to Canada. It was named *Isle de la Marine* by the French who used it as a naval station till their power on the river was lost by the surrender of Fort Niagara to Sir William Johnson in 1759. In the bay formed by Buckhorn and Grand Islands may still be seen some remains of the two ships which had been sent with reinforcements to the fort, but on its surrender had been burnt by the French to keep them from falling into the hands of the British. In the rebellion of William Lyon Mackenzie and his party in 1837, Navy Island played a conspicuous part. The insurgents, and their American sympathizers, led by Mackenzie, formed a camp there, and while the steamer "Caroline" was employed in bringing guns and stores to their aid from the American side she was seized by a few daring Canadian volunteers, cut out from her night quarters at Schlosser Landing, set on fire and sent over the Falls. This gallant exploit nearly brought on a war between America and England; but the leaders were afterwards rewarded for it by the Canadian Parliament.



A GLIMPSE OF THE FALLS, FROM CLIFTON.

Three miles above the Falls is the village of Chippewa (an Indian word, signifying "people without moccasins"), where Moore landed from a small trading schooner in 1803, proceeding by the portage road round the Falls to Niagara. Chippewa was then a place of some consequence as the southern entrepôt for all goods shipped to and from Lake Erie, and had a fort and garrison to protect its large storehouses. The opening of the Welland Canal closed the carrying-trade by the portage road, and destroyed the commercial prosperity of Chippewa as well as that of Queenston and Niagara. The village is built on both sides of the Chippewa River, a full, deep, placid stream, which has its rise fifty miles away in the west, and here falls into the Niagara. Quantities of logs are annually floated down its stream from the rich timber lands through which it flows, and steam-tugs ascend its course nearly all the way. At its mouth its waters are on a level with those of the Niagara, and its turbid stream, discoloured by the lime it holds in solution, can be clearly distinguished from the crystal waters of the Niagara for some distance after their junction.

Chippewa is memorable in our annals for the battle fought on its plains in 1814, when less than three thousand British troops and Canadian militia attacked an American force double their number, and attempted to drive them from the field. The assailants were, in the end, obliged to retreat to their entrenchments at Chippewa village; but the courage and steadiness with which they had maintained the fight against such superior numbers, and especially the heroic valour of the Lincoln militia, under Major David Secord, made this lost battle as worthy of honourable remembrance as if it had been a victory.

Below Chippewa the Niagara is nearly three miles in width, but it suddenly contracts to less than a mile, ripples appear on its surface, and no boat can venture within the current, which runs at the rate of from four to five miles an hour. Half-a-mile above the cataract the Grand Rapids begin, and the sudden descent of the bed of the river causes its bank to rise into view, especially on the western side, which increases in height till, above the Horse-shoe Fall, it attains an elevation of a hundred feet over the water. Below it, the river rushes down in those wonderful rapids which add so much to the beauty of the Falls. Faster and faster they rush on in exquisite curves of green crystalline water with crescents of glittering white foam, keeping, in spite of their wild speed and whirling commotion, an ordered and symmetrical procession of indescribable beauty and fascination, till all blend together in the last desperate leap, and are swallowed up in the abyss below.

The cataract of Niagara is divided into two great falls by Goat Island, which lies in the very midst of their thunders, and interposes its wooded and rocky banks between them for a distance of three hundred yards. This island and its small sister islands, Lunar Island and the Moss Islands, are in the United States, but are private property; and except that they are connected with each other, and with the

mainland by picturesque bridges skilfully spanning the rapids, they have been kept as much as possible in their wild primeval beauty, gems of sylvan loveliness strung on the brow of the precipice over which the torrent sweeps. In the great Horse-shoe Fall however, Canada possesses much the finest half of the cataract, and the mysterious Whirlpool which is, in some respects, even more wonderful than the cataract itself, lies embedded in the Canadian shore. And it is only from the Canada side that the soft ethereal veils of vapour, which give such mystic beauty to the Falls, and the flitting, changeful rainbows, which throw over them such a halo of glory, can be seen in perfection. Table Rock, too, or rather the small piece that remains of it, gives at once a nearer, a wider, and a more comprehensive view of the scene than can be had anywhere else—taking in, at the same moment, the magnificent race of the rapids above, the sweep of the whole cataract, and the seething depths of the great caldron below. To stand on this spot, on some lovely summer's day, and watch the rapids madly rushing down; to see the grand ocean-like wave rising twenty feet in thickness over the Horse-shoe Fall, so massive that it retains its smoothness unbroken for some distance after its fall, and so close to where you stand that your outstretched hand might almost touch it; to look down into the caldron where the water lies strangled and smothered by its own weight, only showing the fierce convulsions beneath by the faintest stirrings, its crystalline clearness changed into a mass of slowly seething, curdled white foam, which wraps it like a winding sheet; to see the vast volumes of vapour continually rising and falling, now hiding, now revealing the cataract, while in its deepest curve and centre volcanic-like jets of water, breaking into clouds of spray and soaring high into the air, forever hide its face; to listen to "that vast and prodigious cadence," that melody of many waters, which stirred the soul of Father Hennepin to awe and admiration, and still excites the same emotions in all who are capable of feeling them—will give the truest conception one view can give of the various elements of beauty and grandeur combined in Niagara Falls. Here those incongruous and disturbing concomitants, which elsewhere are perpetually intruding, are put aside and hidden, or, at any rate, absorbed and dissipated in the magnitude and sublimity of the scene. And the oftener we behold this magnificent sight the more wonderful and beautiful we discover it to be. The true lovers and constant companions of Nature know how infinite in variety she is, and that every day, every hour, her fairest scenes assume fresh phases of beauty; how, then, can all that makes this cataract the wonder of the world be grasped and comprehended in one hurried visit? It is with it as with all masterpieces. The mind of the spectator must be gradually uplifted to feel and understand its greatness; and it is only to those who come to it again and again, in sunshine and cloud, by day and by night, in summer and in winter, that its wonders are fully revealed.



THE THREE SISTER ISLANDS.

The American Fall is eight feet higher than the Horse-shoe, but less than half its width, and with a much smaller volume of water. It has, however, a distinct individuality and picturesque charm of its own, more sparkling and *riant*, though less grand and majestic, than the Horse-shoe. Its thinner sheet of water is shattered the moment it strikes the precipice, and falls in graceful lines of white, curling foam, lighted up, in sunshine, with all the prismatic hues, every drop of water shining with gem-like radiance through its misty veils.

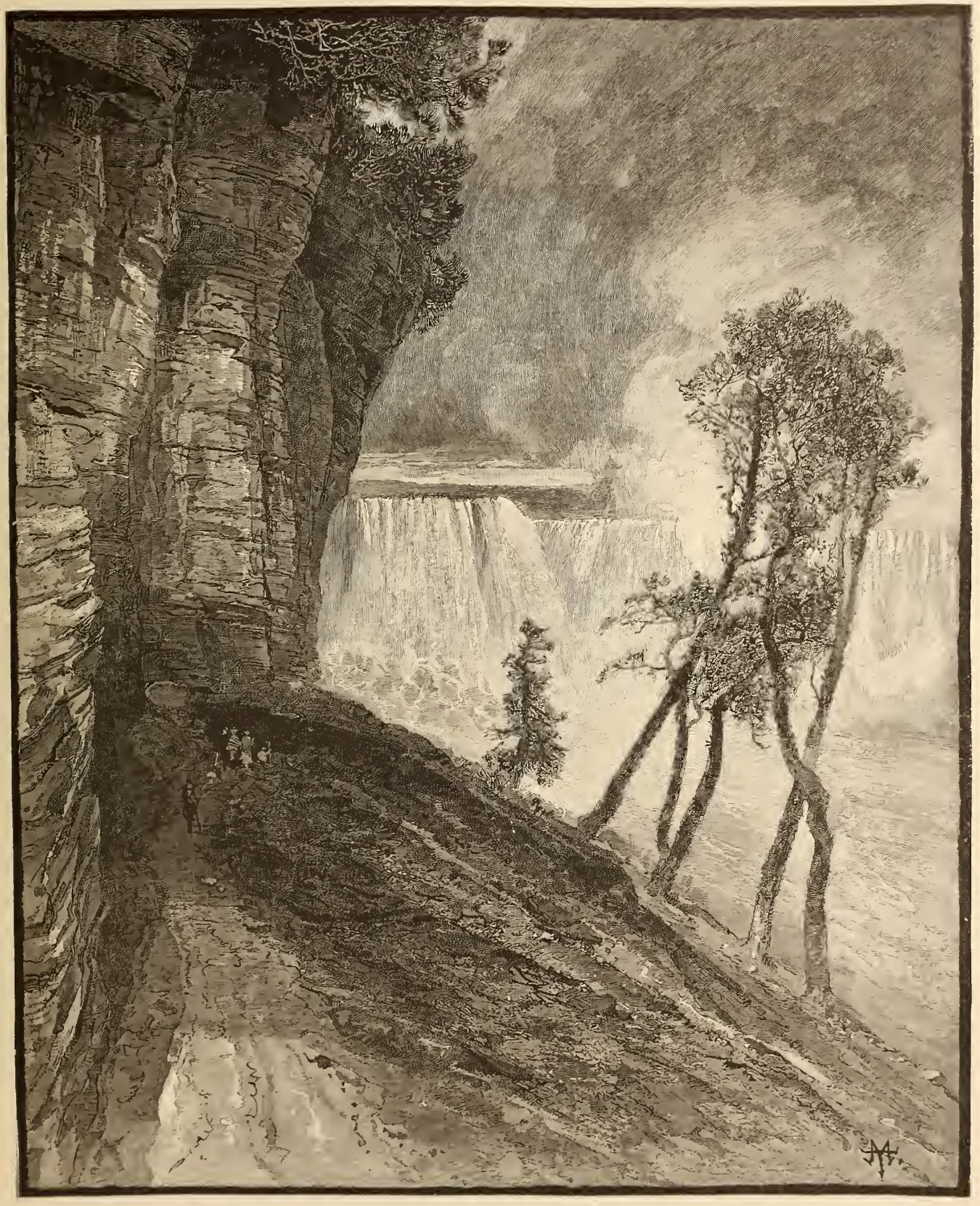
Beyond the clouds of mist and spray, which wrap the base of the great Falls, and the deep caldron out of which they rise, the river emerges, flowing on to meet its divided stream at the American Fall. And here another change takes place in this river, so rich in its varied forms of beauty. Above the Falls it runs nearly south-west, but after its plunge over the cataract, it turns a sharp angle, and runs almost north-east. Leaving behind all the foam and fury of the rapids, all the grand turmoil of plunging water and breaking spray of the Falls, it flows on in a smooth, steady stream, its darkly-green, slowly-heaving surface hiding the fierce currents that run toiling and struggling below. Here, and all round the basin of the cataract, numbers of picturesque gulls are continually flitting, darting to and fro, and in and out of the spray with swift gyrations, and low, mournful murmurs. Here, too, a little ferry-boat plies between the Canadian and American shores. A trip in this boat takes the passengers in front of the cataract, and as near its great gulf as is consistent with safety, giving them one of the grandest views of the Falls that can be had. Looking up at them from the bed of the river, which is here almost two hundred feet deep, the height and force of the falling flood, always lessened in effect by its immense breadth to those who look down on it, can be fully recognized; while the pulsing and throbbing of the mighty current imprisoned and struggling for an outlet beneath, and over which the frail skiff glides, gives a thrilling sense of possible danger, and adds another excitement to the wonder of the scene.

A few years ago the "Maid of the Mist," the smallest of all tiny steamboats, built at the railway bridge below the Falls, ran to and fro over this eddy, venturing to the very edge of the abyss, and giving her passengers a sensational baptism of spray. But after a while she failed to pay expenses, and her owner sold her, the purchaser making the condition that she should be safely delivered at the mouth of the river. For this she had to be taken through the dangers of the whirlpool rapids, of the whirlpool itself, and of the narrow gorge, from thence to Queenston; altogether, six miles of wild, whirling water, bristling with formidable rocks. Anxiously watched along her course by excited spectators, the tiny vessel and her daring crew of three men made the perilous voyage in safety, but with a series of almost miraculous escapes the whole way; and it is said that her pilot, a man of extraordinary skill and courage, was so much shaken in mind and body by the strain that had been put upon

him, that he seemed twenty years older when he left the boat. Since then no attempt has been made to navigate the Niagara rapids.

After a few days of hard frost in winter, the Falls become more like a vision of some enchanted land than a real scene in the world we are living in. No marvels wrought by genii and magicians in Eastern tales could surpass the wonderful creations that rise along the surrounding banks, and hang over the walls of the cataract. Glittering wreaths of icicles, like jewelled diadems, gleam on the brow of every projecting rock and jutting crag. Arches, pillars, and porticos, of shining splendour, are grouped beneath the overhanging cliffs, giving fanciful suggestions of fairy-palaces beyond. Every fallen fragment of rock under its icy covering becomes a marble column, pyramid, or obelisk, and masses of frozen spray stand out here and there in graceful and statuesque forms, easily shaped by imagination into the half-finished work of a sculptor. Every rift and opening in the cliff is transformed into an alabaster grotto, with friezes and mouldings "all fretted and froze," with filagree wreaths, and festoons, and filmy veils and canopies of lace-like pattern and gossamer texture; and on every curve and angle, round every fissure and crevice, some fantastic and lovely decoration is woven by winter's master-artist, King Frost. Over the Horse-shoe, towards Goat Island and the Bridal-veil Fall, the water pours in thin, silvery sheets, which dissolve into white, curling mists as they slide slowly down. Pinnacles of ice, stretching high above them, break these falling streams. The American Fall, through its hovering veil of spray, seems transformed into wreaths of frozen foam. The face of Goat Island is resplendent with huge, many-tinted icicles, showing all the colours of the rocks on which they are formed; and on either shore the undercliffs are hung with lovely draperies of frozen spray. Every house, and fence and railing, every tree and shrub, and tiny twig and blade of grass, on which this wonder-working spray falls and freezes, becomes wrapped in a gleaming white crust, and glistens in the sun as if made of crystal and mother-of-pearl. From the tips of the evergreen branches hang clusters of ice-balls, popularly called ice-apples, which flash and glitter when the rays of sunlight fall on them, like the jewels growing on the trees of the magic garden in the Arabian Nights. Still more fairy-like are the evanescent charms produced by a night's hoar frost, fringing the pearly covering in which everything is wrapped with a delicate, fragile efflorescence, and giving a soft, shadowy, visionary aspect to the whole scene, as if it were the creation of some wonderful dream. Then, as the sun before which its unearthly beauty melts away shines out, all changes for a few brief minutes into a sparkling, dazzling glory, as if a shower of diamond dust had suddenly fallen.

In the midst of these sights of weird and wondrous beauty, the mighty volume of water which pours over the great Horse-shoe sweeps grandly down through the masses of frozen spray, ice, and snow piled up round its channels; and in clear, sunny weather the most magnificent colour-effects are shown in the vivid green of the great



THE HORSE-SHOE FALL, FROM UNDER CLIFF AT GOAT ISLAND.

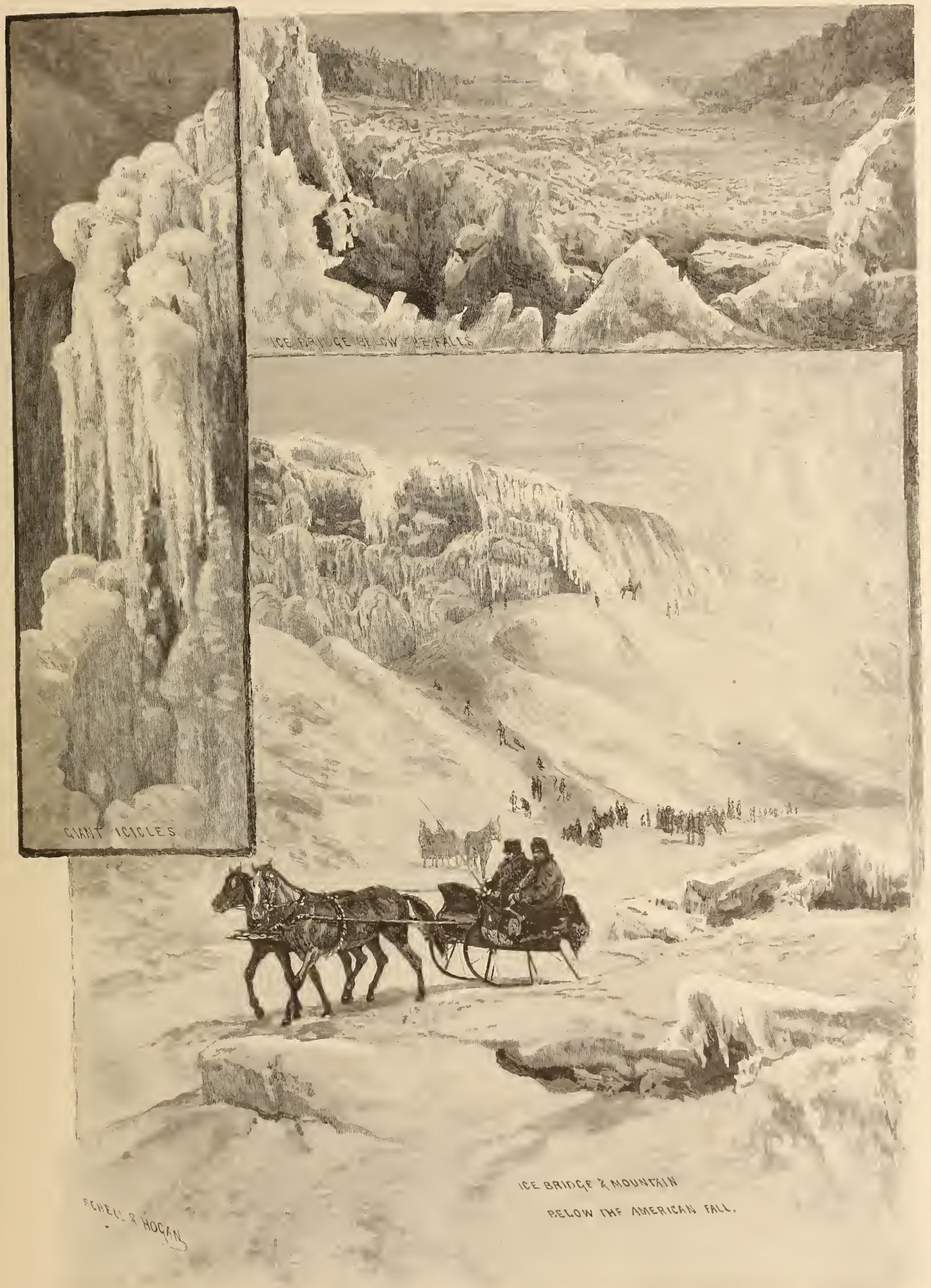
unbroken wave that rolls over the precipice, contrasting with the glittering white of the spray-covered rocks and snowy banks beyond. Then the smooth, rounded, green roller breaks into a wild chaos of whirling and tossing foam, while torrents of spray

and clouds of mist rise column on column into the clear, blue frosty air, every transparent fold and fringe of vapour illumined with the bright tints of the rainbows hovering round, forming and breaking, and forming again in wavering, shimmering, ever-changing beauty.

It must, however, be understood that there are unpropitious hours and days when no rainbow is visible, and times and seasons when that translucent purity of water and emerald-green colour, which those who best know Niagara Falls always associate with them, are not to be seen. After heavy rains and floods, the crystal Niagara, like other rivers, becomes more or less turbid, sometimes looking grey and wan under clouded skies, or showing a dark, olive-green tint, or gleaming when the sun breaks out with the golden hue of an onyx. And perhaps, in describing these wonderful Falls, the only thing that can be positively affirmed about their aspect is that whatever peculiar charm we find in them to-day will be replaced by some other and wholly different charm to-morrow.

Some winters the heavy masses of ice constantly coming over the cataract become firmly jammed together outside the basin, forming a bridge from shore to shore, sometimes extending far down the river. Over this bridge tourists, sight-seers, and idlers of every description pass backwards and forwards, the roughness of the road, often broken and uneven in places, and thickly encrusted with frozen spray, giving a little difficulty and excitement to the passage, though the immense thickness of the ice-blocks so firmly wedged together make it for the time as safe as *terra firma*. The view of the Falls from the ice is magnificent, but the ice-hills are a still greater attraction. These are formed among the rocks at the foot of the American Fall by accumulations of frozen spray, rising layer above layer, till immense cones of ice, forty, sixty, even eighty feet high, are made. All day long, boys in their small hand-sleds slide down these huge slopes, and sometimes, on moonlight nights, toboggan parties assemble and enjoy the exciting amusement, amidst romantic and picturesque surroundings nowhere else to be found.

By a pathway formed below the cliff, visitors may go under the projecting ledge over which the Horse-shoe Fall makes its great plunge. Entering through an arch forty feet wide and a hundred and fifty feet high, formed on one side by the overhanging cliff and on the other by the mighty wave of water, they are in the very centre of the cataract wrapped in clouds of spray, and with the awful voice of the great flood thundering overhead as it plunges into the gulf below. This is called by the guides the "Cave of Thunders." On the American side visitors may pass through the "Cave of the Winds" under Luna Fall, the name given to a part of the American Fall divided from the main sheet of water by a narrow strip of rock. Here the water, more broken and scattered than at the Horse-shoe, is seen falling in shining, translucent streams, shooting up again in showers of glittering spray, and sparkling



NIAGARA WINTER SCENES.



ICE GROVE.

drops of water gleaming with all the colours of the rainbows that come flashing in with every ray of sunlight. In these caves the most sublime and magnificent, the most beautiful and enchanting, aspects of water are presented, but they cannot be safely entered without guides.

Clark's Islands, sometimes more poetically called Cynthia's Islands, lie close to the Canada shore, and are set in the midst of the rapids above the Horse-shoe Fall, where the current runs with its greatest velocity. They are prettily wooded, and their picturesque situation, among the leaping rapids, gives them peculiar attractions, which, however, are somewhat marred by a hideous structure, built to overlook the Falls.

When Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada he formed the project of

an International Park to extend round the Falls and their environs on both sides of the river. All buildings were to be removed within a proper distance, trees were to be planted and walks made, but everything was to be done with the single purpose of giving such a free, noble, and natural environment to the great cataract as would harmonize with and keep sacred its supreme grandeur and loveliness. This project was brought before the Canadian Government and the New York Legislature, and at first there seemed some hope that the two peoples on whom this glorious gift of Nature has been bestowed, and who hold it in trust for all other nations, would unite in thus showing their desire to act as faithful guardians of so great a trust, and preserve it sacred and unsullied for their children, and the children of other lands. Nothing, however, has yet been done, the great difficulty being, it seems, to find the money required to carry out such a plan; as it would bring in no return which those who measure the worth of all things by dollars and cents could comprehend.

A quarter of a mile below the cataract the Suspension Bridge for foot and carriage passengers crosses the river. It is twelve hundred and sixty-eight feet long, and one hundred and ninety-two feet above the water. The Railway Suspension



THE WHIRLPOOL.

Bridge is a mile and a half below the Falls, and is eight hundred feet in length, and two hundred and thirty feet above the river. It is built in two tiers; a carriage-way level with the edge of the chasm, and the railway-track on a level with the top of the secondary bank eighteen feet higher. Both bridges are triumphs of engineering skill, and structures of immense strength and stability; yet so light and elegant is their design, so graceful and picturesque their effect, as they hang above the stream, apparently poised in air, that they are worthy of the beautiful river they embrace.

Adjoining the railway bridge is the town of Niagara Falls (formerly Clifton), an important railway depot, picturesquely built on the bank of the river; its pretty little Episcopal church standing almost on the edge of the cliff. Many pretty suburban villas, and handsome houses with beautiful pleasure grounds, ornament its environs.

Below the foaming basin of the cataract, the river, now running at right angles with its former course, flows down the deep gorge it has made for its passage through a wall of perpendicular rock, which towers above the stream from two to three hundred feet in height. Between the two suspension bridges the water averages a hundred feet deep, and beneath it lies a mass of fallen rock and *débris* of equal depth. Here the chasm is from twelve hundred to eight hundred feet wide, but it narrows to half that width below the railway bridge. For nearly a mile and a half—the distance between the two bridges—it runs in smooth and even flow, its dark-green surface reflecting its banks, wooded on the Canada side, as in a mirror, and scarcely a ripple indicating the fierce current below. A little above the railway bridge the channel contracts, forming a narrow curve with a rapid descent, and the river, which just before seems languidly gliding on, as if exhausted with the shock and concussion of its great fall, suddenly leaps into passionate life again, and dashes on in the wild tumult of the whirlpool rapids. The depth of the river at the spot where these rapids begin has been computed at two hundred and ten feet.

A quarter of a mile lower down is the whirlpool, a scene of extraordinary beauty and attraction. As the river approaches this place, its rapid descent, and the narrowness of its curved and rocky bed, force the stream, which here runs at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour, into a piled-up ridge of water, from which liquid jets and cones, often rising to the height of twenty feet, are thrown into the air. Here the river's course is again changed, and it makes an abrupt turn to the right, while the strength and violence of its current, as it sweeps round the cliff on the American side, produces so strong a reaction as to press part of the stream into a recess or basin on the Canadian shore, the struggling and counter-working currents thus forming the great vortex of the whirlpool. But it is a hidden vortex; and the contrast between this lovely little lakelet, calm and smooth as a mirror, except for a few swirls of foam at its outer edges, as it lies clasped in the embrace of its encircling and richly-wooded

cliffs, and the furious white-tossing rapids from which it seems so miraculously to have escaped, adds the charms of surprise and mystery to its exquisite beauty. Nor is its witching spell marred by any incongruous surroundings. It lies in a lonely and quiet spot, girdled by rocky walls and shadowing trees; and is almost equally lovely at every season of the year. It is beautiful when its banks are dressed in the fresh, transparent green of spring leaves; when they wear the rich foliage of summer, or are robed in the brilliant tints of autumn; and perhaps even more beautiful when only the sombre hues of the dark pines and cedars are reflected on its gleaming surface in winter, or when their branches are laden with snow-wreaths, or glittering with fringes of silvery frost. As we first look at it, it seems an emblem of peace after tumult, calm after strife, but as we continue to gaze, the still, dark-green water takes another aspect; strangely gyrating circles rise, and spread and vanish, and reappear again, signs of the mysterious currents beneath. Everything which comes within reach of these resistless currents is caught and dragged into the vortex below, held there for a while, and then thrown to the surface, where it is whirled slowly and ceaselessly round and round. Trees blown into the river, logs from broken rafts carried over the cataract, a dead bird, or an ear of Indian corn, are all drawn out of their course down the stream, and perform their strange rotatory penance for days and even weeks before they are released from the pool. Here, if ever, emerge the bodies of those unfortunate ones who have gone over the Falls, and here they are found, extricated from their weird dance of death, and, if not claimed by friends, given charitable burial.

Between the whirlpool and Queenston lies the wildest, most solitary, and most picturesque part of the river, though a part quite unknown to fame, and never visited by tourists. Here the solid wall of rock which hems the river in on the American side, and which rises three hundred feet, is extremely grand and striking, though the Canadian shore is much more beautiful from its more varied forms and richer masses of foliage. Its gracefully-rounded heights, now stretching their spurs into the river's bed, now retreating from some lovely little cove, inlet, or eddy, and thickly wooded all the way, makes the finest possible contrast to the bold, perpendicular American cliff, almost bare, but for the scanty fringes of pines and cedars which here and there cling to the water-worn rifts that break its red and green and blue-black precipice, and stretch down to meet the white foam of the rapids that curdles round its base. On the Canadian bank, space for a military road has been reserved and kept free from all buildings, and those who follow its windings, some day in leafy June or golden October, till the path turns out at the foot of Brock's Monument, above Queenston, will be rewarded by a succession of lovely pictures, changing with every bend of the winding river. Especially from the rocks, which project over the bank, where the underlying shale and sandstone have crumbled away, and which eventually must be



THE WHIRLPOOL RAPID.

precipitated into the chasm as Table Rock has been, the most magnificent views up and down the river are presented.

Geologists tell us that it must have taken the river more than seventy thousand years to excavate the chasm, seven miles in length, through which it runs from the Falls to Queenston; and the rock formations give evidence that not only at Queenston, but at places farther up, the cataract was held for ages before it wore away its barriers, one after the other, till it reached its present site. Just below the whirlpool, a great promontory or spur of rock stretches far across the bed of the river, which sweeps round it in a confined and crooked channel. Here, we are told, the hard, compact rock kept the cataract for centuries. Lower again, opposite the cavern on the American side, called the Devil's Hole, the Canadian cliff again juts prominently out, and the river makes another bend, so closely hemmed in on either side that, looked at from the bank, its course is completely hidden. Between these two headlands lies a beautiful little glen, a hundred acres in extent, marked on the boundary survey of 1815 as "Foster's Glen." No doubt it was excavated and overflowed by the river when its waters were pent in by the lower promontory ages ago, and left dry as the stream subsided into its present channel. Lying under the cliffs which project picturesquely above it, richly wooded, interspersed with rocky mounds, leafy dells, and moss-grown hollows, shut in by great lichen-covered rocks, this tiny glen is a perfect epitome of wild natural beauty. Only accessible by a winding, precipitous path from the cliffs above, sheltered by its lofty banks and embowering trees, and kept fresh and green in the heats of summer by the moisture from the river, verdure lingers here nearly all the year round, and its temperature in winter is almost as mild as if it looked up at a southern sky. Beautiful even in winter, this favoured spot, in spring, is a perfect paradise of wild flowers and blossoming shrubs. Its rocks, worn into caves and grottoes by the water which once covered them, are hung with graceful tapestry of ferns, mosses, and plants; even tall trees grow on their tops, and send down a maze of tangled roots to reach the earth below. Rare and lovely shrubs and trees flourish here uncared for and unheeded, and ferns of every variety grow in the most lavish profusion. At one extremity of the glen the river has formed a charming little eddy, smooth and clear as glass, where fish are caught with hook and line; at the other, a miniature bay lies within the rocky cape that encloses it with a beach of rounded pebbles, on which the river, torn and tortured by the rocks that obstruct its way, dashes and breaks like the waves of the sea. Fish abound in this part of the river, and are speared as they swim over the stones in bits of quiet water outside the never-ceasing tumult of the rapids. Sturgeon, sometimes weighing nearly a hundred pounds, pass down the Falls without injury, and meet their fate here or at Queenston. Birds of every species haunt the glen, and many small wild creatures inhabit it, but nothing more mischievous than a skunk or a raccoon—the enemies of the farmer's

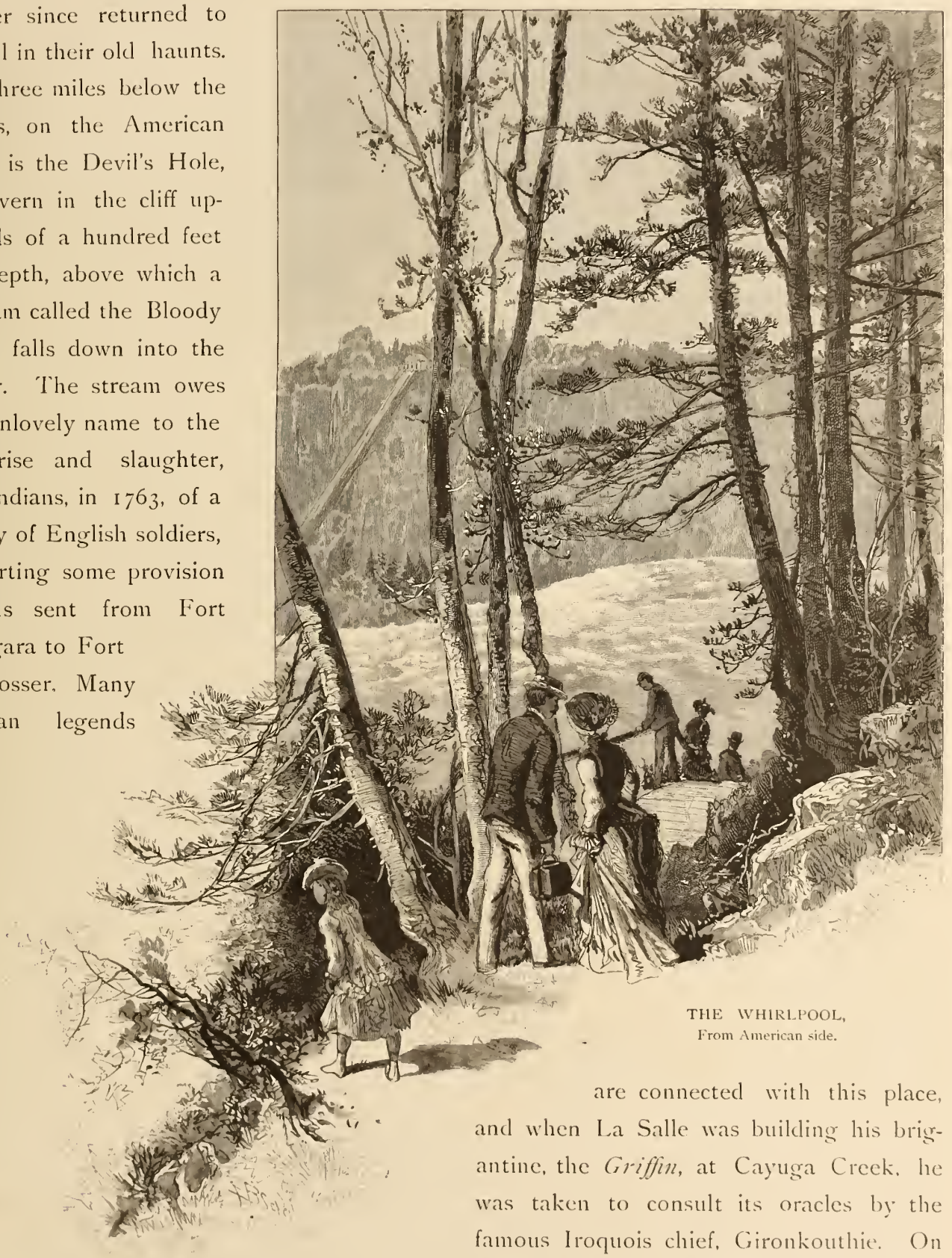
poultry and Indian corn—is, with one noticeable exception, to be found. Rattlesnakes, which Father Hennepin says had their dens about the cataract when he visited it, but which are never seen there now, still survive among the cavernous rocks along the river, and are occasionally met with. A full-grown yellow and black rattlesnake, four or five feet long, and as thick as a man's wrist, with bright-yellow horny armour underneath, and ornamented on the back with a variegated pattern of black and gold, erecting its flat, yellow head, its eyes gleaming like sparks of fire, darting out its slender black tongue, its rattles, ten, twenty, or even more, in number, vibrating violently with a loud, whizzing, strangely-stinging and piercing sound, as it rises to strike, is a sight at once horrible and beautiful. Fortunately, these snakes are extremely sluggish in their habits, never bite except when made angry or stepped upon, and even when attacked will always at first attempt to escape. If seen, they are invariably pursued and killed, and will probably soon die out of this district, as they have out of other parts of Canada. Other wild creatures, with a beauty not horrid and baleful like that of the rattlesnake, but ideally graceful and majestic, the eagle and the swan, once inhabited



RAVINE NEAR WHIRLPOOL.

the river and its vicinity. Before the War of 1812 swans made their nests above the rapids, and eagles built their eyries close to the cataract; but during the war they all disappeared, and have never since returned to dwell in their old haunts.

Three miles below the Falls, on the American side, is the Devil's Hole, a cavern in the cliff upwards of a hundred feet in depth, above which a stream called the Bloody Run falls down into the river. The stream owes its unlovely name to the surprise and slaughter, by Indians, in 1763, of a party of English soldiers, escorting some provision trains sent from Fort Niagara to Fort Schlosser. Many Indian legends

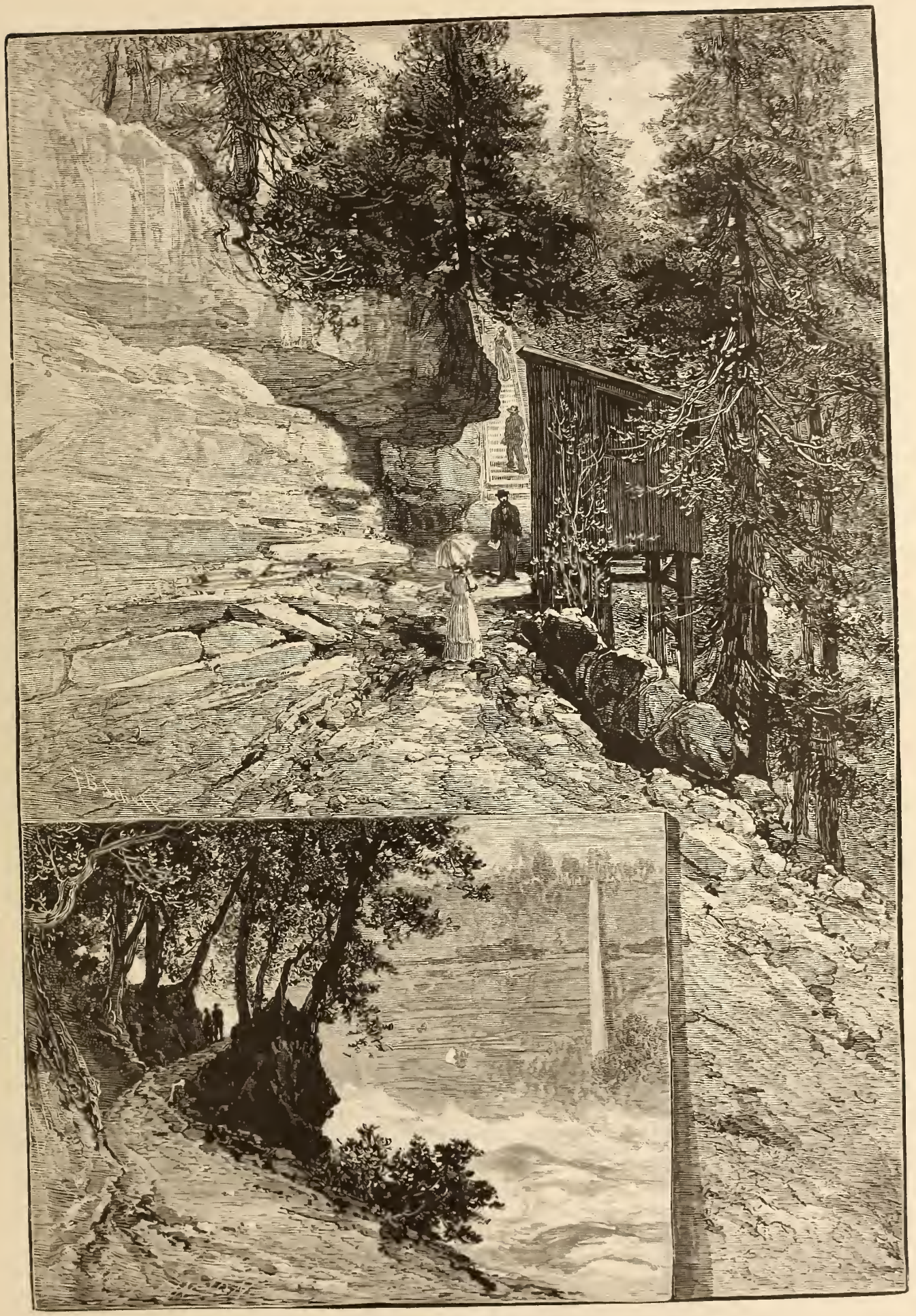


THE WHIRLPOOL,
From American side.

are connected with this place, and when La Salle was building his brigantine, the *Griffin*, at Cayuga Creek, he was taken to consult its oracles by the famous Iroquois chief, Gironkouthie. On entering the cave he heard a voice issuing from its depths, predicting for him an early death by treacherous hands, if he did

not give up his intended voyage. But though it is said that La Salle fled from the cave on hearing this mysterious voice, he was not to be deterred from his schemes of exploration, and in the end met the doom the spirit of the cave had foretold. A few years ago this cavern was occupied by a desperate gang of coiners, who calculated on its evil reputation to protect them from disturbance; but after repeatedly baffling the detectives, the leaders were captured and the gang broken up. From Lewiston to the side chasm at the Devil's Hole, a railroad track has been cut on the face of the cliff, and it is rather a sensational sight, looking from the opposite bank, to see the cars slowly gliding on an almost imperceptible line along the bare side of the precipice two hundred feet above the gorge through which the river rolls, and then vanishing, as if by magic, where the track turns off at the chasm.

Dashing through the deep cañon it has made for its course, the river rushes on in wild waves and torrents of foam over and round the rocks which stem its way, and here and there show their heads above the fierce current, till it nears the village of Queenston. Here there is a great escarpment in the rocky ridge through which the river has cut, the cliffs fall back, and Niagara, so long straitened and obstructed in its passage, spreads into the broad expanse of Queesnton Bay, half a mile in width. Rising again, the ridge on the left bank ascends to a lofty and beautifully-wooded height. Beneath lies the village of Queenston, named after Queen Charlotte, the grandmother of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Here, in the early morning of October 13, 1812, a strong force of American troops crossed the river in boats to take possession of Canada. Climbing the heights above Queenston, they found themselves gallantly confronted by a few British soldiers and Canadian volunteers, and here the heroic Brock, conspicuous by his tall stature and daring, was shot down as he led his handful against the invaders. In this, their first battle, the Niagara men showed the courage and determination with which, to the end of the war, they defended the land they had won from the forest, and covered with happy homesteads, fruitful farms, and prosperous villages; and the success of that day, though dearly purchased by the loss of their gallant young general, gave them a proud consciousness of their power to preserve and protect their country which never afterwards deserted them. On the summit of the heights, made glorious by the battle, Canada has erected a monument to the hero so much beloved and so deeply lamented. A graceful column supports a statue of Brock in uniform, one hand resting on his sword, the other extended as if encouraging his soldiers. Column and statue measure 216 feet from the ground, and, with the height of the cliff on which they stand, make an elevation of 750 feet above the river. The monument is surrounded by forty acres of ornamental grounds; the entrance gates are of wrought iron, with cut stone piers, surmounted by Brock's family arms, and there is a pretty stone lodge for the care-taker of the place. Visitors from Queenston ascend



ON THE PATH TO WHIRLPOOL.

to the gates by a steep winding road, thickly shaded at each side by red cedars, whose unfading verdure and aromatic fragrance are in keeping with all the singularly picturesque and appropriate surroundings of the hero's tomb.



THE RIVER ABOVE WHIRLPOOL.

The gallery at the top of the monument is reached by an inner stone staircase of 235 steps, lighted on the way up by loopholes in the fluting of the column, and above by small circular windows, from which a magnificent panoramic view is to be had. Close beneath, its houses clustering round the river, lies the village of Queenston, its groups of ancient weeping willows still seeming to mourn the dead hero whose statue looks down on them, and to whose memory the Queenston people have erected a pretty church, with a handsome stained-glass window, presented by the York Volunteers — a gallant corps made famous by Brock's last words: "Push on, brave York Volunteers!" The American village of Lewiston stands on the opposite shore, and, from the gorge above, the river comes foaming down, to find its tumultuous struggles ended in the calm expanse of the beautiful bay into which it spreads itself smooth as a mirror, sweeping on in serene grandeur to blend its waters with the waves of Lake Ontario. At the mouth of the river, seven miles off, is the famous old town of Niagara, with Fort Mississauga, and the grass-grown ramparts of

Fort George, rising on the lake shore. At the extremity of the point, stretching out from the American side, the white walls of Fort Niagara are conspicuous. Far away to the edge of the horizon gleams the lake; and on clear days the city of Toronto, thirty-eight miles distant, and its shipping, can be discerned. Ten miles west of Queenston the spires of St. Catharines rise into the air; and the "silver streak" of the Welland Canal may be traced to Port Dalhousie, where ships enter it from Lake Ontario. Within these points of view lies a richly-cultivated country—lovely in spring with the pink and white blossoms of peach and apple orchards, the delicate green of young leaves, and the deeper verdure of fields of wheat shooting into luxuriant growth after their wintry sleep; and glorious in autumn with fields of red and golden maize, and yellow pumpkins, with apple orchards laden with ripe fruit, and with all the brilliant hues of dying forest leaves, every leaf burning in the flames of slow



EXIT OF THE RIVER FROM WHIRLPOOL.

decay with its own tint and shade of beauteous blight, and all blended together in a rainbow-like radiance of colour.

Geology shows that at a remote epoch the ridge at Queenston was the margin of

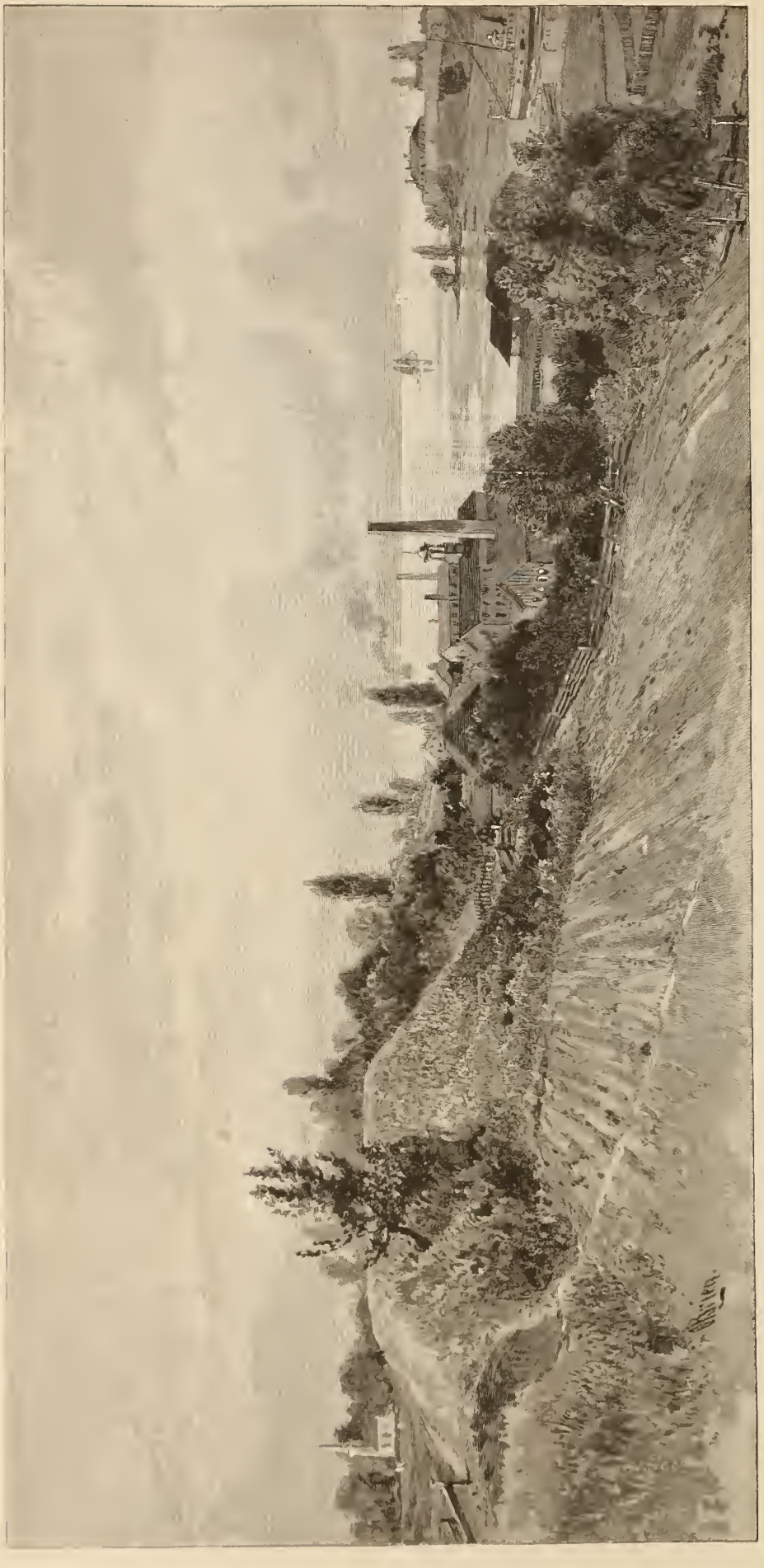


NIAGARA RIVER, FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

an ocean, that at a later period it formed the boundary of Lake Ontario, now seven miles away; and that there the great cataract of Niagara took its first leap from the heights. Coming down from these far distant ages to our own century and the early history of Upper Canada, we find Queenston a trading and military depôt of some note; but the opening of the Welland Canal destroyed its importance in this respect, and checked its prosperity. It is now a preternaturally quiet little village, lying asleep, as it seems, in the lap of one of the loveliest landscapes in the world. The first suspension bridge over the Niagara River was erected at Queenston in 1856, for foot and carriage passengers, but a great ice-jam, which occurred ten years after, broke its wire cables, and before they were properly replaced a wind-storm of unusual violence completed its destruction.

From Queenston to Niagara town the broad river flows gently on between banks of red argillaceous strata striped with green. The banks rise from forty to fifty feet in height, shaded on the Canadian side by magnificent trees, and the graceful bends and wide reaches of the stream give a series of charming pictures all the way to the lake. Especially attractive is the scene in approaching Queenston from Niagara, the lofty heights coming gradually into view, now standing out as if to close all farther passage, now slowly receding as the river winds about, and then again advancing till the lovely expanse of Queenston Bay, guarded by the cliff on which Brock's graceful monument stands, opens fully out, and satisfies the beholder's expectations in a perfect climax of beauty. The drive along the river's bank between Queenston and Niagara is charming. On one side of the road the bank sweeps down to the water, clothed with all that splendid variety of woodland foliage which is specially characteristic of the woods of Western Canada, and the river flows on in gentle majesty, reflecting in the distance the red hue of the American bank and the houses and trees on the level above; on the other side of the road are comfortable farm dwellings with orchards and vineries, succeeded, as we near Niagara, by handsome houses with bordering lawns and gardens where, in spring and early summer, blossoming trees and shrubs overhang the railings and fences, and all the flowers of the season show their loveliness in a blaze of brilliant colours. A little way from the town, the decayed trunk of an old tree was for many years shown as the remains of the "hollow beech tree" on which Moore wrote his ballad of "The Woodpecker"; but partly from natural decay, and partly because bits were carried away by relic-lovers, every vestige of the old tree has disappeared.

The town of Niagara is built on a rounded point stretching into Lake Ontario, where the Niagara River flows into it. Entering the town by the river road we pass through a grove of old oak trees, succeeded by a natural plain, or "opening," three-quarters of a mile in extent, its grassy surface kept closely cropped by grazing cattle, and only broken here and there by groups of magnificent old thorn trees. This plain,



MOUTH OF THE RIVER, FROM RAMPARTS OF OLD FORT GEORGE.
Fort Niagara, on the American shore, opposite

always called the common, was reserved for military purposes. On one side it is bounded by the road leading into the town, bordered by villas, lawns, and shrubberies; on the other by the blue waters of Lake Ontario. For many years it was annually the scene of a great Indian encampment, when the Six Nations came to receive their yearly gifts and allowances. Coming over the lake in their birch-bark canoes, they set up their lodges on the common, forming a wild and picturesque spectacle, such as can be seen now only in the far North-west.

Near the mouth of the river and opposite old Fort Niagara, on the American shore, rise some grassy mounds, the remains of the embankments of Fort George, and in the enclosed space below a small

remnant of the old fort, built of massive brick work, is still in existence. To the left of Fort George, and near the centre of the point, is Fort Mississauga, erected after the retreat of the Americans, the brick stones of the burned town having been used in its construction. The tower still stands, though dismantled, with its surrounding block houses, but its iron-studded gates lie open, and the palisades which defended its trenches are nearly all gone. Cattle and horses graze peacefully round these old memorials of war, and the lake bears friendly ships from shore to shore; but the inhabitants of Niagara have not yet forgotten what their fathers suffered when, in the frost and snow of December, 1813, helpless women and little children were turned into the street and their houses burned to the ground.

On the American point, stretching across the mouth of the river, is the old Fort of Niagara, built where La Salle erected a palisaded store-house in 1678, when he was building the *Griffin*, the first vessel, except an Indian birch-bark canoe, ever launched on Lake Erie. La Salle's stockade was afterwards destroyed by the Indians, rebuilt and strengthened by the French in 1687, again destroyed by the Indians, and again rebuilt by the French. Finally, a stone fort was erected on the old site by the Marquis de la Jonquiere in 1749, which was taken by the British under Sir William Johnson in 1759. It remained in the possession of the British till the end of the American War of Independence, when it was ceded to America. It was taken by the British and Canadian troops in the War of 1812, and held by them till peace was concluded. The town and peninsula of Niagara were settled chiefly by U. E. (United Empire) Loyalists, so called from their loyalty to the British Empire at the time of the American Revolution. The regiment known as Butler's Rangers, famous for its fierce and reckless daring and devotion to the Royal cause, was disbanded at Fort Niagara after the war, and nearly all crossed over to Canada and settled in the Niagara District, receiving grants of land there. Five thousand acres were allotted to Colonel Butler, with a pension of two hundred pounds a year; he was made agent for Indian affairs in the West, and held other important offices in Niagara. He was buried in a clump of oaks and pines on part of his property, known as the Butler farm, about a mile from the town, and in the Episcopal church a tablet has been put up to his memory. Many other U. E. Loyalists refused to take the oath of allegiance to the American government, and fled to Canada, receiving grants of land in the Niagara District, they and their descendants, almost without exception, taking a high and honourable position in the Province.

In a few years the village of Niagara became a place of considerable importance. It was the principal depôt for the North-west Fur Company, for Indian supplies, and for all goods conveyed by the Portage road round the Falls, the chief place of trade for Western Canada, and an important military station; and when, in 1792, Governor Simcoe chose it for the capital of Upper Canada, it was expected

to become before long a great and prosperous city. General Simcoe held his first Parliament there, and a French traveller, the Duke de la Rochefoucault di Liancourt, witnessed and has described the opening ceremonies, conducted amidst curiously primitive surroundings. The Governor, his council and the representatives of the Province, met in a building adjoining Butler's Barracks, generally used for church services, but finding it somewhat hot and close in sunny September weather, they adjourned to a green slope near by, and there, under the shade of some survivors of the forest primeval, with a flat rock for a table, made the laws and arranged the affairs of the Province. This first Parliament of Upper Canada carried through many measures of great practical utility; and it must always be remembered to its honour that it gave the death-blow to slavery as a legal institution in the Province.

The Upper Canada *Gazette*, the first newspaper issued in the Upper Province, was published in Niagara during General Simcoe's administration. Fort George was built, various government buildings erected, and a great impetus given to the town. But Simcoe had fought in the War of the Revolution, and never could forgive the success of the Americans; and when he found that Fort Niagara was actually to be given up to them, and that, if he made Niagara town the seat of government, he would be compelled day after day to see the stars and stripes floating where the British flag then waved, he became disgusted with the place, and removing to York, now Toronto, decided on fixing the capital there. This was a terrible blow to Niagara, but it brought with it one compensation which to many will seem far from trivial. General Simcoe, ignoring all the claims of historic and poetic feeling, and we may add of euphony, had changed the name of the town from Niagara to Newark, in allusion to its having been an Ark of Safety for the persecuted U. E. Loyalists; and it was so called in Acts and other official documents for a short time, but the old name never lost its hold on the people, and in 1798 it was formally reinstated by law. In this respect Niagara is more fortunate than some other places in the Dominion, which have lost their beautiful old Indian names, and have had others, both commonplace and inappropriate, conferred on them.

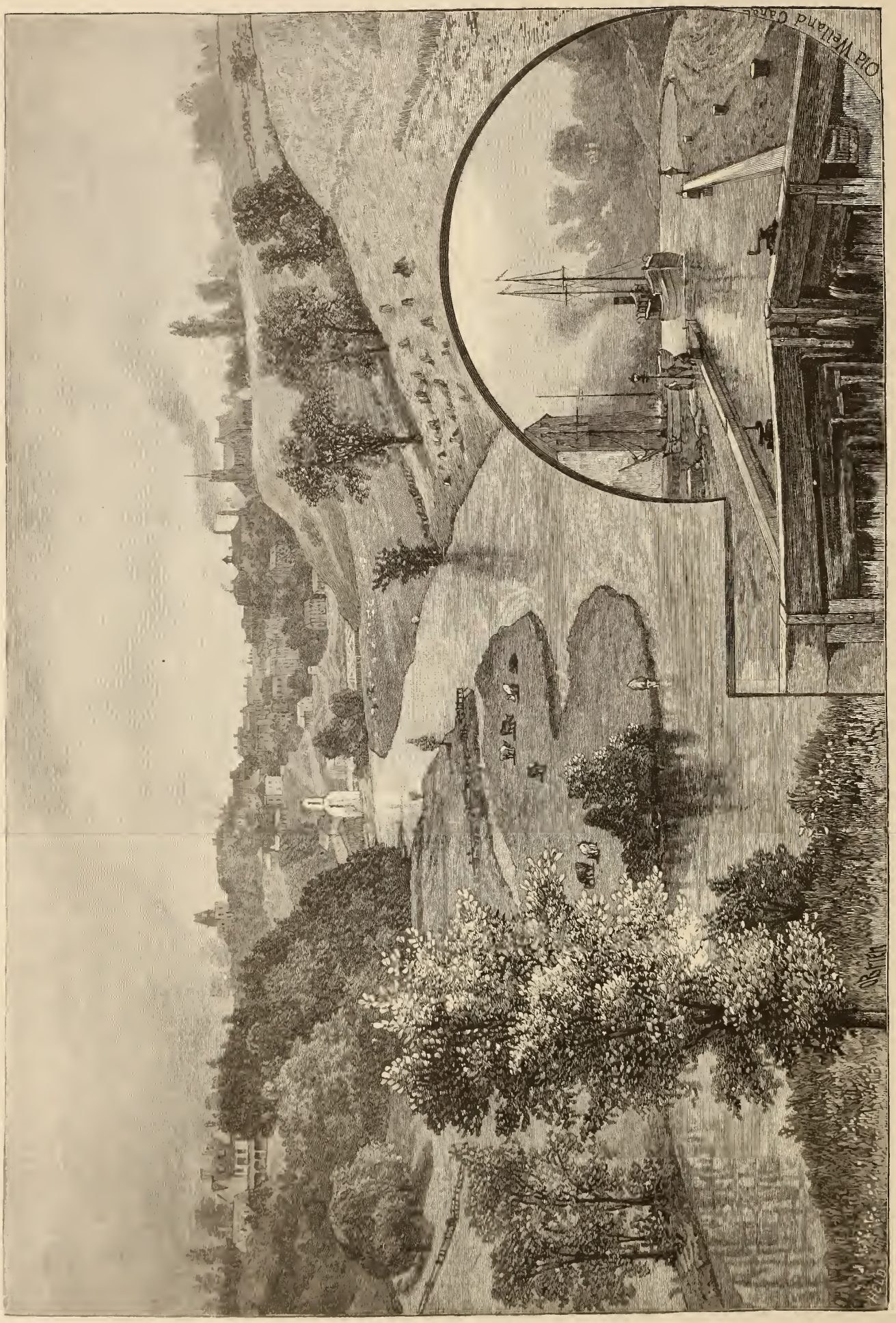
Though the honour of being the capital of the Province was taken away from it, Niagara still retained its importance as a military station, as the principal depôt for goods going up or coming down Lake Erie, and the chief centre of trade for the surrounding district; but a blow far more crushing than General Simcoe's was destined to fall upon it. December 12th, 1813, it was set on fire by order of the American commanding officer, General McClure, when he abandoned the town, of which he had for some time held possession, and retreated across the river before the advance of the British. The inhabitants, among whom were hundreds of women and children, were only allowed half an hour to escape from their houses, and many of them lingered in the streets to watch, with such feelings as may be



APPROACH TO CAVE OF THE WINDS.

imagined, the destruction of their ruined homes. The little town recovered from this terrible calamity with extraordinary rapidity, but another stroke of ill-fortune was in store for it. The Welland ship-canal, which has given such commercial advantages to Canada, diverted the trade of the Niagara peninsula into new channels. The town of St. Catharines, near the entrance of the canal from Lake Ontario, suddenly sprang into being, and became the business centre of the district, throwing Niagara town into a cold shade, from which it has not yet been able to emerge. Lately, however, it has shown signs of renewed activity; it has a ship-yard, an iron foundry, and two or three large hotels, always full in summer. Steamboats run between it and Toronto twice a day; and its healthful and beautiful situation, the picturesque scenery in its neighbourhood, and its attractions for the lovers of boating, fishing, and wild-fowl shooting, make it a popular holiday resort, and a delightful summer residence. A canal from it, to connect with the Welland Canal, has been projected, and if carried out, we may hope that the sunshine of prosperity may beam once more on the famous old town. The Episcopal church, St. Mark's, first built in 1802, has many interesting associations. It was occupied by the American troops when they held the place in 1813, and was set on fire with the rest of the town. The body of the church was burned down, but rebuilt after the close of the war, and the venerable old tower, which escaped the flames, still stands, strongly buttressed, a sacred memorial of the sufferings of days gone by. A large and beautiful burying-ground surrounds the church, shaded by magnificent old trees. It is crowded with stately monuments and humbler head-stones, and the graves near the old tower lie thick and close together, many of the tombstones bearing the names of officers and militiamen. When the American soldiers were quartered in the church, they cut up their rations of meat on some of the great flag-stones which covered the graves, and the scars and chippings made by the cleavers can still be plainly seen. But, happily, the verdure of many springs, the fading leaves of many autumns, the snows of many winters, have covered these scars, and healed the bitter feelings they once awakened; leaving only a generous pride in the valour and fortitude of the men who saved the independence of their country.

Where the road known as Lundy's Lane approaches the village of Drummondville (lying between Queenston and Chippewa), one of the fiercest battles of the war was fought. A piece of rising ground, close to the village, and about a mile from Niagara Falls, was the central part of the combat, and a tower or "observatory," which visitors are expected to ascend for the view, marks the place. The battle began at six o'clock on the evening of July 25th, 1814, when General Sir Gordon Drummond, with a force of sixteen hundred British and Canadians, encountered five thousand Americans, under General Brown, and, as the sun sank in the western horizon, the cannon's deadly roar mingled with the sublime voice of the cataract. The fight raged with unabated vigour and determination on both sides till midnight, when the

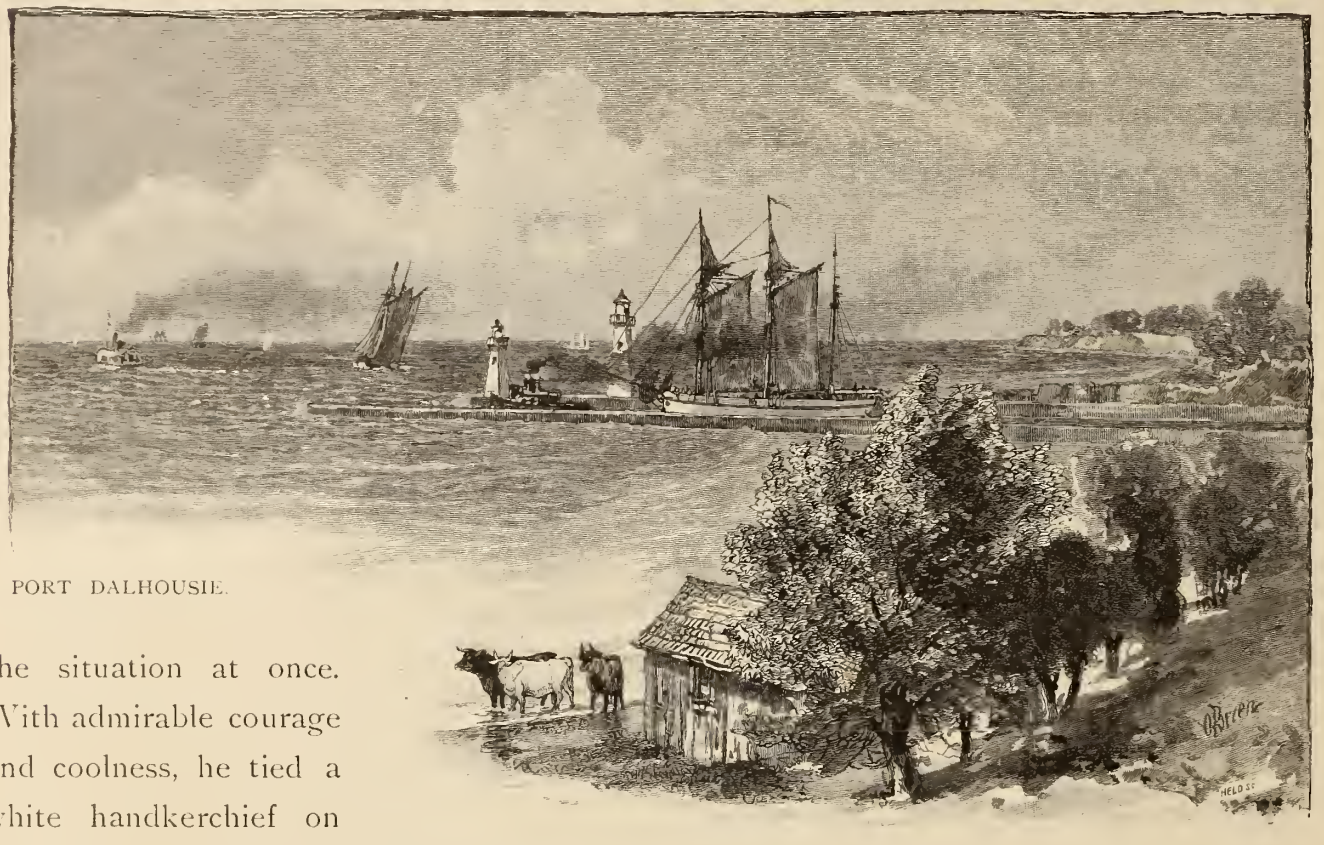


ST. CATHARINES.

American general, finding that, in spite of some temporary successes, all his efforts to dislodge the British from their position on the brow of the hill were fruitless, gave up the contest. "He retreated," says General Drummond in his despatch, "with great precipitation to his camp beyond Chippewa, burning, as he passed, the flour mills at Bridgewater. The following day he abandoned his camp, threw the greater part of his baggage, equipage, and provisions into the rapids above the Falls, and, destroying the bridge over the Chippewa River, continued his retreat to Fort Erie in great disorder." Lundy's Lane, extending for a mile to the west of Drummondville, is now lined on each side with peach orchards, vineyards, market-gardens, and the neat and tasteful dwellings of their owners. The village lies east of the hill where the brunt of the battle was borne; the Falls and the rapids bordering it on one hand, and orchards, fields and beautiful woodlands, on the other.

Another battle-field, neither so important nor so famous as Lundy's Lane, ought never to be forgotten by Canadians. This is Beaver Dams, near the place where the town of Thorold now stands. After the Americans got possession of Fort George and the town of Niagara, the British troops fell back on Burlington—now Hamilton—and General Vincent, then in command, advised the Canadian militia and volunteers to return to their homes, as he was uncertain whether he might not have to abandon the peninsula for a time, and retire to Kingston. At this disheartening crisis the Canadians remained true to their country, and continued to carry on a guerilla warfare against the invaders. Merritt's militia regiment of Light Horse, with some other militiamen and volunteers, established themselves at a building known as "De Cew's stone house," converting it into a little fortress, from whence they harassed the Americans, driving off their foraging parties, and intercepting their supplies, with such success and impunity as only an intimate knowledge of the country could have given them. Colonel Boerstler was sent from Niagara with two field-pieces and six hundred men to break up this little stronghold, and one or two other outposts of the British, who, since the decisive battle of Stony Creek, were moving back towards Fort George, and he might have succeeded but for the patriotic spirit and bravery of a woman. Laura Secord, the young wife of James Secord, a militiaman, lying wounded at Queenston, saw the American troops moving from Niagara, and, learning their destination, set out at night, and walked twenty miles through the woods to warn the little band at the stone house of Boerstler's approach. At any time it would have been a difficult journey, but in war time, with the risk of meeting some savage Indian or other lawless marauder in the lonely woods, only a woman of singular energy and courage would have undertaken it. Mrs. Secord, however, accomplished it in safety, and when Colonel Boerstler arrived at Beaver Dams at six o'clock in the morning, he found his march impeded by a small number of militiamen, hastily collected, and a party of Indians led by their chief, young Brant. This number, altogether about two

hundred, seemed trebled when seen through the thick foliage of the trees, from among which they poured volley after volley from their muskets on the surprised and bewildered Americans, every volley accompanied by the fierce yells of the Indians. While Boerstler was still uncertain whether to advance or retreat, Ensign Fitzgibbon, with forty soldiers, the only British troops in the neighbourhood, arrived at the spot, and took in



PORT DALHOUSIE.

the situation at once. With admirable courage and coolness, he tied a white handkerchief on a musket and, holding it up, advanced alone, calling on the enemy to lay down their arms and surrender, upon which Colonel Boerstler, believing that the whole British army were in front, surrendered his force of six hundred infantry, fifty cavalry, two field-guns, and a stand of colours, to the young ensign and his two hundred and forty men.

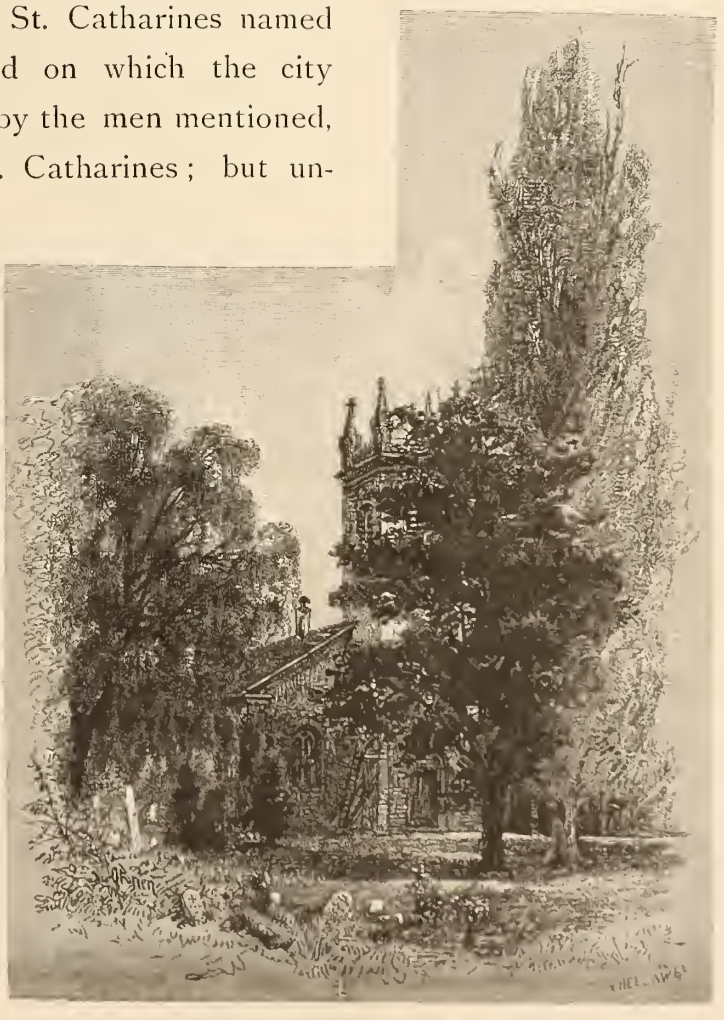
When excavations were being made for the Welland Canal, some human bones were found at Beaver Dams with militia buttons and scraps of military accoutrements, which showed that they were the remains of Canadian soldiers killed in the fight which had taken place there. These remains were collected, enclosed in a walnut casket, and buried where they had been found, more than two thousand people assembling to witness the ceremony. Over the spot a small granite monument was placed, with the simple inscription, "Beaver Dams, June 24th, 1813."

In these peaceful and prosperous days the Niagara district is covered with pleasant homesteads, thriving villages, and busy market towns, but it can boast of only one city. This is St. Catharines, built on the line of the Welland Canal, three miles from its port of entry on Lake Ontario, and the chief shipping, manufacturing, and trading

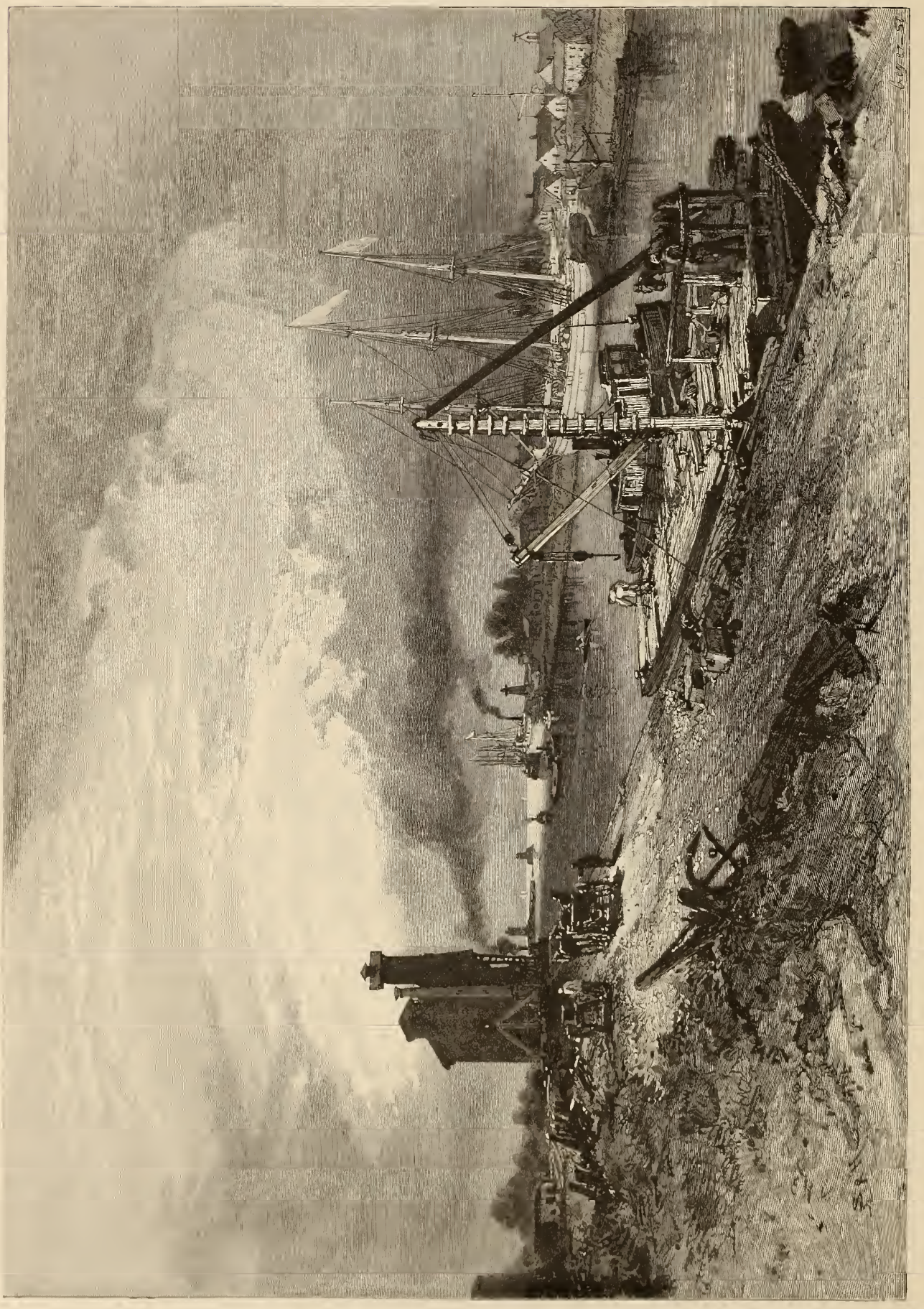


THOROLD, ON OLD WELLAND CANAL.

emporium of the peninsula. Rather oddly, the wives of three prominent landowners in the place—Colonel John Butler, the honourable Robert Hamilton, and the honourable William Hamilton Merritt—bore the name of Catharine, and for each of them the honour of having St. Catharines named after her has been claimed. The land on which the city was built was at different times owned by the men mentioned, and all had a share in building up St. Catharines; but undoubtedly the founder of its commercial prosperity was William Hamilton Merritt, who first conceived the project of a canal across the peninsula, and through difficulties and discouragements, which only the most indomitable energy could have conquered, made it an accomplished fact. It is to this great work that St. Catharines owes its rise from an insignificant village to a busy commercial town. In the Welland Canal it commands unlimited and unfailing water-power, giving rise to numerous mills, factories, and machine works. It has extensive ship-yards, and from its



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NIAGARA.



ENTRANCE TO WELLAND CANAL—PORT COLBORNE.

docks vessels that have made successful voyages to Europe have been launched. Its railway-stations and ship-canals give it facilities for carrying on trade with all parts of the world. It has an efficient police force and fire company; gas-works which not only light its streets and public buildings, but the adjoining banks of the canal; and a system of water-works supplied from a reservoir fed by the pure water of "De Cew's Falls," four miles from the city. It has many handsome buildings; a court-house and jail, banks, hospitals, a Masonic Hall, and several first-class hotels, a public school in every ward, a spacious central school, a well-equipped collegiate institute of the highest rank in the Province, and churches of every religious denomination. Besides the hotels, there is a sanitarium, built expressly for invalids coming to try the curative effects of the St. Catharines mineral springs. Scientific analysis shows that these springs are equal in medicinal properties to any of the German Spas; and their fame brings numbers in search of health to St. Catharines every year, especially from the southern and south-western States, where it is known as the Saratoga of Canada.

Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, three miles from St. Catharines and eleven miles west of the mouth of the Niagara River, is the northern port of entry for the Welland Canal and the northern terminus of the Welland Railway. It has a safe harbour, where vessels may find refuge in all weather, and in summer steamers run daily between it and Toronto. Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, twenty miles from the head of the Niagara, is the southern entrance port of the canal. It has a good harbour, is the southern terminus of the Welland, and one of the principal stations of the Grand Trunk Railway. Between these ports of entry several enterprising and prosperous villages have sprung up along the canal. Merritton, Thorold, Allanburg, Port Robinson, and Stonebridge, are all places of busy life and energy. Welland, the chief town of Welland County, is built on both sides of the canal, and connected by a handsome swing bridge. It has several mills and factories, handsome churches, a high school, a court-house, excellent hotels, and stores of every variety; and it publishes two newspapers. Close to the town is the large fair-ground of the county agricultural society, where annual shows are held.

All this activity, energy, and prosperous industry, have had their source in the Welland Canal, a work of which a brief description has yet to be given. Crossing the peninsula which lies between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, it shades the mighty cataract which had so long been an insurmountable obstacle to navigation, and forms the missing link in the chain of navigable waters from Lake Superior to the great river St. Lawrence, in whose mighty flood of mingled streams they pass on to the ocean.

The idea of this great work was first conceived by Mr. Merritt, during the War of 1812, when a militia officer, distinguished for courage and enterprise, though little more

than a boy, he led his patrols up and down the frontier, and speculated on the advantages such a means of transporting troops and ammunition through the district



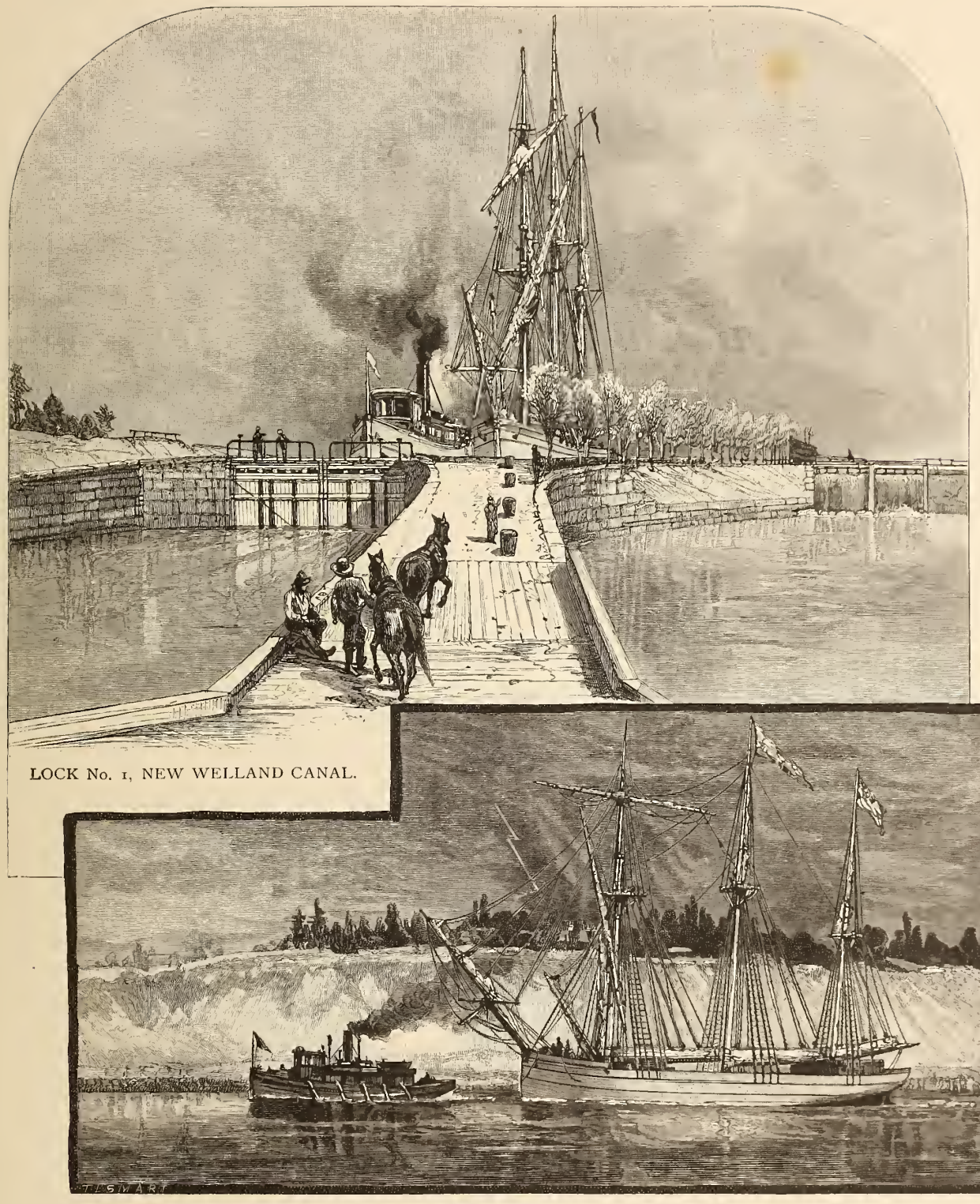
NEAR LOCK No. 2, OLD CANAL.

would have given its defenders. After the peace, he became engaged in large business transactions, and the commercial value of an unbroken water-way between the two lakes was forcibly brought before him. The project of a ship-canal gradually assumed a practicable shape in his mind, and through his fixity of purpose and indomitable energy a company was formed, aid from Government obtained, and the scheme



OFF PORT DALHOUSIE.

successfully carried out. On the 30th of November, 1824, the first sod of the Welland Canal was turned, and under Mr. Merritt's supervision speedily became a scene of



LOCK No. 1, NEW WELLAND CANAL.

THE DEEP CUT.

active industry. "The sharp rattle of the axes hewing and carving their way through the old woods, the unceasing hammering of picks on the banks, the crash of falling trees, mingled occasionally with the loud explosion of gunpowder, broke the ancient silence of the forest." * So the work went on, and in November, 1829, five years later, almost to a day, two vessels with flags flying passed through the canal, cheered by admiring

* Life of Mr. MERRITT.

spectators. Since then a succession of enlargements and improvements have been made in the canal, and in 1875 the works were commenced which are now nearly completed, and which, when the aqueduct over the Chippewa River is finished, will make it one of the best constructed and most efficient achievements even this age of engineering skill has produced. At Port Dalhousie, its port of entry on Lake Ontario, and Port Colborne, its port of entry on Lake Erie, safe and commodious harbours have been made, protected by strongly-built piers stretching between two and three thousand feet into the lake beyond the lines of the harbours, having elevated beacons erected at their terminations. The difference of level between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie at those two ports is in ordinary weather about 327 feet, and this is surmounted by twenty-five lift-locks built of solid stone, and faced with cut-stone, by which the water is carried over that high ridge of land locally known as "the mountain." Each lock is 270 feet long between the gates, and forty-five feet in width, admitting a depth of fourteen feet of water on the sills. The gates are constructed of the strongest oak and pine timber. The prism of the canal, through its long straight reaches, has a width of a hundred feet at eighteen inches over the bottom line, with provision for a depth of water sufficient to allow the passage of the largest vessels that navigate the lakes. When the canal was first made it was found that at times the Chippewa River proved inadequate as a feeder, and a channel to serve this purpose was cut from Dunnville, on the Grand River, to Port Robinson, a distance of twenty-seven miles. This channel is navigable all the way, and a branch canal connects it with Port Maitland, at the mouth of the Grand River, where a harbour has been formed. It will thus always remain useful as a branch of the main canal, but since the new improvements have been made the water supply can at all times be drawn from Lake Erie. Besides the lift-locks over the mountain, there are guard locks and double gates at all the ports. A large and costly aqueduct has been made over the Chippewa River at Welland, and at Lyon's Creek a culvert of heavy masonry has been constructed. Between Port Dalhousie and Port Colborne twenty-four bridges cross the canal, five being railway bridges, with piers and abutments of stone masonry; and for the swing bridges the latest and most effective improvements in machinery have been employed. The stone used in the canal was taken from the mountain at Queenston and Thorold, where there are extensive quarries of an excellent grey limestone equal to Aberdeen granite. All the countless works and operations necessary for the safety and perfect efficiency of the canal have been conducted in the most solid and permanent manner, and it is calculated that the cost will not be less than sixteen millions of dollars. The length of the canal is twenty-seven miles, and its present enlargement allows of the passage of vessels of one thousand five hundred tons.

Thus the enterprise which had its inception, as we have said, in 1824, in the

modest project of Mr. Merritt to construct a canal between the two lakes "four feet deep, seven feet wide at bottom, nineteen feet wide at the water surface, and to accommodate vessels not exceeding forty tons burthen," has been brought, in its extensively developed form, to satisfactory completion. The importance to commerce of this great undertaking can hardly be over-estimated, as it now opens a water highway to the west not only for all the trading craft of Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces, but even for the sea-going vessels of the Old World. The impetus the canal will now give to the development of our own lake trade, and the advantages it affords, over the facilities it hitherto offered to shippers of grain from the great markets of Chicago and Duluth, in effecting a continuous and speedy transit to the sea, will be obvious to every one who gives the matter a thought. Increased depth of water in the canal means, of course, increased carrying capacity and increased tonnage in the vessels engaged in the traffic. This is important, not only in the matter of exporting grain, but in the moving of such heavy merchandise as coal, iron ore, etc., which, from the nature of this trade, wants a cheap, through transport to tide-water, with the minimum of obstruction, inconvenience, or delay. Canaling as a means of general transportation may not, with the facilities which the railways now offer, be able to maintain the supreme position it has occupied in the past. The history of the Erie Canal would seem to emphasize this view. But in the case of Canada, with her enormous water-system, an exception must be made; and no means of communication is likely seriously to compete with the mode of transit which is the distinctive feature of the trade of the Dominion. This the successive governments of Canada have always recognized; and hence, among the public works necessary to the expansion of its commerce, as a statistical writer has told us, "none occupy a higher or more important place than the canals, which have been constructed for the improvement of our lake navigation. "No country in the world," the same authority goes on to say, "can show a more elaborate system of inland navigation than Canada, young as she is, can exhibit. It is itself a forcible illustration of the public spirit which has animated our statesmen during the past forty years. These works were commenced at a very early period in the history of the commercial progress of Canada, and were completed, on their present extensive scale, at a time when the expenditures required to accomplish the object seemed altogether excessive when compared with the actual revenues." Speaking of the topographical features of our canal system, the writer continues: "It is where nature has been most capricious, where falls and rapids awe the spectator by their tumultuous rush, that we now see the evidences of modern enterprise; where the Indian in old time portaged his canoe, we now find splendid structures of masonry, illustrating the progress of engineering skill, and the demands of commercial enterprise in a country whose total population in the beginning of the century was hardly above a hundred thousand souls."

Few, we may add, can predict the volume of commerce of which the St. Lawrence system will ultimately become the channel. The great lakes, which contain fully half the fresh water on the globe, drain a basin of 400,000 square miles, the trade of which, in addition to that of the vast territory in the North-west, must, to a great extent, be borne, and continue to be borne, on its waters. With this fact in mind, the part the Welland Canal has to play in this magnificent trade, is in need of no further illustration.

Properly speaking, the Niagara district is confined to the counties of Lincoln and Welland. This famous old district is bounded on three sides by the waters of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, and the Niagara River; it is traversed by the Chippewa River, and by many smaller streams or "creeks," and by the Welland Canal; everywhere it is intersected by railway lines, with stations at or near each town or village, so that every farmer has quick and easy communication both by water and land with all parts of the Dominion and the United States. Its fertile soil is equally well adapted for grain and root culture, for raising stock, or for dairy purposes.



LOCK No. 23, THOROLD.

Every species of timber grows in perfection. Oaks and pines have been cut six feet in diameter; the oaks measuring from seventy to eighty feet in length; the pines from one



PORT ROBINSON, ENLARGED CANAL.

hundred to one hundred and seventy-five, and as straight as the mast of a ship. A few magnificent black walnuts still remain, but these most beautiful and valuable trees of the Canadian forest have been ruthlessly cut down everywhere, with that reckless disregard of the timber wealth of the country so common in Canada. In Stamford Park, once the favourite summer residence of Sir Peregrine Maitland, a former governor of Upper Canada, one grand old walnut measures fourteen feet in circumference four feet above the ground, its branches spreading out in a wide umbrageous canopy; and in other places huge stumps show what majestic domes must once have towered above those foundations. The tulip-tree, sometimes called the tulip-poplar, a species of magnolia, is a common forest tree in this district, raising its graceful pillar-like stem, smooth and straight as a dart, sometimes to the height of a hundred feet, bearing a crown of pale-green, nearly square-cut leaves; and in their season sulphur-coloured blossoms, showing rich red spots at the base of their tulip-shaped cups. The red-mulberry, too, grows freely in the woods, attaining a height of sixty feet, and its fruit only requires proper cultivation to be equal in size and flavour to the mulberry of Europe. In this favoured region Nature is lavish of her most delicious fruits. Not only



A WASTE WEIR.

apples, pears, plums, cherries, and small fruits of every kind grow in rich abundance, but quinces, grapes, melons, and above all, peaches attain a size and perfection of flavour not to be surpassed in all America. In Niagara town, where in the severest winters the thermometer has never been known to fall more than three degrees below zero, fig-trees grow in the open air and bear two crops in the season, one in July and one early in autumn. The trees are kept short by cutting back to about six feet in height, and preserved from frost of winter by being laid down close to the ground in autumn and covered with a few inches of earth. Under similar treatment the most delicate grapes, Black Hamburg, Chasselas and Muscat do well, and produce splendid bunches every year. These tender fruits, which wither at

the slightest touch of frost, need exceptional care and culture, but less delicate varieties of grapes, and the finest peaches only require to be kept free from weeds by frequent ploughing between the rows to grow as readily and luxuriantly as apples and currants in less favoured localities. The situation of the Niagara peninsula gives it peculiar advantages for peach culture; the large bodies of water by which it is surrounded protecting it from that extreme cold, which is fatal to the peach, and from the injurious effects of early frosts in autumn and late frosts in spring. A "cold spell" is scarcely ever felt till after Christmas, and when it comes seldom lasts more than a couple of days at a time. Extremely mild winters—quite as mild as in New York—are the general rule, and in the severest weather known the temperature has never been lower in any part of the peninsula than six degrees below zero.

It has been roughly calculated that one thousand five hundred acres are under cultivation as peach-orchards in the Niagara district, the number of the trees being three hundred and seventy-five thousand, and their produce a million baskets of fruit annually, Niagara, Stamford and Grimsby are the chief peach-growing townships. Every farm



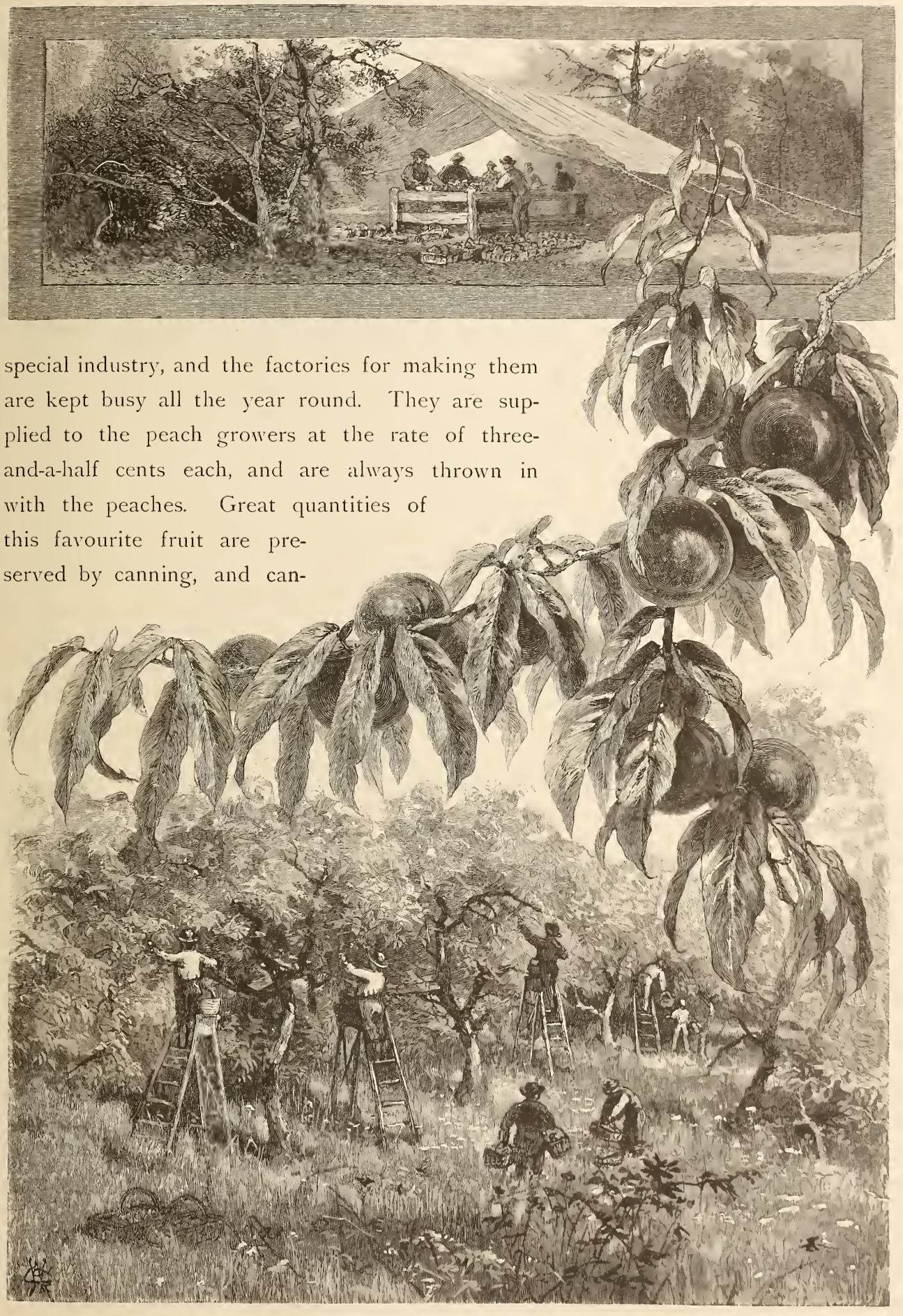
OLD ACQUEDUCT AT WELLAND.

has a peach-orchard; orchards of two thousand trees are common, and every year new orchards are planted and the yield increases. In Stamford there is a peach-orchard of eleven thousand trees, and three years after being transplanted they bore twenty thousand baskets of peaches. The Crawford peaches grow here to an enormous size, measuring from nine to nearly twelve inches in circumference; they have an exquisite flavour and fragrance, at once sweet, piquant, and aromatic, with a rich mellow pulp, overflowing with juice; and the trees bear so abundantly that, with every precaution, the branches often break down under their heavy load of fruit. Peach-trees generally grow about fifteen feet high in the orchards, and are planted in rows eighteen feet apart; their wide-spreading branches, and slender, shining leaves touching each other across the dividing spaces. The beauty of those peach-orchards, when the trees are bending down beneath the weight of their lovely globes of pink and white and golden-tinted fruit, recalls the fabled gardens of the Hesperides; but there is no dangerous dragon to watch them, and seldom or never any need for a guardian. Peaches are so plentiful in this favoured spot of earth that there is little temptation to steal them, and if the schoolboys who pass where the trees grow close to the road, and the fruit hangs within their reach, climb the wooden fence and snatch a few now and then, it is looked upon as a matter of course, and such depredations are never noticed. And truly, to see these sun-painted peaches ripe and glowing through their glistening foliage, within the grasp of an outstretched hand, is enough to make the most venerable of stoics act upon Dean Swift's injunction—

"Always pull a peach
When it is within your reach.

The peach harvest begins towards the end of July and continues to the middle of October. Men and women gather the ripe fruit into baskets carried on the arm; children are not employed, as the peaches require careful handling. The baskets, when filled, are taken to sheds prepared for the purpose, where women pick out all damaged fruit and cover the baskets with coarse pink gauze. They are then sent in wagons to the nearest railway station, where a "peach car" is always provided, in which they are despatched to their destination. Every day the platforms at the stations are crowded with piles of pink-covered peach baskets, in waiting for the trains which are to carry them to all the large towns in the Dominion—Halifax and St. John's included. The demand for this delicious fruit far exceeds the supply, and early in the season baskets of twelve quarts bring two dollars each, the price gradually falling to seventy-five, or even sixty cents a basket, till later in the season, when peaches begin to get scarce, and the price rises again. The baskets in which they are packed furnish a

special industry, and the factories for making them are kept busy all the year round. They are supplied to the peach growers at the rate of three-and-a-half cents each, and are always thrown in with the peaches. Great quantities of this favourite fruit are preserved by canning, and can-



THE FRUIT HARVEST.



LOOKING TOWARDS LAKE ONTARIO, FROM HEIGHTS NEAR QUEENSTON.

ning factories have been established in the district and at Toronto, which are doing a considerable trade, domestic and foreign.

Grapes are cultivated in this region to a large extent, and clusters a foot long, each grape measuring from a quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter, are frequently produced. The crop never fails, and four, five, and even six tons to the acre are raised. They bring from ten to five cents a pound, and are sent by rail to St. Catharines, Toronto, and other towns, packed in baskets like those used in shipping peaches, only covered with blue instead of pink gauze. Many of the farmers make excellent wine, and one near Niagara sometimes manufactures from six to eight hundred gallons from the Clinton grape. There is also an establishment at St. Catharines, provided with proper cellars, vats, and all necessary apparatus, and with a vineyard of fifty acres to supply the grapes.

Niagara district has always been famous for its apple-orchards, but now that peaches and grapes grow in such profusion, and every farmer's wife lays in a supply of canned fruit for winter use, apples are rather thrown into the background. Yet nothing can really take their place, and in spring, when other fruits are not to be had, well-kept winter apples become valuable. Large quantities are barrelled and shipped to Liverpool, where Niagara apples command the highest prices. The *pomme grise*, a small russet, celebrated for its aromatic flavour and mellow pulp, grows nowhere to such perfection as on the Niagara River. Cider, of course, is made by every farmer, and the fruit of the ungrafted native trees, judiciously mixed with the richer cultivated varieties, has a piquant flavour and brilliant sparkle, not often surpassed. Pear-trees produce enormous crops, sometimes having from ten to twenty bushels on a single tree. English cherries grow to a great size, and the trees are often literally bent down under their heavy loads of fruit. All small fruits are exceptionally fine and rich in flavour; strawberries, especially, yield abundantly, and are largely and profitably cultivated for market. Hickory-nuts, butternuts, and sweet chestnuts are plentiful, and, in some places, walnuts are still to be had for the gathering, the trees being great bearers.

Seen from some little hill or rising ground, the lovely land seems everywhere to smile under rich orchards and fruit gardens, intermixed with fields of luxuriant wheat, Indian corn, and blossoming clover, relieved by the darker green foliage of the remnants of the grand old woods here and there bordering the farms. Above this bright landscape rise well-built and often neat and tasteful farm-houses with spacious barns and other farm-buildings. Thickly interspersed are villages, forming sources of communication with the outside world to their surrounding areas.

Some of these villages are charmingly picturesque and rich in historical associations. Queenston, lying on the Niagara River under the heights, has been already described. St. David's, two miles west of Queenston, had its full share in the

War of 1812, and was burned down by the invaders. It lies in a ravine of the mountain beside a never-failing stream, which supplies water-power to a brewery and two flour mills. The soil in the ravine is of the richest black mould, and it can boast of some beautiful walnut trees—lordly trees, now, alas, becoming rare in the land where they once grew in magnificent battalions. St. David's did not receive its name in honour of Welsh, or Scottish, or any other canonized saint, but simply in compliment to one of its most enterprising citizens who, while he lived, was locally known as King David.

A mile or two farther west is Stamford, next to Niagara the oldest settlement in the district. It is one of the prettiest villages in Canada, with a quaint Old-World charm about it not often met with in this New World. It has a Village Green in old English style, with a lofty flag-staff in the centre, on which the British and Canadian flags are hoisted on great occasions, such as the Queen's Birthday and Dominion Day. The village is shaded by locust-trees and maples, and surrounding the Green are pretty houses with flower-gardens, and lawns planted with trees and shrubs. Almost every cottage has a flower-garden in front, with climbing roses and blossoming creepers twining round the verandas. The little Episcopal Church has a beautiful and venerable aspect of antique simplicity, rising from its sheltering pines. Its surrounding grave-yard is enclosed, partly by a hedge of clipped privet, and partly by a wooden fence overhung by drooping trees. Plain as the building otherwise is, all its windows are of stained glass, erected by members of the congregation in memory of their beloved dead. The churchyard is kept with loving care, and round the tombstones, and beside the graves, roses twine their blossoms, and trailing evergreens cover the narrow mounds with unfading verdure.

Sir Peregrine Maitland, who was Governor of Upper Canada from 1818 to 1828, was so delighted with the Stamford neighbourhood that he bought land near the village, laid out a park and pleasure-ground, and built a picturesque house; spending every summer there while he remained in Canada. After he left the country the house was accidentally burned down, and scarcely a trace now remains of the lawns, flower-gardens, and highly-cultivated farm. The place still retains its name of Stamford Park, and Sir Peregrine is well remembered by the older inhabitants of the district for his enthusiastic admiration of the surrounding scenery, his genial and benevolent character, and the interest he took in the progress of the Welland Canal. To his military instincts we owe the circumstance that the Canal was not deflected into the estuary of the Niagara instead of entering Lake Ontario at Port Dalhousie. In our early history, military rather than commercial considerations governed the direction of highways and canals, and the "manifest destiny" of ambitious towns was thus sometimes cruelly frustrated. When, under Jay's Treaty, in 1794, Fort Niagara was actually surrendered to the United States, its *vis-à-vis*, Newark, was, by a stroke of the diplo-

matist's pen, brought under the fire of foreign guns. Governor Simcoe, as we have already mentioned, forthwith transported his provincial capital across the lake to York (Toronto). Even there, Simcoe thought the capital too accessible to a hostile squadron; and as soon as his great military highway—Dundas Street—should have been opened, he proposed to make London—or, as he called it, Georgina—the permanent capital of Upper Canada. Old Newark had felt deeply hurt at being deposed from its pride of place; but when the Welland Canal was projected there came a gleam of hope. As the gateway to the new Canal, it might become the great *entrepôt* of lake commerce! But once more a major-general governed the Province, and military maxims warped civil government and civil engineering. Sir Peregrine had spent the flower of his life amid the clash of sabres and the roar of cannon. He had been continuously on active service for more than a score of years, rounding off a brilliant career by leading at Waterloo two battalions of guards into the very eye of the fiery tempest. The Forty Years' Peace had begun, and Sir Peregrine had put off the sword, but he could not put off the man. To him a canal was the patrol or parade-ground for gunboats, rather than a quiet channel for merchantmen.

Grimsby village is picturesquely situated between the lake and "the mountain." The first settlers were U. E. Loyalists, who preferred to encounter the labours of clearing new homes out of the unbroken forest to giving up their cherished traditions of loyalty to the Empire. Slowly and painfully, with their wives and children, on foot or on horseback, they made their way through the woods, guided in their course by the Indian trails; and many interesting records of the perils and hardships they encountered in these toilsome journeys, and the sufferings and privations they endured in the first years of the settlement are preserved by their descendants. One of these brave pioneers brought his two little children from New Jersey to Grimsby in baskets slung across a horse's back, the mother riding between. The same family sent a member to the first Parliament of Upper Canada, and from it some of the foremost agriculturists and stock-raisers in the district are descended. There are many "creeks," or small streams, in the township, the largest of which, called the *Jordan* by the pioneers, was known by the Indians as the *Kenochdaw*, or lead river, from the lead ore found on its banks, and often used by the hunters, both Indian and white men, to make bullets for their rifles.

Grimsby is an active place of business, with saw mills, grist mills, a foundry and machine works. The land round the village is literally covered with peach orchards, their masses of pink blossoms flushing all the landscape with a roseate hue in spring, and their shining stems and bunches glowing ruby red in the sunset of a clear winter day. Its large Methodist camp-meeting ground, in a grove of oaks and pines near the lake shore, is celebrated over the Province. An auditorium has been erected, and part of the ground laid out with shady walks and flower-gardens; and temperance

pic-nics, and Sunday-school feasts, with lectures and concerts for religious purposes, are given through the summer. Besides these popular attractions, the delightful situation of the village and its nearness to Lake Ontario, bring many tourists in the hot months, and a large hotel and some neat cottages have been built for their accommodation.

The village of Fonthill is built on the highest land between Lakes Ontario and Erie, and from it on clear days the waters of both lakes and the vessels passing over them can be seen, with all the rich and lovely country, intersected with rivers, railroads and the Welland Canal, lying between. It is famous in the district for its extensive fruit nurseries, and for the romantic scenery which surrounds it.

Everywhere in this fortunate region the evidences of energy, industry and prosperity are to be seen; every year new orchards and vineyards are planted, new buildings erected, new industrial works established. Here all the conditions of a happy existence are widely diffused and easily attained. The bountiful soil supplies not only the necessaries but the luxuries of life; and no violent extremes of cold or heat, no desolating floods or tornados, come to destroy the labours of its inhabitants or mar its beauty—

"Rent by no ravage, but the gentle plough."

And the owners of this beautiful land are not unworthy to possess it; they are a manly, industrious, independent, and highly moral people; respecting the laws, and taking an intelligent interest in all that concerns the nation, as well as in their own municipal affairs; and all firmly holding by the faith and traditions of their brave and patriotic forefathers, who first founded a new Province for the British Empire.



TORONTO, FROM KINGSTON ROAD.



TORONTO AND VICINITY.

THE reign of solitude on the great lakes of the Western Chain has nowhere been more pleasantly broken by the life and movement which indicate the approaches to a great city than in the case of Toronto. Approached from the lake, what seems at first but a bare, low-lying stretch of land, rising gently on the right to a cliffy eminence, gradually breaks into a panorama of great beauty, the scene gaining in attractiveness from a fringe of trees and other objects, now clearly distinguished, on a spit of land which forms a sort of fender in front of the far-spreading city.

To the traveller whose brain has been stunned by the sights and sounds of Niagara, and to whom the restful passage of the lake has brought relief, the view of the "Queen City of the West," with its array of dome and turret, arch and spire, and the varied movement of its water-frontage, is one that cannot fail to evoke pleasure and create surprise. The length of the passage, and the fact that the steamer in crossing the lake is steered by compass, remind him that he is on his way over one of those inland seas that separate the great Republic from the New Dominion; and as he nears "that true North" that Tennyson speaks of, he looks out with a curious interest for

the homes and hives of the people whose history and lineage, if he be an American, strangely recall his own.

Here, on these very waters, now given up to international commerce and the tourist, for years floated the varied craft of belligerent America and the commissioned war-fleet of the Old Land from which the young nation sprang. Here, on vexed seas, expeditions set out to play the game of war, and the wooded shores of either side echoed the cannon's thunder. But how changed is the scene! From yonder mound of earth, which the steamer nears to make the entrance to the harbour, a column of invaders was, in 1813, literally blown into the air. To-day, it may be said, there is not a Canadian who has the incident fresh in mind, nor scarce a Torontonian, with the historic memory, who honours the long-dismantled fort with a visit! Yet, about this spot all the earlier history of Toronto, as a trading and military post, centres. Here, or a little to the west of the present stone barracks—vacant, alas! since H. M. 13th Hussars in 1867 closed the stable-doors and withdrew to England—stood the old French fort of Toronto, or, as it was called officially, Fort Rouillé.

The fort, we learn from a despatch of M. de Longueuil, dated 1752, received its name from the French Colonial Minister of the period, Antoine Louis Rouillé, Count de Jouy. The design in establishing it was to erect a rival trading-post to that which the English of the seaboard had obtained permission from the Iroquois to build at Choueguen, or Oswego, at the mouth of the latter river. This English post on the Oswego was long an object of jealous hatred to the French, as it attracted thither a considerable portion of the fur trade of the northern shores of the lake, and was at the same time "an assumption of right and title to the Iroquois territory which lay, it was believed, within the limits of New France."

From Choueguen and the south-east end of the lake many a demonstration was made in these early days against Fort Toronto, both by the English and by war-parties of the Iroquois Confederacy, as, at a later period, from Sackett's Harbour, close by Oswego, came the successive fleets of the revolted colonies. Fort Frontenac (Kingston) was also, from time to time, the object of similar attentions, the results of which, in the chances of war, were very variable,—Montcalm having, three years before the fall of Quebec, captured and destroyed the stronghold of Choueguen, while Fort Frontenac, in 1758, surrendered to the English. With the fall of the latter fort came almost the last hour of French hold upon Canada, and the end of those years of glorious exploration and heroic missionary effort which have immortalized the period of French rule in Canada. In 1759 the Cross of St. George displaced the Lilies of France from the ramparts of Quebec, and four years later the Treaty of Paris ratified the transfer of all Canada to the British Crown.

For the next fifty years we hear nothing of Fort Rouillé or Toronto in military annals. Even as a trading-post it would seem to have fallen into disuse, the Missis-

saguas who found their way to the lake, by the river subsequently known as the Humber, no doubt preferring to cross to Fort Niagara for the exchange of commodities. But with the closing years of the last century there appeared upon the scene the man who was to become the founder of Toronto, Lieut.-General John Graves Simcoe. In 1791 he had arrived at Newark (Niagara), the then capital of the Province, and finding that the old French fort at the mouth of the river was to be given up to the Americans, and that the seat of Provincial government was therefore to be "under an enemy's guns," he determined to look elsewhere on the shores of the lake for a site for the capital. From the still-existing chronicles of the period we learn that, on his cruise in search of an eligible location for the Provincial metropolis, he entered Toronto Bay in the month of May, 1793, and at once selected the place of landing—a spot near the mouth of the Don—as the scene of his future administrative operations, and made his canvas-tent, pitched on the river-bank, the germ of what he hastened to call the Town of York.

A contemporary record happily preserves to us a word-picture of what met the eye from the governor's barge, as it was rowed to the site of the future city—the lineaments of which might well form the subject of a national painting. Colonel Bouchette, Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, and at the time engaged in the naval and hydrographical service of the western lakes, says: "Here General Simcoe had resolved on laying the foundations of a Provincial capital. I still distinctly recollect the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the lake, and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage—the group then consisted of two families of Mississaguas—and the bay and neighbouring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wild-fowl."

In this sanctuary of Nature, Governor Simcoe proceeded to build his civic and legislative altar, and to rear, under the name of Castle Frank, a domestic shrine among the sombre pines of the Don. With the erection of primitive buildings for the meeting of the Provincial Legislature, a beginning was made to clear a site for the town. Under the governor's eye the building of the new capital had its first start, and what at a later date was to be marked as the path of the sword, was meantime being wearily won for the axe and the plough. Outside of the little clearing the spirit of the woods rested upon the whole scene, for the forests covered the Province as with a garment. But the soldier-administrator had a practical eye for his work, and speedily set the troops—the King's Rangers—to the necessary task of road-making, and the opening of lines of communication with the interior. Yonge Street, an arterial line some thirty miles in length, connecting the infant capital with the Holland River and the waterway to the west, was the first and great achievement of the troops. Dundas Street, a

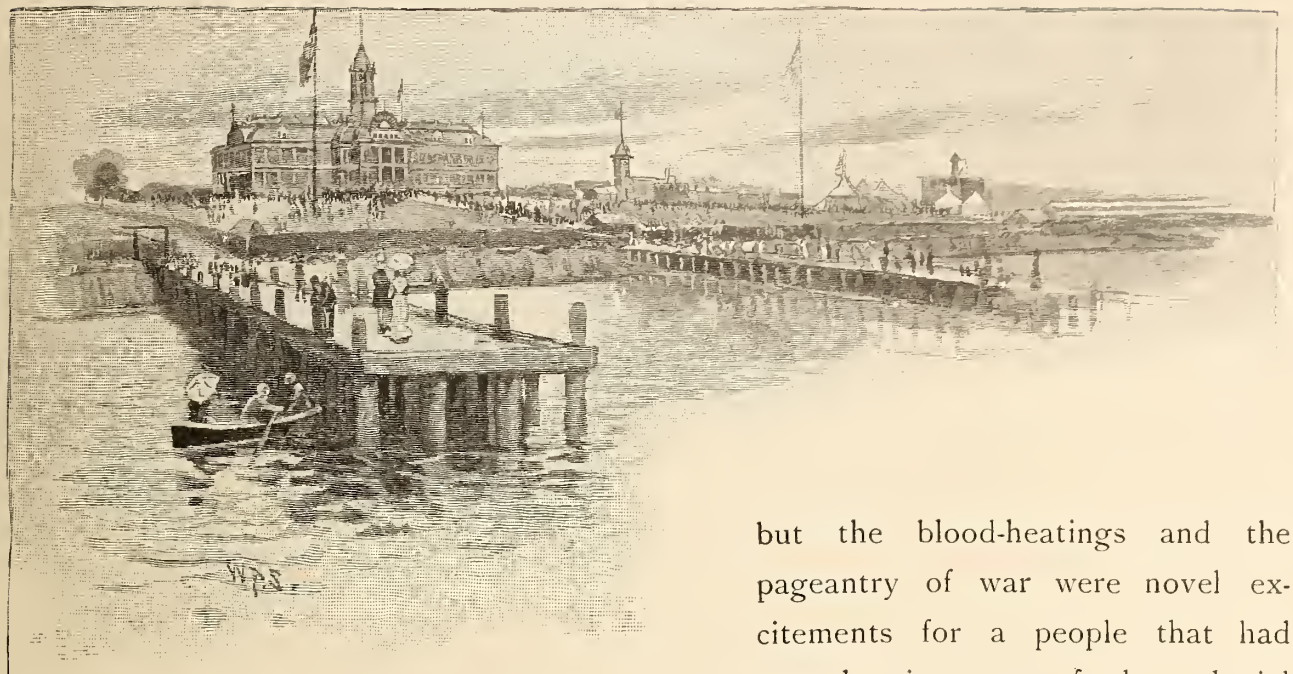
main post-road traversing the Province, and giving access to the large and fruitful region of settlement in the Peninsula, was another sagacious undertaking.

These activities, however, were not of long continuance, for in 1796 Lieut.-General Simcoe was recalled to England, and the building of the town and the opening up of the Province was for a time stayed. For the next few years York, as it was still called, came under the administration of Mr. Peter Russell, the senior member of Governor Simcoe's executive council, and who had previously acted in the capacity of Inspector-General. During President Russell's period of office Parliament was first convened in the new capital, and it assembled annually throughout his *régime*, and through the successive administrations of Governors Hunter and Gore, having little in the way of legislation to grapple with, until the 3rd of February, 1812.

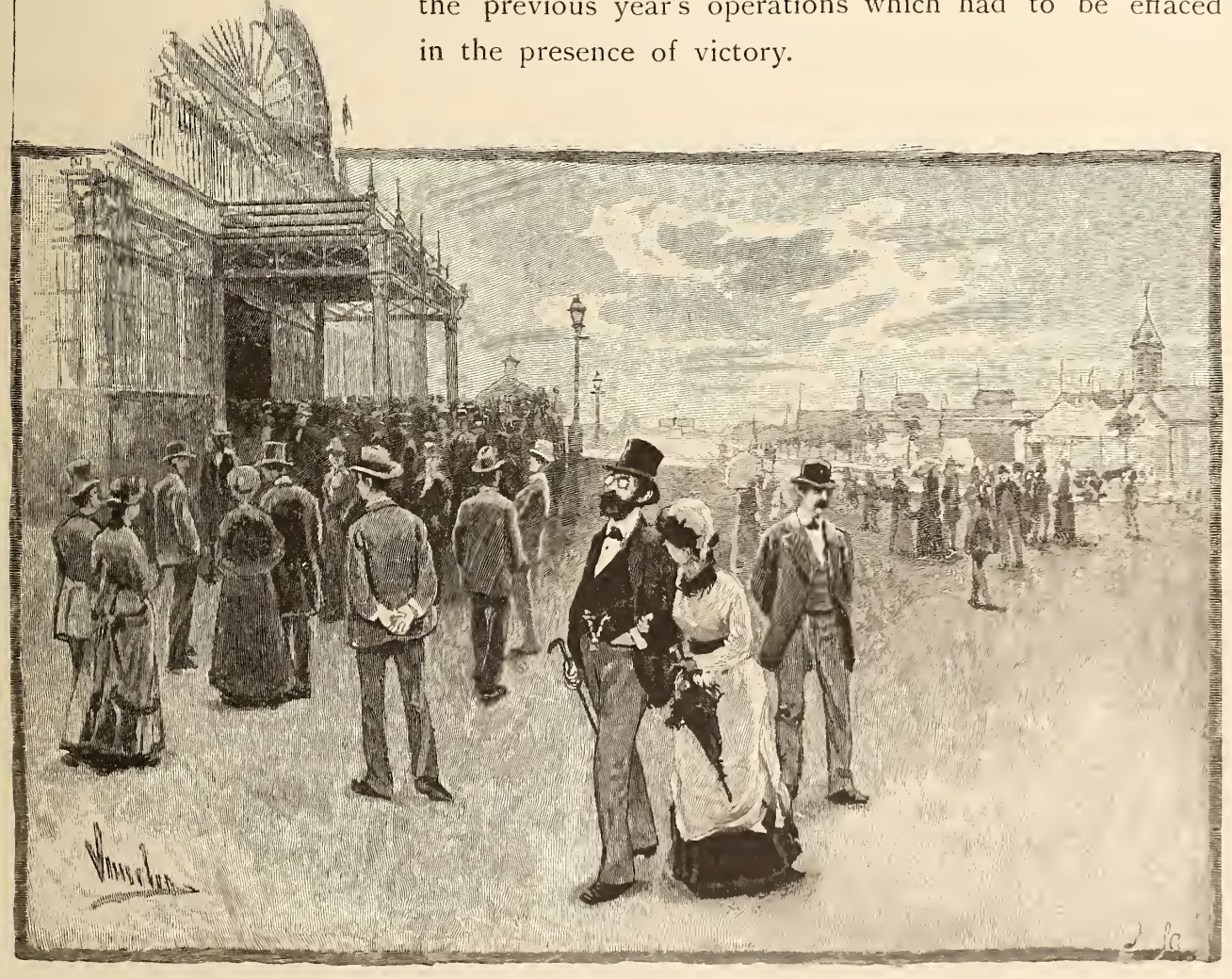
At this date Major-General Isaac Brock, the Provisional Administrator of the Province, in view of impending trouble with the United States, called upon Parliament to enact two measures of grave significance, viz.: the suspension of *Habeas Corpus*, and the passing of an effective militia bill, with the requisite grant to defray training expenses. The necessity for these steps was shown four months afterwards, when the United States Congress declared war against Great Britain, and directed that hostilities be immediately commenced by an invasion of Canada.

There is no need here to recount the history of the War of 1812–15, save as it connects itself with the fortunes of the Provincial capital, and with the fate of its heroic military governor. The war itself was a mistake, both in the motive for invading Canada and in the results expected from the invasion. The biting words in Congress of Randolph of Virginia—"The people of Canada are first to be seduced from their allegiance, and converted into traitors, as a preparation for making them good American citizens"—are an impressive acknowledgment of the former; the issues of the conflict emphasize the latter. From three separate quarters was Canada invaded, yet the year 1812 closed with disaster to the American arms. The loss to Canada was principally in the interruption to trade, in the amount of the war-levy, and in the withdrawal for service in the militia regiments of the labour that was wanted to open up the country. The loss to Britain was the death on Queenston Heights of the gallant Brock.

Toronto had special reason to mourn the death of Brock, not only in his having fallen while leading her citizen-soldiery against the invader, but more particularly in view of the events of the following year. The frosts of the winter of 1812–13 were scarcely out of the ground ere the Americans were ready once more to hurl their hosts against Canadian valour. Young Republicanism had not got over the acrimony of separation, and its soldiery were plunged in a wild eddy of war-ferment, not yet seeing that the broad and beneficent stream of progress in the arts of peace was the true direction for the young life of the nation to take. It has become wiser since;



but the blood-heatings and the pageantry of war were novel excitements for a people that had scarcely risen out of the colonial stage; and there were defeats in the previous year's operations which had to be effaced in the presence of victory.



THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

Unfortunately for the Provincial capital, its slender defences and the handful of troops in the garrison—now commanded by Major-General Sheaffe—could not avert the fate that menaced it. On the 25th of April, Commodore Chauncey set out from Sackett's Harbour with a fleet of fourteen armed vessels and some 16,000 troops, with the object of capturing Fort Toronto. The attacking force was under the command of Brigadier Pike, directed by General Dearborn, who remained on board the flag-ship. On the evening of the 26th the fleet appeared outside the harbour, and on the following day the troops detailed to attack the fort were landed in the neighbourhood of the Humber River, and, under fire from the ships, proceeded to take the outworks, and to scale the inner defences, which interposed but slight obstacles to the enemy. Conscious of the weakness of his position, General Sheaffe had concluded to evacuate the fort, and had already fallen back upon the town. Passing through it with his few "regulars," he proceeded eastward, leaving the militia to make what farther defence they could, or to treat with the enemy. The latter, finding that the fire from the fort had suddenly ceased, and anticipating a surrender, pushed on in column to take possession. The next moment there was a terrific explosion, and General Pike, with over two hundred of his command, were shot into the air. The powder magazine, it seems, had been fired by an artillery sergeant of the retreating force to prevent it falling into the hands of the Americans, and the fuse was lit, from all accounts undesignedly, at a horribly inopportune moment.

With the evacuation of the fort came the surrender of the town, and its subsequent pillage—a grim pastime which seems to have been carried out in the spirit of the Revolutionary formula: "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" From this disaster, and a farther one which occurred three months later—the result of another pillaging expedition from Chauncey's fleet—the town was slow to recover. The barracks had been burned, the storehouses plundered, and the public buildings and homes of the people had been laid waste. But time obliterates old scars, and the Toronto of to-day shows no signs of that early conflict. Even the animosities born of the period have long since disappeared. What the century has done for our neighbours in no inappreciable degree it has done for us; and both peoples have reason to be thankful for the blessings of the new civilization it has been theirs so auspiciously to found and advance.

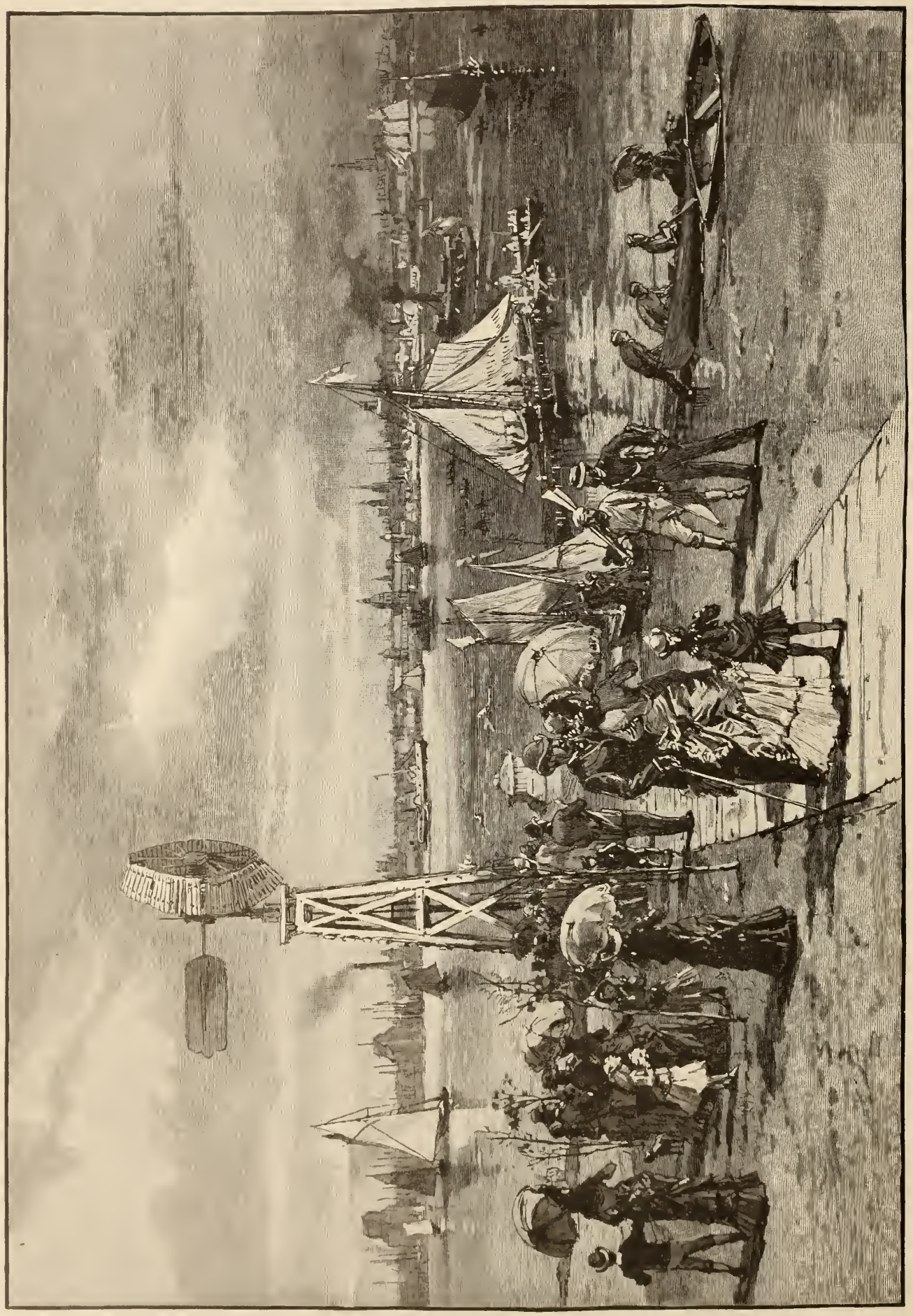
But we have allowed the associations connected with the site of Fort Toronto to delay our entrance to the harbour, and, while plying the reader with incidents concerning the city's past, have detained him perhaps unduly on the threshold of the present. Before leaving the historic site, however, let the eye be caught by the domes, cupolas, and pinnacles that break the line of sky to the immediate westward. Their presence in this neighbourhood illustrates the saying that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," for here are to be seen annually all the features of a grand

spectacle—the competitive display of the natural products and the manufactures of the Province, with the tens of thousands who throng the enclosures of the Exhibition grounds to see "Canada's Great Fair." From our point of view, train and steamer may be seen rushing past with their loads of living freight, to discharge them at the entrance gates of the park, where for a fortnight each autumn the Industrial Exhibition Association of Toronto lays every activity under tribute, to foster the agricultural and manufacturing industries of the country, to afford evidence of their marvellous growth, and especially to display the achievements of the year. The Association is now a mammoth organization, with a representation of horse and cattle breeders, farmers, millers, dairymen, horticulturists, inventors, artists, manufacturers, and others whose exhibits are scattered through the spacious and well-adapted buildings which grace the sixty-acre park owned by the Society. Though the Exhibition is now held under the auspices of a strong local organization, with large resources at its command, it is but fair to say that the credit of inaugurating and maintaining these annual shows is due to the Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario, which for nearly forty years has been holding annual gatherings in alternate cities of the Province, to the great benefit of the farming community and the practical advancement of the industrial arts. The present Exhibition Association was incorporated in 1879, and its acquirement of the grounds in which the exhibitions are now held, and the spirit and enterprise shown in erecting the tasteful buildings on the site, and in adding to the annual attractions of the Fair, are greatly to be commended, and well deserve the appreciation so heartily accorded by the public.

As the visitor passes out from the grounds by the south exit, his eye will be arrested by a commemorative cairn or mound, in an angle of the park opening out upon the lake. As outdoor historical records are rare in the New World, and especially so in the modern environment of a Fair ground, he will be likely to stop and decipher the chiselled lines on the massive granite boulder before him. That the old and the new may together meet on our page, we give the inscription before passing on to make the entry of the harbour:

> "This cairn marks the exact site of Fort Rouillé, commonly known as Fort Toronto, an Indian trading post and stockade, established A. D. 1749 by order of the Government of Louis XV., in accordance with the recommendations of the Count de la Galissonière, Administrator of New France, 1747 1749
> Erected by the Corporation of the City of Toronto, A. D. 1878."

We now steam slowly through the channel and sweep into the beautiful Bay of



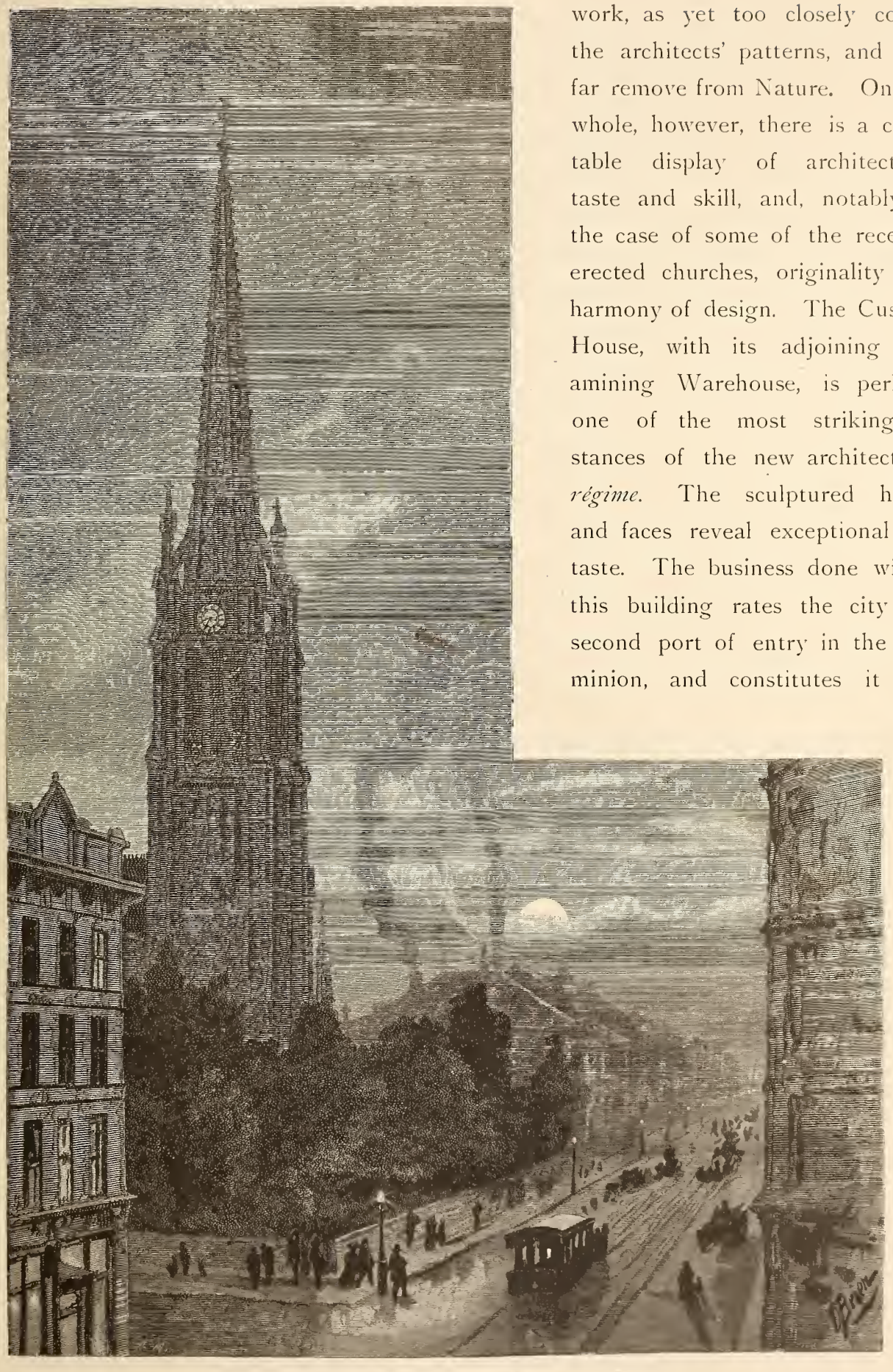
TORONTO, FROM THE ISLAND.

Toronto, whose features have greatly changed since Fort Rouillé, in what may be called the medieval period of Canadian history, stood warder over its entrance. The wash of the lake has years ago narrowed the channel, and made sad inroads upon that spur of land which long kept its integrity as a peninsula, but has now been frayed into islands—still struggling, however, to keep wind and wave from exercising their rude violence in the harbour. What "the mountain" is to the Montrealer, "the island" is to the people of Toronto. Until recently it was regarded simply as a fine natural breakwater, and the occasional resort of a few sportsmen. Now, it has become—to borrow a phrase from the sea-coast watering-places—"a great marine resort" of the townspeople, thousands of whom, all summer long, throng the ferries to its shores, to enjoy the cool breezes of the lake. The once flat and featureless marsh is to-day a waterside suburb of rapidly increasing interest. From Hanlan Point—the island-home of Toronto's noted oarsman—a beautiful view of the city may be had. The features of the island itself, moreover,—the stretches of water-meadow, the hotels, promenades, and quaint summer residences on its shores—present a picture of varied and pleasing outline. Lakeward, stretching out beyond Gibraltar Point,—the site of an old French block-house—is the great basin from which the city derives its water supply. The water is pumped up, through sunken mains laid across the bay and island, by powerful engines situated on the Esplanade. To the east is the fine, airy building of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, a flourishing organization designed to encourage amateur yachting and to supply the means of luxuriating in the adjacent lake. Still farther east, on a modest section of the peninsula, now encircled by the lapping waves of the lake, the Wiman Baths may be seen, their outline sharply mirrored in the sunny expanse of gleaming water in the bay.

But the purposes to which the island and water-surroundings of Toronto may be put, in affording the means of rest and enjoyment to its jaded citizens, are yet almost undreamt of. The whole of the lake-front of the island, and much of the Esplanade, might be converted into a continuous promenade or drive, with floating pontoons and occasional jetties thrown out lakeward, and the necessary adjunct of commodious hotels, at modest charges, for individual and family resort. The preservation of the island, meantime, is a pressing duty, and the Municipal authorities of the city will be criminally responsible if they continue to neglect it. The existence of the bay and harbour is imperilled by indifference. No time should be lost in protecting the island from the enroachments of the lake. Amazing, of course, have been the improvements which even recent residents have witnessed in the development and beautifying of the water-front of the city. The contrast, not only with the rough foreshore of the Simcoe period, and the squalid one of 1834, when Toronto became a city, but with that of even ten years ago, is sharp in the extreme. To-day the view from any elevation overlooking the bay, or the view of the city from the water, is a picture that, had it the

accompanying smoke and fog of an Old World landscape, a Stanfield or a Turner might revel in. And what a scene for the pencil is a rowing match in the harbour, every species of craft gliding hither and thither, or swept aside to form a clear water-lane for competing oarsmen! Equally fine is the view in winter, when the ice-boats wing their arrowy course over four thousand acres of gleaming crystal—their frosted sails afire in the January sun.

But our steamer has meantime been steered to the landing-place, and she glides alongside the wharf to her moorings. At the foot of Yonge Street, and on the adjoining wharves, the commerce of our inland waters empties itself. Coal from Pennsylvania, stone from Ohio, fruits of all kinds, from the Niagara District and elsewhere, are piled upon the wharves, or are being carted off to the yards and warehouses. Here the ferries ply their local trade, and the tourist sets out to "do" Niagara, or, by way of the Thousand Islands, to run the rapids of the St. Lawrence, "take a look" at Montreal and Quebec, and, it may be, find his way to the sea. Crossing the Esplanade, monopolized by the railways, the traveller at once finds himself in the heart of the city. To the westward is the Union Station, the *entrepôt* of railway travel, and thither, or to the steamers at the wharf, a stream of traffic sets almost continuously. Coaches and cabs are flying to and from the hotels. The street cars glide past, diverging, a short way on, towards various points. Pic-nicing parties or excursionists, bound for the ferries or for neighbouring towns, file by; and wagons with their burden of freight lumber along, adding to the noise and confusion. Massive warehouses and piles of buildings block in the traffic, though the vista of crowded streets opens everywhere to view. The city, which covers an area of eight or ten square miles, is built on a low-lying plain, with a rising inclination to the upper or northern end, where a ridge bounds it, which was probably the ancient margin of the lake. Within this area there are close upon one hundred and twenty miles of streets, laid out after a rigid, chess-board pattern, though monotony is avoided by the prevalence of boulevards and ornamental shade trees in the streets and avenues not given up to commerce. What the city lacks in picturesqueness of situation is atoned for in its beautiful harbour, and in the development of an æsthetic taste among the people, which finds expression in finely-embellished private grounds, and the increasing interest taken in public parks and gardens. Nor is this taste less apparent in the public buildings, which, in recent years, have been largely brought within the sphere of art. We have now less flimsy sheet-iron ornament, and more of decorative work in stone. Individuality is asserting itself in the designs of many of the street-fronts, which, though they afford little room for the more ambitious combinations of the architect, present sufficient scope for the display of taste and the avoidance of weary repetition. Colour, especially in stone, is being noticeably introduced, and adds much to the grace and cheerfulness of the new exteriors. In some instances, the ornamentation, particularly in intaglio and relievo



TOWER AND SPIRE OF ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL.

work, as yet too closely copies the architects' patterns, and is a far remove from Nature. On the whole, however, there is a creditable display of architectural taste and skill, and, notably in the case of some of the recently erected churches, originality and harmony of design. The Custom House, with its adjoining Examining Warehouse, is perhaps one of the most striking instances of the new architectural *régime*. The sculptured heads and faces reveal exceptional art taste. The business done within this building rates the city the second port of entry in the Dominion, and constitutes it the

great emporium of the Province. The value of the present annual importations is nearly twenty millions of dollars, upon which a duty of four millions is levied. The amount entered for exports for the year can be safely estimated at between five and six millions.

Crossing Front Street, which runs parallel with the bay, and, from its proximity to the railways and the wharves, is now an important business thoroughfare, we pass the substantial stone edifice of the Toronto agency of the Bank of Montreal. The building has a quiet Threadneedle Street air about it, and like the conservatism which one meets with in the busiest haunts of the Mother Country, is old-fashioned enough to preserve, within its railed southern enclosure, some half-dozen umbrageous trees, from which the ubiquitous sparrow pours forth his incessant chatter. On the opposite side is the American Hotel, and a block and a half westward, on Front Street, is "The Queen's." At the intersection of Wellington Street, we come upon the Bank of British North America, and to the east and west of it, are the headquarters of other financial corporations—the Ontario, Imperial, Toronto, Standard, and Federal Banks, the local agencies of the Quebec and Merchants, together with the central offices, surrounded by congeries of wires, of the Great North-Western Telegraph Co., and the mammoth warehouses of many trading and manufacturing firms. Pursuing our way up Yonge Street, and passing the head office of the Bank of Commerce, we reach the city's most central point, the intersection of Yonge and King, at the south-west corner of which stands the Dominion Bank.

Here the stranger, after accustoming his eye to the movement of the streets, will endeavour to take in the scene before him. A continuous double stream of pedestrians moves east and west, and, in like manner, up and down Yonge. Canadians are frequently twitted by their cousins across the line for the rigidity with which British influence and social habits are preserved in the Dominion. The expression, "How English is Toronto!" may often be heard; still, our English customs have not kept Canadian sentiment wholly monarchical. Nor has our English speech proved a better bond. It has already failed, in an earlier era in the history of this continent, to knit together those of one race and blood, though the links of connection may be longer in snapping with us. But whatever fortune betides the Dominion, it will be long ere Britain and British ways cease to be cherished in the hearts and on the soil of the Canadian people.

It is not easy, even for the visitor, with the sights and scenes before him, to dismiss from his mind the origin and national characteristics of a city, whose past is so intimately related to a people from whose loins its citizens have sprung, and from a nation whose colony it still is. The nomenclature of the streets, the traditions of the people, the men and women who have lived in it, and the physique and beauty of face and form of the present population—all speak of the motherland across the sea, and of



A SCULLING MATCH—TORONTO HARBOUR.

customs, habits, and institutions here faithfully reproduced. Nor are the streets themselves, and the public buildings that adorn them, less eloquent of the old land whence came its sturdy life. True, there is no portcullised gateway nor embrasured walls which the military spirit of the Old World has elsewhere reared as a stronghold and defence for the New. Toronto has neither the history that attaches to Quebec, nor the position that has given to that city its fame. But her past, nevertheless, is not lacking in incident, though her annals, since the stirring era of 1812–15, are mainly those of peace. She has seen little of martial life, save the displays of her citizen-soldiery in times of civil embroilment, or in connection with the volunteer corps of recent days. During the time when the Imperial troops were quartered in the town, King Street saw many a pageant which would have quickened the beat of the British heart; but the sights its walls have mainly looked upon have been the column-march of industry and social progress, occasionally varied by the fevered outbreaks of a chafing but restrained democracy. To scan the thoroughfare to-day, with its stream of life, its almost congested traffic, and the stores and magazines of commerce that line its either side, is to recall an earlier epoch, and, with a smile of amusement, to contrast it with the rude aspect of its first beginnings. Who that now looks upon its metropolitan characteristics—its civic dignity upborne by ulstered and helmeted constables making nocturnal notes by the glare of an electric-light; its great newspaper offices ablaze with the flame of fevered journalism; its theatres turning a stream of fashion into the streets; the cabs and street-cars;—can fail to cast a thought backwards to the hugger-mugger life of an earlier social era, and to the forlorn condition, with its abounding pitfalls, of the same thoroughfare in the primitive days of "Muddy Little York."

But we must leave these memories of the past to note in brief detail the sights of the modern city, and, turning one's vision from the glittering length of King Street by night, to present some aspects of this and other thoroughfares by day. For convenience, we will find it handier, in our notes by the way, to describe the features of the town in two sections; first, those to be met with in a tour, starting from the corner of King and Yonge, round the eastern and north-eastern portions of the city; and secondly, from the same point of departure, to take within our observation the places of interest lying to the west and north-west. Setting out from our central point, and passing the retail stores, some of them with fine brown-stone fronts, that extend eastward on our right from the corner of Yonge, we come to Toronto Street, the upper end of which is terminated by the Post Office, an imposing building in the Italian style of architecture, finely situated on the north side of Adelaide Street. The central position of Toronto Street, and the proximity of the Post Office, have attracted to the neighbourhood a number of Building and Loan Societies, Land and Insurance Companies, and other monetary and business corporations, whose offices draw crowds to



METROPOLITAN (METHODIST) CHURCH.

this and adjoining thoroughfares. The business done at the Toronto Post Office now exceeds that of any city in the Dominion. Its financial transactions amount annually to close upon two millions of dollars. There is a box and a street delivery, and a most efficient system for the collection of letters mailed in pillar boxes over every section of the town. The building is constructed of Ohio stone with a finely carved *façade*, surmounted by a dome and clock, and over the entrance the Royal Arms. The edifice on Toronto Street, which was formerly the Post Office—a fine specimen of Grecian architecture—is now used as a branch office of the Receiver-General's Department for the Dominion. Adjoining it are the Masonic Buildings—in the style of modern Munich art—the upper portion being devoted to the purposes of the Masonic fraternity. Opposite, on Court Street, and abutting on the County Court buildings, are the headquarters of the Police Department and the Fire Brigade. The Police Force is composed of a fine body of men, one hundred and twenty strong, well-drilled, accoutred and uniformed, and ably officered. Equally well-equipped is the Fire Brigade,

an organization of exceptional importance to the city. There are ten fire stations in various parts of the town, and a complete system of fire-alarm signal boxes. Attached to the brigade are a large number of hose-reels, salvage wagons, horses, and the necessary apparatus for fire escape. Water is supplied from hydrants connected with the Water Works system, which tap the mains at all convenient and necessary points. The water is obtained from the lake at a point regarded as beyond the contaminating influence of the city sewage. Recently the suggestion has been made to draw the city's water supply from Lake Simcoe, about fifty miles northward. The water would be exceptionally pure, and the supply as large as desired; while the fall from Lake Simcoe to the level of Lake Ontario, about four hundred and forty feet, would give sufficient pressure for the extinguishing of fire in the loftiest building. Surplus water could be stored in reservoirs in the neighbourhood of Yorkville, and the waste turned to æsthetic purposes in the Valley of the Don. The Gas service is general, and is provided by a private com-



TORONTO STREET, AND POST OFFICE.

pany. All the chief streets, avenues, parks and public places are well lighted at the city's expense.

Regaining King Street and turning eastward, we are again reminded of Toronto in the olden time—a lithographed drawing, familiar to the pioneers of the towns, having preserved to us a glimpse of the portion of the city through which we are now passing. The site was long known as Court House Square, and the picture represents the scene as it was fifty years ago :—in the left foreground, a pretentious Jail and Court House, with the "parish stocks" and a primitive ox-wagon in front; a few promenaders and a line of modest buildings extending eastward on the right; and in the central background the church and wooden spire of St. James. In this place of public resort, the youth and fashion of the town, the brawling politician, and many of the more staid of the populace lounged. Here the political orator was wont to hold forth, and the ecclesiastico-political discussions of the time were freely ventilated. Had we a pre-historic *Grip*, how rich a portrait-gallery would have come down to us! Every figure in the "Family Compact" administration would have been limned,—each successive governor, the local placemen, exhorters, and wirepullers, and most characteristic of all—the rampant reformers and agitators of the stormy period! What a volume would this have been to place alongside Kay's "Edinburgh Portraits" or Cruickshank's "Caricatures," to jostle our "Hogarth," or to get mixed up with one's early volumes of *Punch!* But the Family Compact, like the figures of the Dundas despotism in the Tory Government of Scotland at the beginning of the century, have not lacked annalists to preserve some record of their doings, nor an antiquarian, so imbued with the past, as to faithfully reproduce for us the men and their age.*

But the rumble of street cars around us, and the graceful spire which shoots its gilt summit into the sky in our view, recall us to modern times, and to the evidences on every side of material prosperity and almost unrealizable civic growth. At the intersection of King and Church Streets stands St. James's (Episcopal) Cathedral. In the early days of the city, when Toronto was known as "Little York," there stood a plain structure of wood, a few yards back from the road, and almost surrounded by the primeval forest. This was the first church of St. James. It was described by a writer previous to the war of 1812 as "a meeting-house for Episcopalians." Here, under the rectorship of Dr. Stuart, and subsequent to the year 1813, of Dr. Strachan, whose name for over fifty years was a household word throughout the Province, did the modest little building do duty as the Parish Church. In 1832, a more imposing structure was reared, but this was destroyed by fire in 1839, shortly after it had been

* In the pages of Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old," the citizen of the Provincial Metropolis has for all time a mine of historic and biographic lore connected with its early days, which few cities of the New World have been fortunate enough in such measure to possess. To this work and its author the present writer gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness for some of the material made use of in this sketch of the city.



HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

designated a Cathedral by the appointment of its rector as First Bishop of Upper Canada. The following year, the date of the union of the two older Provinces, a noble building was erected, surmounted by a wooden spire. Ten years later,

when fire scourged the city, some sparks ignited the tower, and the grand building once more succumbed to the flames. The stately pile which now meets the eye was begun soon afterwards by the much-tried congregation; but it was not ready for occupation till 1853. The building is in the Gothic style, of the early English period, and is built of white brick, dressed with Ohio stone. Its length is about two hundred feet, the width of transept ninety-five feet, and the height to the ridge crestings eighty-four feet. The building is divided, after ecclesiastical fashion, into nave and aisles, with apsidal chancel and vestries at the north, and vestibules and the great tower at the south end. There are galleries on three sides, that on the south being appropriated to the organ and choir. The chancel is fitted up with a bishop's throne, stalls for the canons, and an elaborately carved pulpit and reading desk. Underneath the chancel lie the mortal remains of the first Bishop of Toronto, and of the long-time Rector of the Cathedral, the greatly beloved Dean Grasett. The tower and spire are the most distinguishing features of the edifice, their combined height, including the vane, being over three hundred feet. In the tower is a costly peal of bells, and an illuminated clock, whose dial, when night flings her mantle over the city, can be read far out on the lake. The cost of the whole edifice was not far from a quarter of a million of dollars.

To the north of the Cathedral, and within its enclosure, is St. James's School House, and immediately beyond it, on the corner of Church and Adelaide Streets, stands the Mechanic's Institute. The Institute has a well-supplied reading-room and a fair collection of books, though the city stands much in need of a well-endowed Public Library, especially rich in the department of works of reference. But literary institutions, it must be said, have so far failed to interest the moneyed class in Toronto.

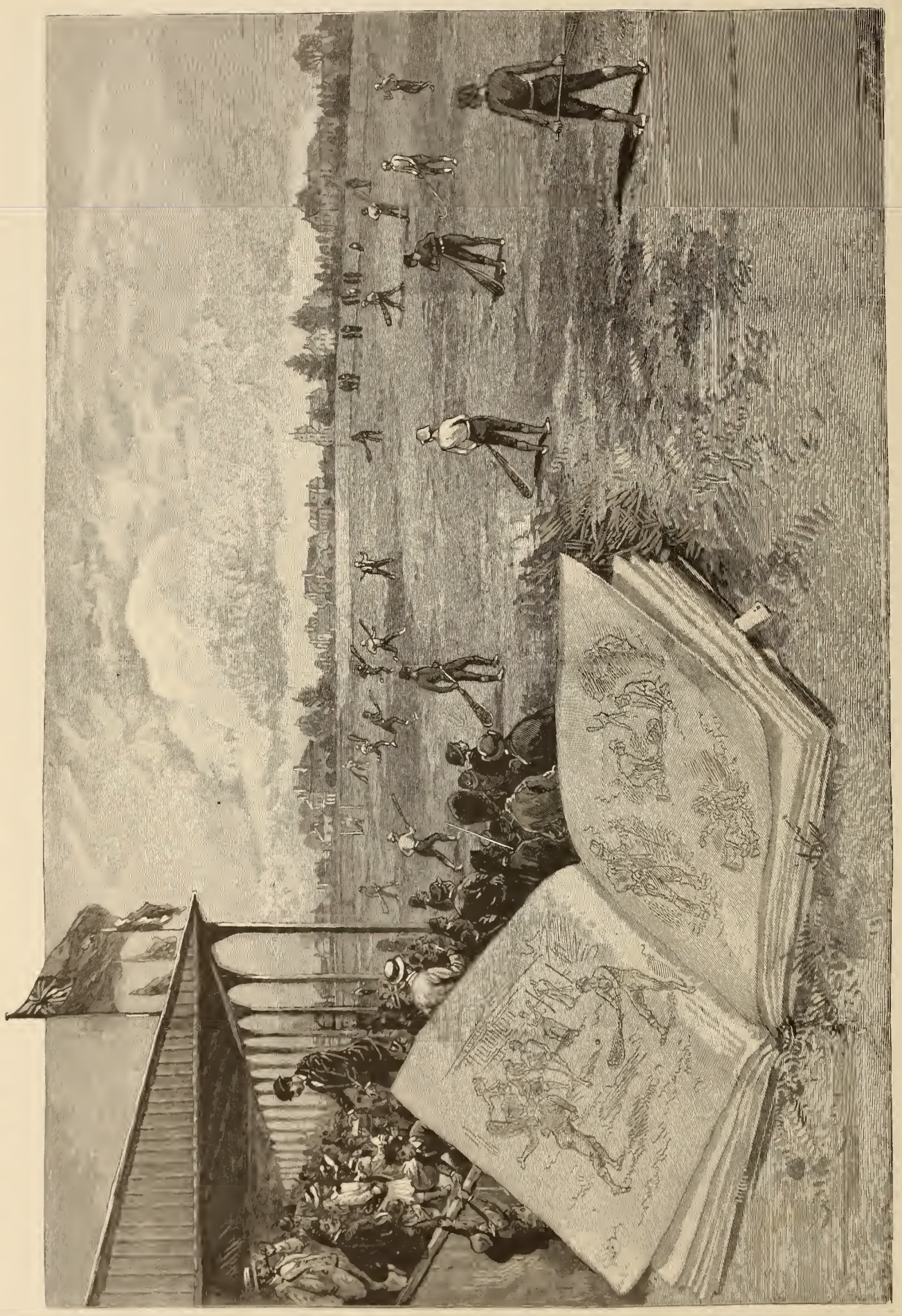
Still following King Street to the eastward, we come upon the St. Lawrence Hall and Market, and to the south of the square, the headquarters of the Municipal Government and City Offices. Here the stranger will be less struck with the appearance of the neighbourhood than with the scenes and incidents of the market-place. To this, the largest market in the city, are brought the farm stock and garden products of the many rich homesteads throughout the adjacent country; and, looking at the class that come to do business at its gates, it is easy to judge of the character of the Ontario yeoman. From his speech and accent, you surmise either he or his ancestry came from the motherland. He is almost invariably comfortably clad; his horses are sleek and clean; his wagons bright and in good order; and their contents denoting the frugal, well-to-do husbandman. His wife has also a comfortable and contented look, with the occasional accompaniment of the tone and air of independence. A glance at the displays of the market would surprise the *bons vivants* of the Old World.

Colborne Street, which here runs into the market-place, is rich in the historic social life of early Toronto. The first theatre of York, tradition says, was extempo-



COLLEGE AVENUE (QUEEN STREET).

rized in the ball-room of an hotel which stood on the north-east corner of the street. Here the fashion of the time used to hold its assemblies, and the potent, grave, and reverend signors of the town, along with their sons and daughters, were wont "to indulge in a little insanity." The market-place itself is not what it was in other days. Then it was the May Fair of the city, the nucleus about which all the rest clustered. But Toronto, like most other cities, has thrown her gates open to the west, and is now making the greater part of her progress in that direction.



LACROSSE GROUNDS.

The buildings about the market wear an old, and some of them a dilapidated, appearance. This is the character especially of much of the town to the east of the present spot. Even the City Hall, near by, barely escapes this classification. It is a blot upon the city's public buildings, being no less unsightly and dingy than ill-ventilated and unwholesome. It stands upon ground said to be permeated with poisonous matter, and some of its rooms and offices are a menace to life. The value of the ratable property within the city limits in 1882 was over sixty millions. The population is 87,000; or, including the suburbs, over 100,000. In 1812, the population was under 1000; in 1834, when the city was incorporated, it was 9000; in 1850 it had reached 25,000; and in 1870 it was more than double the latter number.

In rear of the City Hall are the Drill Shed and Armories of the local volunteer regiments, including the "Queen's Own Rifles," and the 10th "Royal Grenadiers." These two crack corps hold a first rank in the militia of the Dominion. Both regiments have seen service, the former being present at Ridgeway, in June, 1866, when the Province was invaded by Fenians. The Queen's Own has the largest muster-roll, and is generally admitted to be the best drilled and most completely equipped regiment in the Canadian militia. The city has a well-appointed troop of Cavalry, the Governor-General's Body Guard; and a Field Battery of artillery. The headquarters of both troop and battery are at the old Fort, on the Garrison Common.

To the eastward of our present halting-place, there is not much to interest the sight-seer, unless he has the tastes of an antiquary. The region that lies between the St. Lawrence Hall and the Don River is the original site of the town; and some of the decrepit buildings of the district were once the homes of its wealth and fashion. In the names of the streets of the neighbourhood—Caroline, Duke, Duchess, George, Princes, and Frederick—the loyalty of the "first settlers" to the Hanoverian Dynasty, and other members of the royal house, finds expression. What inspired the compliments, the Historiographer of Toronto reminds us, was the fact that "when the Canadian town of York was first projected, the marriage of the Duke of York with the daughter of the King of Prussia, Frederica Charlotta, had only recently been celebrated." In the designation of Parliament Street local associations connected with the First Parliament of the Province are perpetuated. The site of the primitive Westminster is near by, though now denuded of the fine grove of forest trees which once overshadowed it. For a period of nearly thirty years, interrupted for a time by the burning, in 1813, of the buildings by the Americans, the laws of the young Province were enacted within its walls. Again, in 1824, the Parliament Buildings fell a victim to fire, after which the Legislature moved westward, and what is now known as the Old Jail occupied the site. Still eastward, on Front, or as it was then styled, Palace Street, stood Russell Abbey, the residence of one of the Governors of the Province; and from this neighbourhood, now in the grip of the railways, the City Gas Works,



OSGOODE HALL.

and a mammoth Distillery, a bridle path through the forest led to Castle Frank, Governer Simcoe's *Chateau* on the Don.

Turning up Berkeley, we come again upon King Street, the continuation of which to the east, sixty years ago, was locally known as "the road to Quebec." In 1817 communication by stage was established between York and Kingston, and from the latter point on to Montreal and the ancient capital. The stage service between the two former points was a weekly one; and with an allowance of twenty pounds of luggage one could secure a seat on the lumbering vehicle for the sum of eighteen dollars. The incoming of a mail from Lower Canada used then to be advertised in the *Gazette*, and the annual arrival of postal matter from England was an event in the life of the infant settlement. Pursuing our way eastward, we come to the bridge over the Don, whose slow-footed stream trails its sinuous length at the foot of the picturesque heights to the north of the road, clad with sparse but grand old trees. Below the bridge, the river trends off to the westward, and mixes its dull waters with the reeds which, with the detritus of the island, shoal the eastern end of the harbour.

A short drive beyond the Don, through Leslieville, the pleasant site of extensive

market gardens, brings us to Norway, Ben Lamond, and the commanding elevation of Scarboro' Heights. On the road hither, on some bright summer afternoon, may be seen the Toronto Hunt Club, coursing over hill and dale; or, it may be a line of racing horses and trotting vehicles hastening to the driving-course at Woodbine Park. Close by is Victoria Park, a resort in summer of the townspeople, and which is generally reached by way of the lake. At Norway an extensive tract of sunlit verdure and gleaming water is spread before the eye. On the one hand is seen Lake Ontario, stretching beyond the range of vision into the blue; on the other, one of the fairest agricultural districts in the Province, dotted here and there with comfortable farm-houses and magnificent farms. Along the rim of the lake lies the Queen City, whose distant features the artist has cleverly caught and turned to pictorial account. In the foreground, nestles here and there the residence of some wealthy citizen, who believes that "God



KING STREET, WEST.

made the country and man made the town," and has moved out to where he can hear the wild birds sing in the groves, and be fanned by the untainted breezes of the lake.

Regaining the Don, we direct our steps northward, and passing by Riverside, another outflow of the city, and by the fine buildings and adjoining farm of the New Jail, we continue our ramble through the woods in the direction of Yorkville. Here it is designed to utilize the great natural beauties of the place by laying out a segment of a cordon of parks, which it is hoped will one day surround the city. In the neighbourhood of the jail, a bridge crosses the Don and connects with the eastern end of Gerrard Street. Situated on the latter is the large building of the General Hospital, and, what must be to the poor patient in its wards in unpleasantly suggestive proximity, the Medical Schools, with their dissecting rooms.

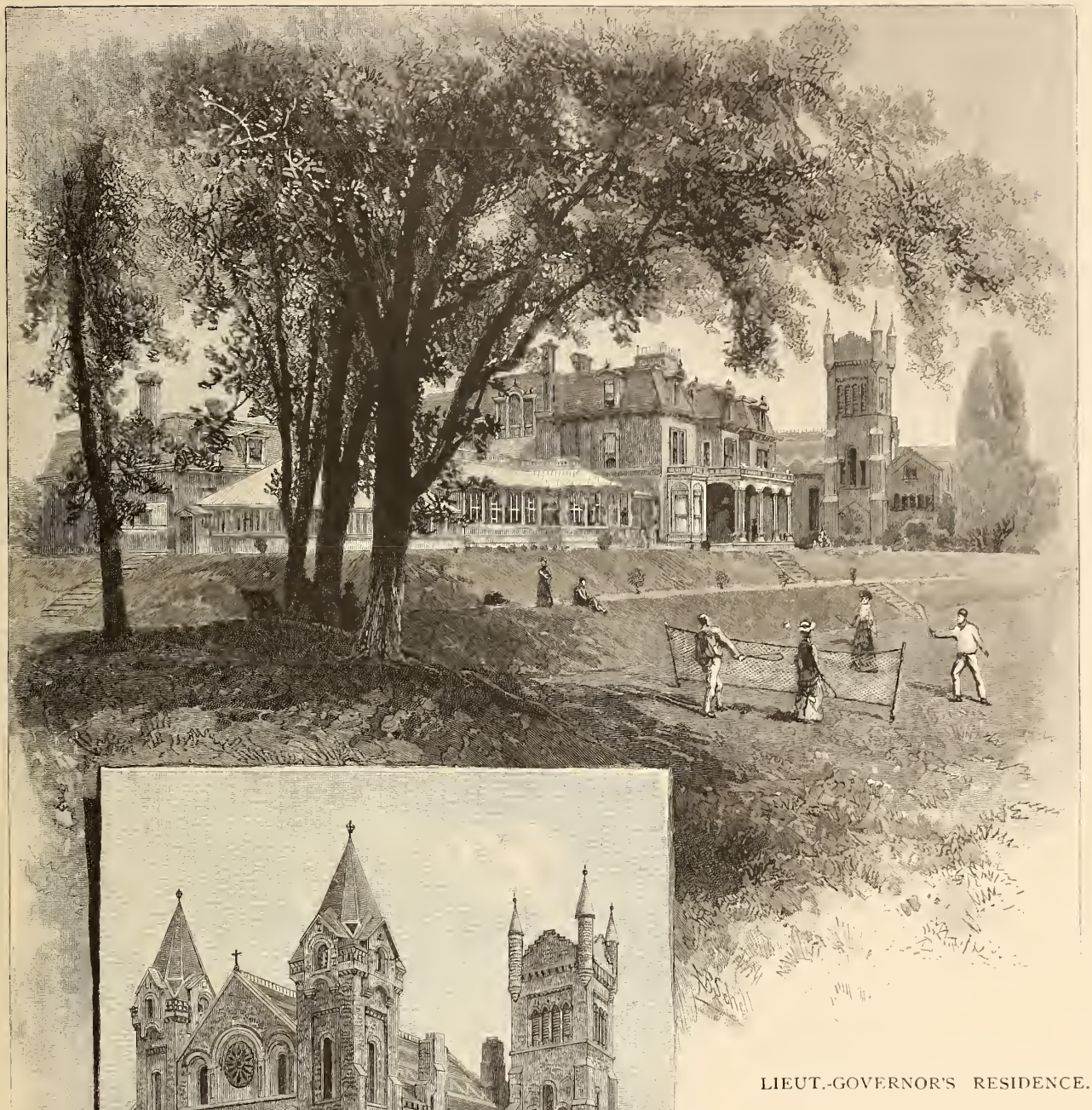
On the heights which we pass to the left, lie two of the city cemeteries. Here sleep many of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet"—the old time "Little York;" and the sombre pines sing the requiem of peace. In scarce a lovelier spot could sorrow come to drop a tear, or love's footsteps hasten to strew the flowers of regret.

But we move on round the hill towards the picturesque environs of Rosedale. Here the twin valleys of the Don have been spanned by graceful bridges, and the finely-wooded plateau has been opened up for suburban settlement. To the west is the incorporated village of Yorkville, the most important of the city's outlying districts. To the north is Deer Park, another pretty off-shoot of the town, the beautiful cemetery of Mount Pleasant, and the extended line of Yonge Street, the great highway through the County of York. In this neighbourhood stood the famous "Montgomery's Tavern," the rendezvous of Lyon MacKenzie's insurgent force, and near by is the scene of the brief action at Gallows Hill.

Returning within the limits of the city, the stranger will note the fine avenue of Bloor Street, and the elegant residences on many of the streets that branch southward from it. Of these Sherbourne and Jarvis Streets are the most attractive; Jarvis, with its handsome villas and fine boulevards, presenting a stately appearance. At the corner of Wellesley and Jarvis are the grounds of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, a favourite resort of the athletic youth of the town, and, on gala days, of their fair admirers. The field is kept in fine order. Upon it many an exciting contest has taken place between the local and outside clubs, the home team generally succeeding in carrying off the laurels.

Decending Jarvis Street, several handsome churches, built for the most part of a delicate pink stone, with white dressings, add greatly to the grace and beauty of this thoroughfare. A little way down are the commodious buildings of the Collegiate Institute, the historic Grammar School of Toronto, and one of the best and most efficient of the Secondary Schools of the Province.

Occupying a square in the immediate vicinity are the Horticultural Gardens,



LIEUT.-GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

the shrine of Flora, and in some respects the most attractive resort in the city. The Gardens cover an area of ten acres, and are laid out with taste, and with a fine eye for floral adornment. They are open to the public from 6 A.M. until dusk. Within the enclosure is the Pavilion, a tastefully designed concert room, with promenade balconies and an arboretum. The Gardens were opened in 1860 by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his visit to Canada. The young maple which he planted to commemorate the event has since grown to a goodly tree.

In the centre of St. James Square, a short distance westward, is the pile of buildings, of white brick, with stone dressings, devoted to the purposes of the Department of Education for Ontario, including the Normal and Model School Buildings. On the Gould Street front are tastefully laid out grounds, parterres bright with flowering plants, relieved by trees, shrubs, and statuary, with convenient approaches from the south, east, and west. The main building has a frontage of one hundred and eighty-four feet, with a depth at the flanks of eighty-five feet, and is two storeys in height. The *façade* is in the Roman Doric order, of Palladium character, having for its centre four stone pilasters the full height of the building, with pediment, surmounted by an open Doric cupola. The corner-stone of the edifice was laid in July, 1851, by His Excellency, the Earl of Elgin, the then Governor-General. Passing in at the main entrance the visitor finds himself in a large hall, intersected by a corridor, the entire length of the building. Opposite the entrance is a semi-circular theatre or lecture-room, with busts of notable personages on brackets round the walls. The lower floor is used as offices by the Minister of Education, by the officials of the Department, and by the members of the Educational Council. Here, also, are the lecture-rooms and *ateliers* of the Ontario School of Art, an institution that is very appreciably aiding the dissemination of art-taste in the community. On the upper floor is a large and miscellaneous collection of pictures and statuary, copies of Assyrian and Egyptian sculpture, a museum chiefly devoted to Canadian ornithology, with a department containing school apparatus and furniture. The buildings which adjoin the Education Office and Museum are used as a City Model School for the youth of both sexes, and a Normal School for the training of teachers. For thirty years these buildings in Normal School Square have been the nursery of the educational system of Ontario, a system originated, and for nearly the whole period administered, by the late Rev. Dr. Ryerson. Toronto, as a city, has largely felt the influence of Dr. Ryerson's labours; and the many efficient Public Schools of the town are memorials of his life's work, as well as marks of the public spirit of the community, aided by the liberality of the Provincial Legislature. However much the State has done for education, Voluntaryism, at the same time, has not withheld its purse. The amount of scholastic work undertaken by the Denominations, and the support given to the charities and philanthropic institutions of the city, may be pointed to as irrefragable evidence of true Christian zeal.

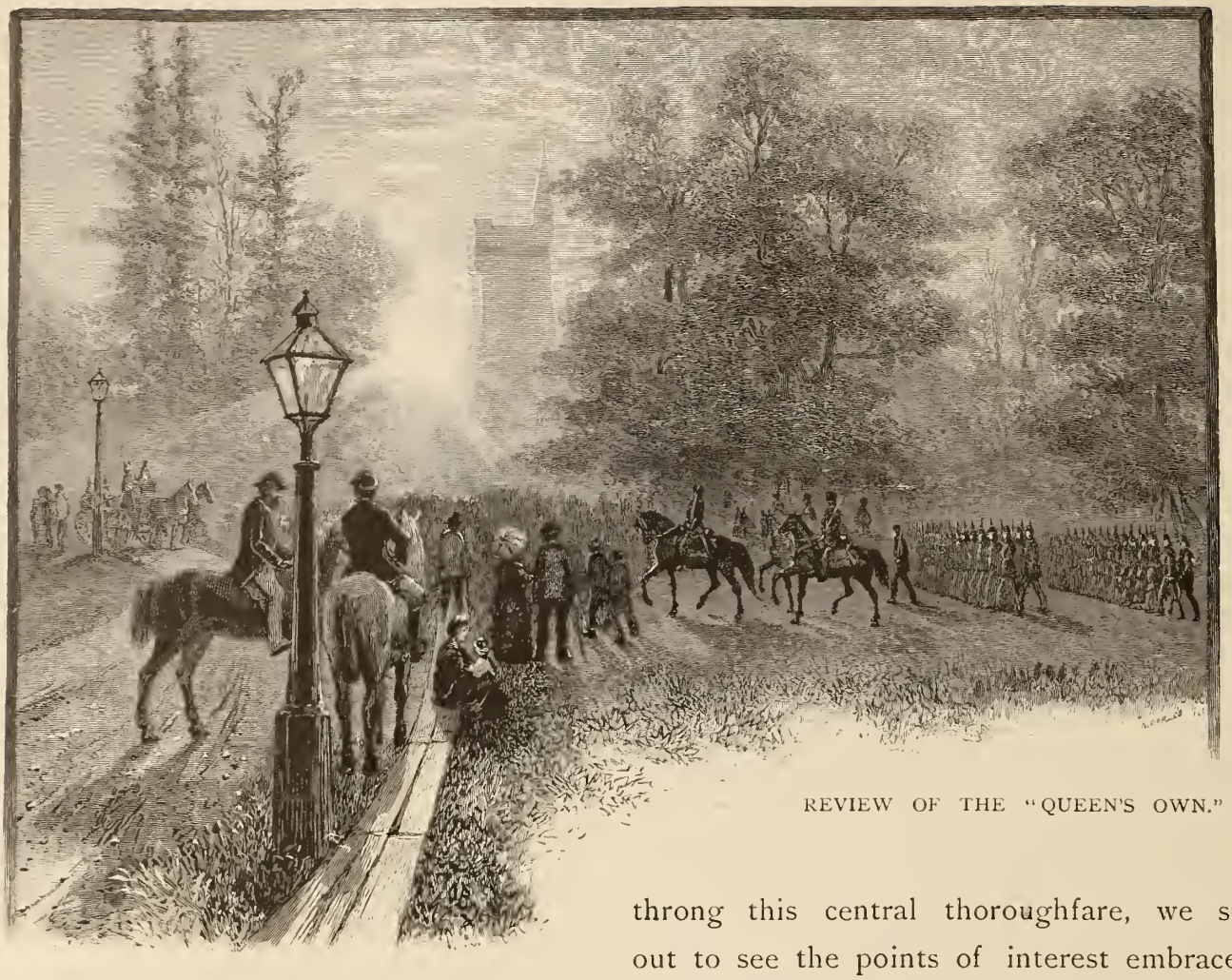
Leaving the Education Department, and going south by Bond Street, we pass at the corner of Wilton Avenue, the Congregational Church, a fine edifice in the style of Early English Gothic, with a handsome tower and spire at the south-west angle of the building. A little farther down is the Loretto Convent, with the Archiepiscopal See-House to the rear, on the Church Street front; and at the intersection of Shuter, is St. Michael's Roman Catholic Cathedral. When the late Bishop Power, forty years ago, purchased the site for the Cathedral, he was deemed foolish, we are told, for pro-

posing to erect a church in what was then "the bush." Now the edifice is almost in the heart of Toronto, the city encompassing, and reaching far beyond it, in every direction. The building, which extends from Bond to Church Street, with an entrance also from Shuter, is massive and lofty. It has a fine tower and spire, beautiful stained-glass windows, with organ and instrumental orchestra. There are several valuable paintings, two finely-carved pulpits, and five elaborate altars in various parts of the interior. In connection with the church and its parish work are the several religious orders, the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Mercy and the Cloistered Nuns,—the Brothers taking part in the educational work of the Separate Schools throughout the city, and the nuns teaching in the Convents.

The Metropolitan (Methodist) Church, in McGill Square, is among the largest ecclesiastical edifices on this side of the Atlantic. It is one of the sights of the city; and surrounded by its fine grounds, with neat iron fence, its fringe of trees and shrubs, with parterres of flowers, is a great ornament to Toronto, and the just pride of the religious body. The building is of fine white brick, with cut-stone dressings, and is in the Franco-Gothic style of architecture of the Fourteenth Century. Its extreme dimensions are two hundred and fourteen by one hundred and four feet. At the south-east angle is a tower, sixteen feet square and one hundred and ninety feet in height. There are other towers a hundred and twenty-two feet in height, one on either side, at the junction of the main building with the lecture-room. The internal arrangement of the building, the general design, and the harmony of the parts, excite the admiration of all visitors. The seating capacity of the church is about two thousand four hundred; and its total cost, including the site, and a magnificent organ, approached a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Immediately south of McGill Square, and reached from our present halting-place by way of Clare Street, is the Canadian Institute, on Richmond Street. This institution, which is mainly supported by the *savants* of the city, and those interested in scientific research, has a fine library and lecture-hall; its members publish a journal of transactions. West of the Institute, Yonge bisects Richmond Street a block and a half off. Making one's way thither, the visitor will find himself again in the centres of trade, and drawing to the point from which he set out on the eastern tour of the city. In Yonge Street, if it be summer time, he will miss the abundant shade which the trees in most of the streets afford. As we pass southward to regain King, the Grand Opera House, on Adelaide Street, West, will not be unlikely to arrest the eye. Hither or to the Royal Opera House, on King Street, come the operatic and dramatic companies, American and foreign, that star it over the Continent. Occasionally, local histrionic talent appears creditably on the boards; and from the Toronto Philharmonic Society the citizens have entertainments of high character.

Regaining our point of departure, and pushing our way through the crowds that

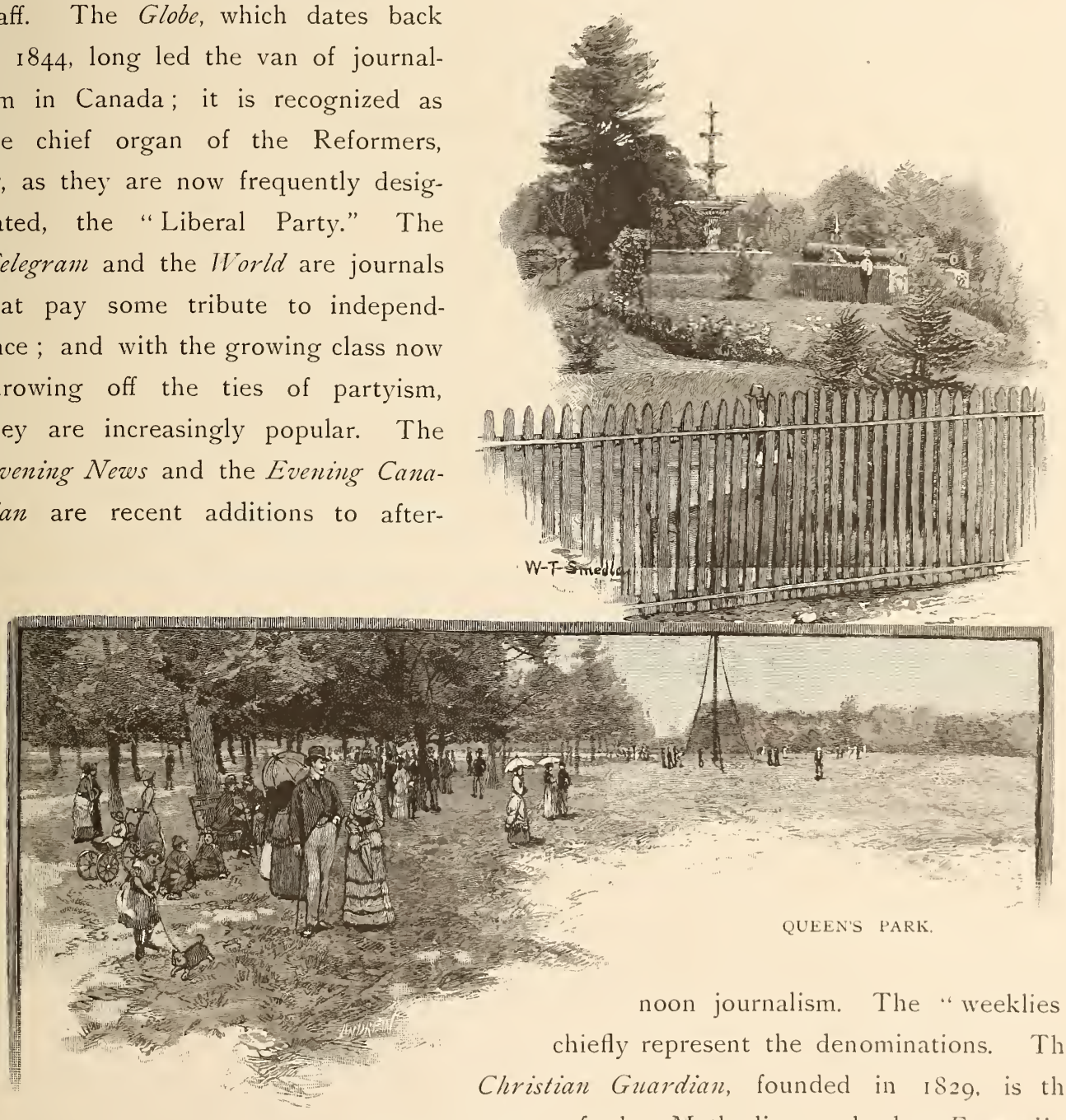


REVIEW OF THE "QUEEN'S OWN."

throng this central thoroughfare, we set out to see the points of interest embraced in the western half of the city. And here one cannot but regret that the streets that play so important a part in Toronto's commerce, and whose intersection forms so central a point in the city, should not have had some great square or *place* as a *point d'avantage*. Could the block be razed that is bounded, say, on the north and south, by King and Adelaide Streets, and on the east and west by Yonge and Bay, or its site have been kept in its virgin state, we should have had a grand square and promenade with converging streets and branching traffic; its four-sided face adorned with stately buildings, and its centre set off by fountains and public monuments! But we have to deal with the city as it is, and not with what it might be; still less with what it is not. In the Toronto of to-day there is little occasion, however, to bemoan the "might have been," for the realization of what *is* would be no easy matter, not only to the founders of the city, could they revisit the scene of their early toil, but to those who sleep of a later generation. Even to the contemporary who revisits the city after a few years absence, the progress and improvement everywhere apparent occasion remark and susprise. Nor are the lofty buildings that break up the sky lines about one, and render the streets picturesque, alone the subjects of comment. The contents of the stores, on all sides, and the character of the native manufactures, or of the importations from

abroad, are also striking evidences of local wealth and progress, and of the advance of art and skill.

The activities of the journalistic profession in the Provincial Metropolis are also matters of pride to its citizens. The growth of the newspaper press of Toronto, particularly in the last ten years, has been very marked. The building erected by the proprietors of the *Mail*, the chief conservative organ of the Western Province, is at once an instance of enterprise and of the public favour which enterprise wins. The *Mail* was established in 1870, and is a vigorously conducted journal, with writers of trained and disciplined talent on its staff. The *Globe*, which dates back to 1844, long led the van of journalism in Canada; it is recognized as the chief organ of the Reformers, or, as they are now frequently designated, the "Liberal Party." The *Telegram* and the *World* are journals that pay some tribute to independence; and with the growing class now throwing off the ties of partyism, they are increasingly popular. The *Evening News* and the *Evening Canadian* are recent additions to afternoon journalism. The "weeklies" chiefly represent the denominations. The *Christian Guardian*, founded in 1829, is the organ of the Methodist, and the *Evangelical Churchman* of the Episcopal body. The *Irish Canadian* speaks for Roman Catholicism. The titles of the *Canada Presbyterian* and the *Canadian Baptist* at once



QUEEN'S PARK.

disclose their connections. *Grip* is the representative of humor and the cartoonist's art; and Commerce has a special organ in the *Monetary Times*. Periodical literature, as yet, has to struggle to maintain itself, though at periods when there is a quickening of the national life, it sensibly extends the area of its influence, if not of its support. The marketable literature in the country is still mainly foreign; and enterprises like the recently deceased *Canadian Monthly* find it as yet difficult, if not impossible, in the latency of national spirit, to secure adequate support. The professional periodicals fare better. Law, medicine, and education have each their representative organs, and maintain themselves with ability and credit.

Toronto literary and journalistic life has not as yet developed its club; though the growing professional status, and the increasing emoluments of writers for the press, will no doubt see it rise at an early day to that dignity. Special interests of a social, professional, or commercial character, combine, however, to support one or two city clubs. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club we have already mentioned, has its habitat on the Island. The National Club, situated on Bay Street, has a large membership drawn from the professions, and from the captains of industry and commerce. The Toronto Club, on York Street, draws its membership from much the same source, with a sprinkling of the more leisured class, and some few sticklers for caste. The United Empire Club, which, as the headquarters of Liberal Conservatism in the city, styled itself the Canadian Carleton, has recently disappeared. Its building, centrally situated on King Street, West, might be secured for a much-needed Merchant's Exchange, or, better still, a Free Public Library. The various societies, national and benevolent, have their respective lodge-rooms and halls in almost every section of the city. There are also a number of rowing and swimming clubs, curling and skating-rink organizations, with several gymnasia, and that latest craze of athleticism, a Bicycle Association.

Next to the clubs, in the record of social progress, come the hotels. Toronto has left behind her the era of the primitive York hotels, a storey and a half high, in which the travelling public of the day used to think itself luxuriously lodged, if the sign-post in front of the inn didn't inform the passer-by that the "General Brock," or other named patron, possessed "accommodation for man and beast." The "Queen's," on Front Street, and the "Rossin House," which we pass on King Street, at the corner of York, may claim to rank with the large and well-managed hotels of the American cities. Others, including the "Walker," the "Revere," and the "American," deserve favourable notice.

Pursuing our way westward, we come, at the corner of King and Simcoe Streets to a fane of truly metropolitan character—St. Andrew's Church—whose noble *façade*, Norman towers, and elaborately-carved triple doorway recall some grand Minster of the Old World. Its massive solidity, with its great hundred and twenty-feet tower, thirty-

two feet square at the base, in the style of the Norman architecture of the Twelfth Century, gives an aspect of stately magnificence to the building, which, with its fine site, has scarce a parallel among the ecclesiastical edifices of Canada. The church is built of Georgetown rubble, with Ohio stone facings, varied, in the relieving arches and bands, by the red-brown blocks of Queenston. The windows are arched, as are the entrances, the latter having finely-polished red granite pillars supporting them. In the southern end of the building—a shapely semi-circle—are the school-rooms and lecture-halls, which are "so contrived as to add to the general effect which the contour of the building is intended to produce." The church was erected in 1875, and opened in February of the following year.

In grounds of much attractiveness, tantalizingly shut in from view on three streets, stands the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. In some respects it is a a pity that the area occupied by Government House and grounds, and the squares to the north and south should have the Province as their owner, as this monopoly stands somewhat in the way of the development of the city to the westward. Still, so far as the Governor's residence is concerned, were the fences reduced in size and latticed, the purposes to which Government has put the square would not be so objectionable, while the site might continue to form an agreeable break in the monotony of the streets. The residence is in the modern style of French architecture, and has an elegant appearance from within its fenced enclosure. The interior is handsome, with grand hall and staircase, spacious reception rooms, and a fine ball-room and conservatory. The grounds are extensive, and are beautifully laid out with flower-beds and shrubbery, terraced walks and velvety lawn.

Art has contrasts no less discordant than Nature; and in the square to the south the stranger will be as much disappointed with the poverty of the Parliament Buildings of the Province as he will have been delighted with the residence of its Governor. The buildings require as little description as do the railway freight sheds to the south of them. However, for what they are worth, there they are. In the meantime they do duty as the Halls of the Legislature; and we must not forget that the Province had once a humbler St. Stephen's. The buildings still shelter some of the Government departments and the Provincial Library, together with the Legislative Chamber, the throne, and the mace!

The House consists of eighty-eight members, six of whom form the Executive Council, and direct the public business of the Province. Politics in Ontario, as elsewhere in the Dominion, is the great game of the people. It is pursued with often feverish intensity, and partyism not unfrequently degrades it to personal ends. In the heat which faction and its trumpery concerns occasion, we sometimes recall Dr. Goldwin Smith's words, in alluding to the interruption to legislative business in England by the annual *furore* of the Derby Day. "Give us," says the professor, "a Parliament

capable of being the organ of national aspiration and effort; let great questions be once more handled in earnest by great men; let our political chiefs once more display the qualities which touch a nation's heart; and the soul of England will soon cease to be absorbed by a horse race." In these remarks there is a lesson for those in Canada who are engrossed by the party game, and are disposed to substitute for statesmanship the small issues and the wirepulling of the Machine.

On the Esplanade, to the east of Parliament Square, is the Union Station, the passenger depot of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the terminus of a number of the smaller lines. Here we again meet the gleaming waters of the bay. Close by was the scene of the landing, in 1860, of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales,—a spectacle of memorable beauty. On but one other, and a sad occasion, has the water-front of the city seen such a gathering. It was six years later, when every household, in a frenzy of horror, drew to the waterside to receive the dead from the field of honour at Limeridge.

Regaining King Street, and turning to the west, we come upon Upper Canada College, and the fine grounds that surround that historic institution. The building itself has no architectural attractions. The charm of the place is its foreground, with its bright, green sward, and the foliage of the trees that overhang the sidewalk. The College, which was founded by Sir John Colborne in 1829, has the good fortune to be well endowed, and is under the direction of a committee of the University Senate. Attached is a boarding-house; and the institution has a well-equipped staff. Many of the leading public men of the country have acquired their early education at the College: it consequently has some traditions. Some educational reformers now regard it, however, as out of line with the Secondary School System of the Province; and its right to exist has recently become a matter of fierce debate.

A few strides to the westward of the College bring us to John Street, and to the site of what was once the General Hospital, and for some years, subsequently to the burning of the Parliament House, in 1824, the home of the Legislature. In 1847, when the city was scourged by an epidemic of typhus, the fever wards of the hospital were literally choked with the smitten immigrants. Turning northward on John, we skirt on our right the fenced enclosure of the College cricket-ground. Here, if anywhere, with its front on King, is the proper site for the new Parliament Buildings. Proceeding northward we pass Beverley House on the right, the Clock Tower of the Queen Street Fire Station on the left; and beyond are the spire and finial cross of St. George's—the vista being closed by the foliage of the Grange. Within the beautiful grounds of the latter, tradition says that, sixty years ago, bears attacked the carriage horses of its owner. One of the finest elms in the city still looks down upon the scene.

At the intersection of Queen Street, we turn eastward towards Osgoode Hall, the high court of Themis. Here, within a stately iron fence, inclosing some six acres of



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

ornamental grounds, are the great Law Courts of the Province, and the Library and Convocation Hall of the Law Society of Upper Canada. In his work on "North America," the late Anthony Trollope remarks that Osgoode Hall is to Upper Canada what the Four Courts of Dublin are to Ireland; and he gives the palm, in the matter of interior decoration, to our Colonial Halls of Justice. He praises, in no stinted language, the beauty of the library, vestibule and staircases, and has glowing words for the Courts themselves. The place is the Mecca of Toronto sight-seers. Under its roof they feel alike the influence of art and the majesty of law. The portraits of the judges that look down from the walls impress the visitor with a sense of the power that inheres in learning and dignity. The Hall takes its name from the Hon. Wm. Osgoode, the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada, who was appointed in 1792. The Law Society dates its incorporation thirty years later; it has a well-endowed library, and maintains lectureships in Common Law, Equity, and Real Property.

Glancing eastward from the Hall, the tourist will observe, near the corner of Yonge, the fine spire and edifice of Knox Church. Though erected in 1847, the church is far from being eclipsed, architecturally, by recent structures. At the corner of James Street stands Shaftesbury Hall, the commodious building of the Young Men's Christian Association; and on Trinity Square, at the top of James, is the representative home of High-Churchism, the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Adjoining the grounds of Osgoode Hall, and facing the College Avenue, is University Street, or, as it was formerly called, Park Lane. The latter designation was no doubt given it in imitation of the Belgravian thoroughfare which forms the eastern end of Hyde Park, in the British metropolis; but the fitness of the appellation, in Toronto, is due to the fact that the street skirts one of the finest natural avenues on the Continent, and not to any architectural beauty. The street, however, ought to be one of the favourite portions of the town for residence. Turning into the avenue on a summer day one gets a glimpse of sylvan beauty such as rarely meets the eye. A mile of chestnuts and maples flanks a carriage-drive and pathway which, in the vista, open out upon the Queen's Park. For the tourist the city has no sight so charming, unless it be a view of the bay on a still afternoon when the setting sun paves it with flame. Half way up the avenue, on the left, the fine tower of Erskine Church, and the spire of St. Patrick's, may be seen through the trees; adjoining the former is the chapel of the Reformed Episcopal body. On the right the spire of Elm Street Methodist Church breaks through the foliage, and close by is the fine front of Grace Church.

Presently, the intersection of the Yonge Street Avenue is reached, and we pass from the grateful shade of the long line of chestnuts into the verdurous sunlight of the open park. Within a terraced enclosure at the entrance a fountain is playing; and a maze of flowers and shrubbery distracts attention from the angry look of a couple of

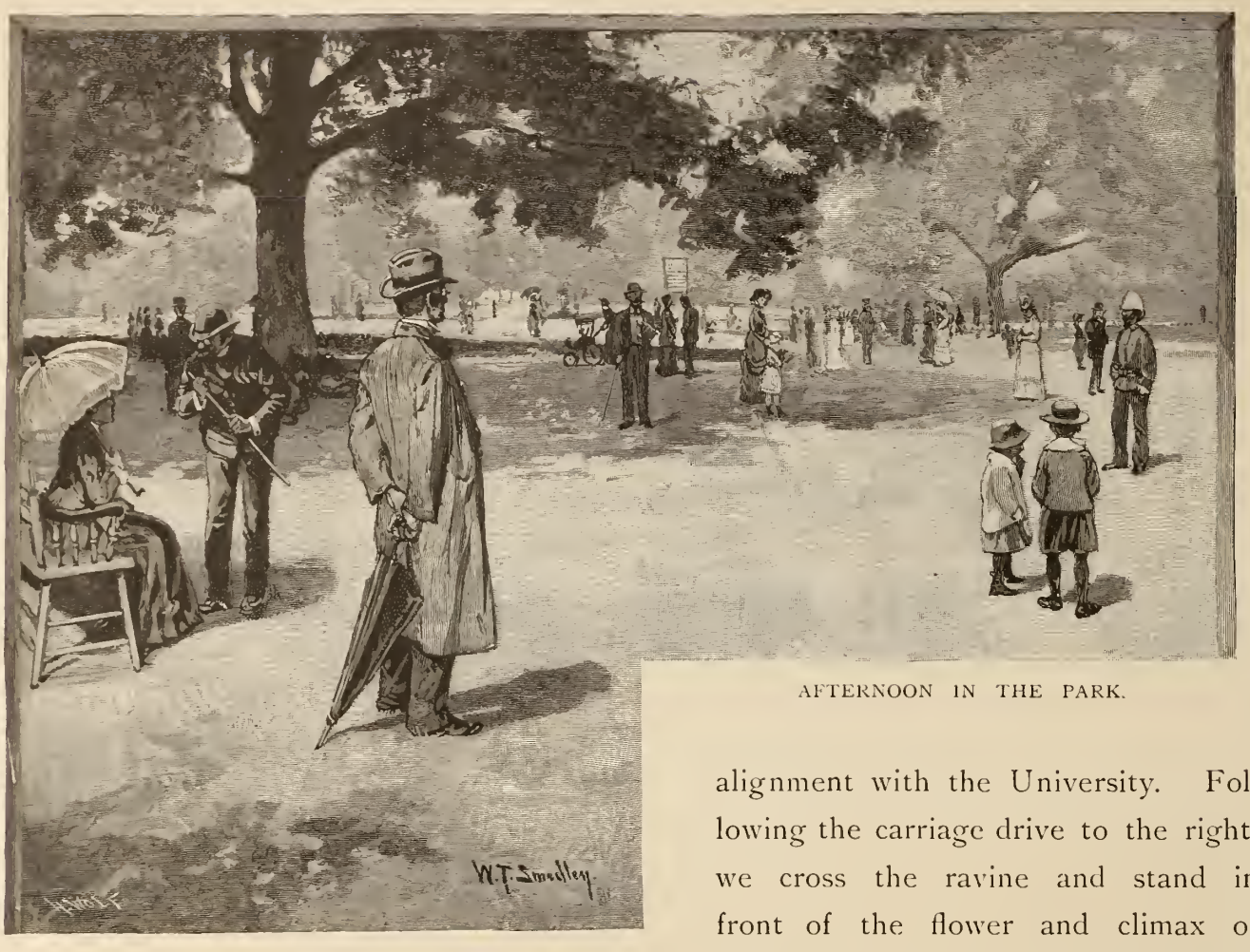
Russian guns. Beyond is a fine stretch of vigorous turf, studded with stately oaks, occasionally interspersed with cedar and maple. In a half circle, on the east, are elegant villas, and, on a line with the flag-staff, are the arrested buildings erected for a Provincial University during the administration of Sir Charles Bagot. The buildings were never put to the purpose, however, for which they were designed, and for a time they were used as a female branch of the Lunatic Asylum.

Queen's Park forms part of the endowment of the University of Toronto; but in 1859 fifty acres of it, together with the two avenues that lead from the city, were given to the corporation on a long lease for the purposes of a public park. How thoroughly the citizens take advantage of the park as a place of resort the strolling crowds testify. On Sunday afternoons in summer, indeed, a too free use is taken of it by the motley crowd that gathers under the trees, whose religious excitements would vex the soul of Matthew Arnold. Here the uneducated liberalism of the age delights to harangue knots of the populace, and to overhaul the world's religious ideas back to the flood. On week-days it is delightful to escape to the park from the hubbub and glare of the city. Skirting the ravine the pathway winds among scenes of great picturesqueness and of quiet, rural beauty. On a jutting of the bank, overlooking the dell, the stranger pauses before a monument encircled by an appropriately-designed iron railing. This, he learns, was erected in memory of the Canadian Volunteers who fell at Ridgeway in defending the frontier against Fenian raiders. Turning from the spot the associations which the monument calls to mind are quickened by the sight of a regiment marching by in column of companies, and about to execute some military evolutions in the open plateau of the park. It is the corps—the "Queen's Own Rifles"—that bore the brunt of the fray at Ridgeway, and from whose ranks fell out the young life commemorated by the monument.

Passing northward, we continue our stroll towards Bloor Street, the upper limits of the park. On the right are the buildings of St. Michael's College and St. Joseph's Convent. Opposite the park exit stands the Church of the Redeemer, and to the immediate westward, within the University grounds, is McMaster Hall, the college of the Baptist denomination. The building has a massive and unique appearance. It is built of a rich, dark-brown stone, with dressings of black and red brick—a reversal of the usual methods of the architects and builders. The College is the gift of the donor whose name it bears; it possesses all appliances for the theological training of the ministry of the denomination.

From Bloor Street, or what used to be known as the Sydenham Road, the adjoining suburb of Yorkville extends north and east over the area that lies between our present halting-place and the ridge that bounds Toronto on the north. To the west lies Seaton Village, and all about are the suburban residences of wealthy merchants.

Again within the gates of the Park, we retrace our steps until we are on an



AFTERNOON IN THE PARK.

alignment with the University. Following the carriage drive to the right, we cross the ravine and stand in front of the flower and climax of Toronto's architecture. The University buildings are the glory of the city. An English writer remarks that "the University of Toronto is perhaps the only piece of collegiate architecture on the American Continent worthy of standing-room in the streets of Oxford." Admittedly, in its architectural features it belongs to the Old World, and it deservedly ranks next to the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. It is a Norman pile of noble proportions and of exquisite harmony. There is a massive tower and a richly-sculptured doorway. The hall and corridors are in keeping with the academic character of the buildings, and great joists and rafters are freely exposed to view. On the ground floor are the lecture-rooms and laboratory, and on the upper floor, the museum and library, To the rear, on the east, is the Convocation Hall; and on the west are residences for students. The buildings were erected in 1857–8, at a cost of over half a million of dollars. They have a frontage of three hundred feet and a depth of two hundred and fifty. The tower is one hundred and twenty feet in height.

In its early history the University was known as King's College, a Royal Charter having been secured for it in 1827 by Sir Peregrine Maitland, with an endowment from the Crown Reserves set apart for educational purposes. The University established under this charter was essentially a Church of England institution, and remained so until 1849, having for the previous six years been under the presidency of that sturdy-

brained Scot, the first Bishop of Toronto. The Provincial Legislature, however, abolished the Theological Faculty, and Bishop Strachan in 1850 obtained an act of incorporation for, and proceeded to found, the University of Trinity College. In 1849 University College was established as a teaching body, distinct from the University of Toronto, the latter being confined to its degree-conferring powers. The corporation of the University consists of a Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, together with the members of the Senate and of the Convocation. The government of University College is directed by a Council, composed of the President, the Vice-President, and the Professorial staff. The former president was a distinguished classicist and epigraphist; the present head has earned distinction in the departments of Ethnology, Archæology, and General Literature. There are eight professors attached to the College, besides three or four lecturers and a Classical and a Mathematical tutor.

Facing the University, across a spacious lawn, is the School of Practical Science. Here, also, is the chief seat of Astronomical Observation for the Province. Language is inadequate to characterize the taste which sanctioned the erection of this glaring red building on such a site. It unspeakably outrages all the harmonies of the place. In



THE NORTH IRON BRIDGE, AND RAVINE, ROSEDALE.

rear of the School of Practical Science, and facing the College Avenue and McCaul Street, is Wycliffe College, the Divinity School of the Evangelical Section of the Anglican Church. The College is affiliated with Toronto University.

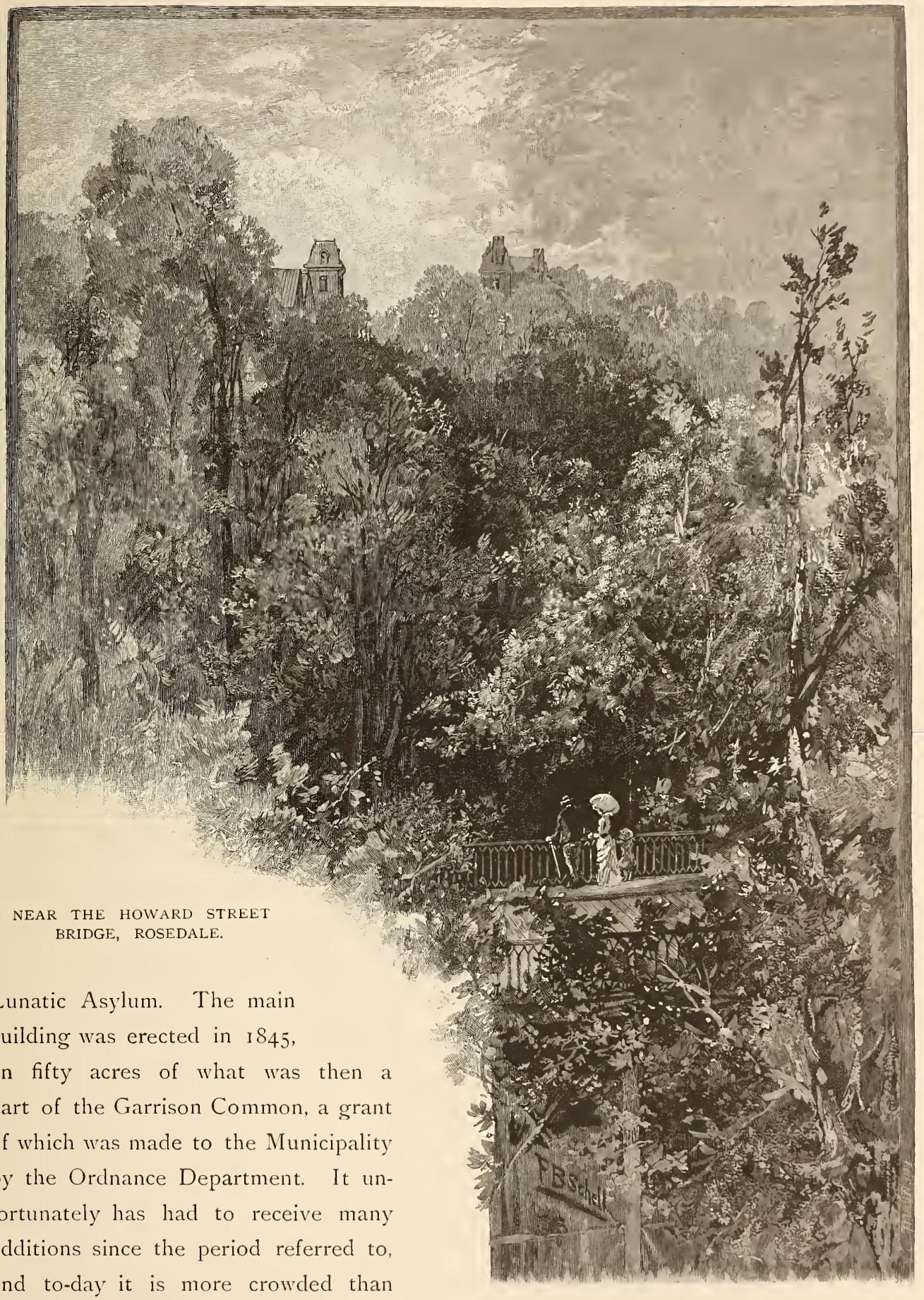
Regaining College Street, and turning to the right, we reach the great western artery of Spadina Avenue, and see the setting sun bring into glowing relief the belfry of St. Stephen's in the Field and the tower of the Fire Station adjoining. Away to the west and north the city is fast bringing within its embrace an area of large extent, and creating thousands of comfortable homes for its ever-increasing population. College Street has now communication across the beautiful ravine in rear of Trinity University with Brockton, and supplies the "missing link" between the heart of the city and Dundas Street, the great inland highway of the Western Province.

Finely situated, at the head of Spadina Avenue, is the new home of Knox College, a handsome building devoted to the training of students for the Presbyterian Church. The College was founded in 1846, and long had its habitation in Elmsley Villa, to the northward of the Central Presbyterian Church on Grosvenor Street, and what was once the vice-regal residence of Lord Elgin. It has a partial endowment, and an able faculty, whose zealous work will always secure for it hearty support. The new buildings were erected at a cost of $120,000.

Descending Spadina Avenue, we catch a glimpse of Toronto *super mare*, and of the summer traffic of the lake beyond. The lower portion of the avenue is known as Brock Street, from which Clarence Square branches off to the left, and Wellington Place to the right. On the latter are situated the Conventual buildings of Loretto Abbey; and just in rear stood the once residence of Vice-Chancellor Jameson, in whose wainscotted parlour gossipping whist-parties used to meet, in the cradle time of the city's life, the talented authoress of the "Legends of the Madonna" and "Characteristics of Women." In this Colonial home were no doubt written Mrs. Jameson's Canadian reminiscences, "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles."

Turning westward on Queen Street, and passing St. Andrew's Market and the Denison Avenue Presbyterian Church, we come upon the beautiful grounds and ecclesiastical-looking edifice of Trinity College. The University was founded in 1852 by Bishop Strachan; and by Royal Charter it is empowered to confer degrees in Divinity, Arts, Law, and Medicine. Convocation consists of the Chancellor, the Provost and Professors of Trinity College, together with those admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, and all graduates in the other faculties. The building is of white brick with stone dressings, and has a frontage of two hundred and fifty feet, with deep, projecting wings. It has numerous class-rooms, a Convocation Hall, Chapel and Library, and stands in a park of twenty acres, with a background of romantic beauty.

A little westward, on the opposite side of the street, is the great enclosure of the



NEAR THE HOWARD STREET BRIDGE, ROSEDALE.

Lunatic Asylum. The main building was erected in 1845, on fifty acres of what was then a part of the Garrison Common, a grant of which was made to the Municipality by the Ordnance Department. It unfortunately has had to receive many additions since the period referred to, and to-day it is more crowded than ever. To the south of the Asylum are the Central Prison, the Mercer Reformatory, and the spacious grounds of the

Industrial Exhibition Association. Near by are the Home for Incurables, and one or two of the refuges for the sick and suffering of the city's poor.

West and north of the Asylum a new Toronto is rapidly rising in the suburban villages of Brockton and Parkdale; and when the afternoons think of passing into the evenings a stroll through these pleasant annexes of the city, a saunter in the groves of High Park, or an indolent "pull" up the dull-bosomed windings of the Humber, will be not the least of the enjoyable experiences of the rambler. Here, to the west of the city, one gets the fresh breezes of the lake; and stretching out from the Garrison Reserve, or from the pretty land-locked bay at the mouth of the Humber, the gleaming expanse of Ontario's waters may be seen for many a mile. The neighbourhood is now being made attractive by the opening up of High Park, a beautifully wooded area, with picturesque drives and inviting bridle-paths, which has recently been donated to the city. From the Humber the lake shore road gives communication, by way of the Credit River and Oakville,—a region which, of recent years, has become famous for its strawberry culture,—to the head of Burlington Bay and the city of Hamilton. Near the terminus of Queen Street, and before reaching Parkdale, Dundas Street trends away to the north-west, and forms the great highway, projected by Governor Simcoe, to the London District, and onward to the Detroit River at the western end of the Ontario Peninsula.

At this outlet of the city, where was once an unbroken forest of oak and yellow pine, a network of streets and avenues, with handsome villas and rows of contiguous houses, covers the area and, as we have said, creates a new and populous Toronto. Though the northern and eastern sections of the town had long the start in the race, Brockton and Parkdale are fast overtaking them, and bid fair, at no distant day, to extend the borders of the capital to the winding vale of the Humber. There, it may be, the coming years will see some western "Castle Frank" shoot its pinnacles through the foliage of the river that bounds the city on the west, and may recall to a younger generation the summer *château* of Toronto's founder, which reared its walls a century before on the stream that bounds the city on the east.

But the features of the city's progress have not been material alone, nor is the natural beauty of its surroundings the only source of pleasure. Recent years have made Toronto a centre for the intellectual interests of the Province. Time, wealth, and leisure are necessary conditions of this development. What is to be the distinguishing type of the national character a centre like Toronto must have it largely in its power to determine. In its commercial growth and development the coming time will give it a position among the first cities of the Continent. We would fain hope that its intellectual eminence will be correspondingly great. The aspiration reminds us of some words of Lord Dufferin, at the Toronto Club banquet in 1877: "After all," said His Excellency, "it is in the towns of a country that ideas are generated



EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

and progress initiated; and Toronto, with her universities, with her law courts, with her various religious communities, her learned professions, possesses in an exceptional degree those conditions which are most favourable to the raising up amongst us of great and able men, as well as robust and fruitful systems of religious, political, and scientific thought." Possessed of these conditions, her citizens should not fail to make the fullest and worthiest use of them, but give free play to those formative influences that make for the highest weal of the community, and that will most effectively contribute to her civic fame.

The past history of Toronto is the best augury of what her future will be. It is only three-quarters of a century since the tract of land now embraced in the city was covered by the forest, and the whole region, as the records of the Indian Department of the Government declare, passed at a cost of ten shillings from the red man to the white. The successive transforming steps from a wilderness to a capital city now read like a fable. But to the pioneers of the town, slow and toilsome, we may be sure, were the initial stages; and only stout arms and heroic endurance set the city upon its feet. Then, when Nature was subdued, what contests had to be entered upon, and how fierce were the struggles, which gave to the country its liberties and shaped for it its constitution! Think, too, from what, in the way of kingcraft and Old World diplomacy, it had to emancipate itself! "Mind what you are about in Canada!" were the irate words addressed by King William IV. to one of his ministers. "By ——, I will never consent to alienate the Crown Lands, nor to make the Council elective!" But a happier star is now in the ascendant. The days of colonial pupilage are over; the strifes of the cradle time of the Province are gone by; and it is now the era of progress and consolidation, of national growth and the formation of national character. We have no troublesome questions to vex us and to waste time over: we have a high mission to fulfill, and a distinctive life to develop. Education is spreading, and its refining influence is everywhere operative. Party and sectarian animosities are on the wane; and the influence of reason in journalism and politics is asserting itself. Let there be but more patriotic feeling, a fuller national sentiment, with a more expressive public spirit, and a better determined civic life, and the metropolis of the Province will take its proper position among the varied communities of the Dominion.